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It is very meet and right that women should write on this "woman's question." It is a necessity that they should write of it with much diversity of expression. From England, Scotland, Sweden, America, and other parts of the civilized world, come utterances, more or less articulate and intelligible, of cognate origin and with kindred object,—all starting with a general recognition of the fact, that there is "something wanting," and tending to the common assurance that "something must be done" to supply the want—but arriving at the goal by many different roads, devious or direct, and using, as they journey onwards, many variform vehicles of thought. Much as we may deplore some of these varieties, which are undoubtedly grotesque

and unserviceable, it is perhaps hardly right that we should condemn them. If we say anything, therefore, of a not very complimentary character, with reference to the writings of any one of the ladies whose works we have set before us, it must be accepted rather as the language of expostulation as regards herself, of warning as regards others, than of censure or of ridicule. There may be pure feelings and honest convictions where there are incoherent words and preposterous grimaces.

We opened Margaret Fuller's book with great expectations, and we were proportionately disappointed. Expostulation cannot reach her; therefore, all we have to say respecting the book before us can only proceed as a caution to others. If there be a subject on which it especially behoves all who address themselves to its consideration to speak in plain intelligible language, it is on this subject of the vocation of women. But Margaret Fuller has written on Woman in the nineteenth century in language which may be plain and intelligible in the United States, but which certainly is not in the United Kingdom. We require an interpreter to convey to us the meaning of such passages as the following:—

“The especial genius of women I believe to be electrical in movement, intuitive in function, spiritual in tendency. She excels not so easily in classification, or recreation, as in an instinctive seizure of causes, and a simple breathing out of what she receives, that has the singleness of life rather than the selecting and energizing of art.”

We confess ourselves to be wholly impervious to the sense of this, if there be any sense in it; and the light which is let into us by the context is of the feeblest, if there be any to illumine us at all. Mrs. Jameson says, that men complain of the preponderance of the abstract and intangible in women's writings on this great subject. The complaint would not be unreasonable or unjust if all women wrote like this. Imagine the bewilderment of a young girl in palace or in cottage, at the piano or at the wash-tub, on being told that her genius is “electrical in movement, intuitive in function, and spiritual in tendency.” An essay on woman in the nineteenth century ought not to be a string of rhapsodies. What we want is something plain-spoken and practical, such as Margaret Brewster writes and Margaret Fuller does not—something not about woman's genius, but woman's work. We have already had too much in connexion with this subject of the ethereal and the spiritual—of mind and music—of the soul, which according to Margaret Fuller, as modified in women, “flows, breathes, sings, *rather than deposits soil or finishes work.*” Women have been told already, during too many centuries, what it becomes them to be. Now, in this nineteenth century, it is time that something should be done to

teach them what to do, and to help them to do it. The *posse* ought now to take the place of the *esse* in our speculations. It has been too long an inherent vice in our system of female education, that it has tended wholly to the inculcation of the former. It has been the presumption that the passive is for women, the active only for men.

We write in the past tense, believing that, in the "nineteenth century," we are becoming increasingly alive to the fact, that the great want of the age is the want of sufficient employment for women—or rather, to speak more correctly, with reference to this great matter of the employment of women, a proper adaptation of means to the end. There is abundant employment for women, if we will only let them have it. Civilisation throws up her work at the feet alike of men and women; and the world is now becoming convinced that the women have not yet been suffered to pick up their fair share.

Even a superficial glance at the contents of the volumes before us will show that this matter of women's work divides itself into two distinct branches. When we write the words "Employment of Women," we do not doubt that they convey to different readers very dissimilar ideas. In truth, there is amateur work, and there is business work. Often it happens that amateur work is very solemnly undertaken and very strenuously pursued, and is in reality the business of a life. But by amateur work we mean such work as people take upon themselves, from impulse, from taste, or from a sense of duty—a free gift, a voluntary contribution, as it were, to the world's store. The other work of which we speak is the growth of hard necessity—the necessity in some wise to labour with one's body, if one is to live honestly, or at all. It is of this latter work that we purpose principally to speak.

And yet we do not underrate the importance of the former branch of the subject. It is to this mainly that Mrs. Jameson has addressed herself—and very lovingly and intelligently—in her lecture on the "Communion of Labour." That women tenderly nurtured, carefully educated, and sufficiently endowed with the good gifts of the world, have much unoccupied time, much undirected energy, and much unavailable talent, is a fact which may be deplored, but cannot be denied. There are thousands of women who, financially, can afford to be idle. They may lie softly, and live delicately, and fare sumptuously every day, without stretching forth a hand to attain for themselves the means of enjoyment. They toil not, neither do they spin. Others toil and spin for them. Their only necessity is to be comely and amiable. They are not born to work; and it seems a mere irrelevance to use so coarse a word in connexion

with their sphere of duties. But it is not less their duty to work. Every woman, from the Queen on the throne to the little "Pippa" who "passes" every day to the Filature, has her work to do, and is responsible for the due performance of it. "All service ranks the same with God." All are servants equally in His sight.

And this truth is beginning to be better and better understood. We believe that at no period of the social history of Great Britain have the "higher classes of society," as we are wont to call them, had a stronger and more abiding sense of their duty to their neighbours,—at no period have more strenuous efforts been made by those with whom work is not a necessity, to take their proper place among the true workmen of the age. The "communion of labour" is in these days something more than a communion of sexes; it is also a communion of classes. There is much yet to be done—much yet to be learnt by them—before our upper classes can free themselves from the reproach of shortcoming and neglect. But it is no small thing to be able to record that they are more alive, than they ever yet have been, to a just sense of their duties to the poor, more intent upon learning how to do good, and more earnest in their endeavours to do it.

We need not add that in this good movement the ladies of England would fain be, if not in advance of their lords, assuredly no step behind them. Every man may do something for his neighbours, let his professional labours be as great and absorbing as they may. Every man can find some time for social pleasures; he may find it, therefore, for social duties. We cannot in any case admit the plea of "too busy." But women, who have not to go forth every morning to their appointed work, and who have domestic servants to aid them in their household duties, have larger opportunities of contributing to the welfare of their poorer brethren; whilst at the same time they have an acuter perception not only of the real wants and sufferings of the poor, but of the best and readiest means of alleviating them. In other words, they are more sympathizing; and sympathy is everything in such matters.

"I have the deepest conviction," says Mrs. Jameson, "founded not merely on my own experience and observation, but on the testimony of some of the wisest and best men amongst us, that to enlarge the working sphere of woman to the measure of her faculties, to give her a more practical and authorized share in all social arrangements, which have for their object the amelioration of evil and suffering, is to elevate her in the social scale; and that whatever renders womanhood respected and respectable in the estimation of the people, tends to humanize and refine the people."

And of this truth we are as deeply convinced as Mrs. Jameson herself. But what with our false conventional notions, and the jealousy and exclusiveness of men,—women, with desires and faculties for better things, and for larger work, are kept back when they ought to be encouraged to go forward, and they are compelled continually to hold in restraint the good instincts of their nature in obedience to a cry, now we hope growing feebler and feebler every day, that to be useful is to be “unfeminine.”

“There’s nothing,” says the great dramatist, uttering a truth centuries before put forth by Epictetus—“There’s nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.” Not things themselves, but our ideas or dogmas respecting these things, disturb us.* We have been frightened for many years by the word “unfeminine.” It had come to be a dogma of great repute amongst us that all independent action is unfeminine. It seemed to be one of the first social duties of men to keep their wives and sisters and daughters from the contamination of the useful—as though the useful and the beautiful were always in vigorous antagonism the one with the other. But we are beginning now to perceive that the useful may be also the beautiful. Mrs. Jameson in her last lecture quotes the following prophetic passage from Tennyson’s “Princess”—

“A kindlier influence reigned, and everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick. The maidens came, they talked,
They sung, they read, till she, not fair, began
To gather light, and she that was, became
Her former beauty treble; to and fro,
Like creatures native unto gracious art,
And in their own clear element, they moved.”

This is of course quoted with an inevitable reference to Miss Nightingale and her associates, who have done so much to prove that the useful and the beautiful are not antagonistic. Nothing, in these times, is ever written on the subject of the employment of women, without a reference to this honoured lady. And in good truth she deserves the honour. But it says little for the past history of the ladies of England, that now in the nineteenth century such womanly efforts should have excited no less astonishment than admiration. Such organization of voluntary charity was something new and strange to the people of England, until a great occasion called forth the great endeavours of this Christian lady, who found worthy associates willing to share the toil and the peril of her devotion. Not that she had not before consecrated herself to good works; but that all she had

* Ταράσσει τοὺς ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ πράγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δογμάτα.

before done had been in that quiet unobtrusive way which God appreciates more than man. And, in good truth, we believe that such service as Florence Nightingale rendered to her fellows in the Crimea was much more easily performed than that which she had been performing, in unknown places, and with little or no *éclat*, before the great event of the Russian war, by turning the energies of her humanity into a new channel, made her a popular heroine. There are thousands of English ladies who, when they heard what their sister had done, would willingly have done likewise—nay, were eager to do it. There was so much sustaining excitement—so much of romance—so much of the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war”—it was so certain that the eyes of all England, of all Europe, were turned towards the countries to which our armies had proceeded—that it needed very little fortitude, very little self-sacrifice, to participate in such an enterprise. We wish that we could believe that all, who were so well inclined to minister to the wants of our bearded Crimean heroes at Scutari, are, now that the war is over, no less willing to tend, in hospital or in workhouse, repulsive old women, and feeble, neglected children, and to expend their charitable energies generally on the sufferers of Stoke Pogeis or Little Peddlington. Wounded soldiers they have not always with them. But the poor they have always with them—the maimed, the halt, and the blind; the aged, and the bed-ridden. The truest heroism is that which labours and suffers far away from the reach of popular applause.

But although we can see clearly the difference between attendance upon the sick and the wounded in military hospitals, during a great national crisis, and such ministrations as alleviate the sufferings and sorrow of less interesting specimens of humanity in uneventful times, we are still hopeful that the example of Florence Nightingale will have an abiding effect upon the women of England, irrespectively of the accidents of war or of peace.

“ ’Tis on the advance of individual minds
Mankind must found its reasonable expectations
Eventually to follow; as the sea
Waits ages in its bed, till some one wave
Of all the multitudinous mass extends
The empire of its fellows—then the rest,
E’en to the meanest, hurry in at last,
And so much is clear gained.”

Making every allowance for the distinctions of which we speak, we believe that there is enough “clear gained” to the cause of humanity, by the noble efforts of Miss Nightingale, to make us rejoice in the movement which has taken the hearts of

the English people by storm. There are many necessarily who regard the matter wholly from a military point of view—who look upon what she has done simply as a contribution to the general success of the campaign. But there is still enough of good sense and good feeling among us to divest, in the minds of at least a section of the community, the nobility of her conduct of all such adventitious aid, and to look upon all that has been done as a matter of pure humanity. Moreover, it is our hope—indeed, it is our belief, that although this camp-following, this hospital-visiting, which has made for Florence Nightingale a name in English history, was in regard of its adventitious circumstances—its outer environments—something exceptional and unprecedented; it was in itself only the expression of a previously-existing state of feeling—the outward manifestation of an already-developed charity, to which the war gave only a temporary direction. The war may have made this lady famous, but it did not make her a heroine. After all, it is no more than an episode in her life, and not that, perhaps, to which at life's close she will look back with the most satisfaction.

And she will still have her followers; she will yet live to see in her time an extended and extending belief that the useful and the beautiful are not antagonistic—that loveliness is never more lovely, gentleness never more gentle, than when woman, no matter on what scenes, devotes herself to the great work of alleviating suffering and sorrow. There is enough of both, Heaven knows, at our own doors. We need not to cross seas in search of them. Now that we have returned to our commonplace, every-day life, with comparatively unexciting duties to evoke our energies, we must be prepared for some falling off; but we repeat the expression of our belief that the change in which we see so much good hope and encouragement had been inaugurated before the war commenced, and that there is now little likelihood of this progress being arrested. There are many abodes of misery in all our towns and parishes in which our English ladies may do incalculable good. They cannot begin better than in our Workhouses.

We have all heard these places called Poor-Law Bastiles. We are all familiar with the aspect of the huge buildings, more or less shapely and architectural, which ever and anon meet our eyes as we ride or drive through an English county; and are now associated in our minds with the word "Union," and provocative perhaps of rather discomfiting thoughts of unaccountably high poor-rates. We all know the appearance of the "workhouse people" and "workhouse children" in our parish churches; we cannot mistake the cloaks of the old women, and the caps of the young girls. But we are afraid that there are

not many of us who know more than the outward appearance of the workhouse and its inmates. Many, with really large instincts of charity, not only eager to do, but active in doing good towards their poorer brethren, shrink from "mixing themselves up with parish business." They administer to the wants of the poor in their own way, and leave the poorhouse to itself, content to believe that it is well minded by those who are paid for looking after its concerns. But it would not be easy to over-estimate the good that might be done by the gentry of England, and especially by English ladies, if they would undertake a systematic visitation of our workhouses. We know that there are Boards of Guardians, and periodical meetings and inspections, and that there are salaried poor-law functionaries of a higher grade; but it is not of such visitation that we speak. In this woman has no part. There is "no communion of labour" outside the poorhouse walls. And yet how much good might our ladies do among the women and children who constitute so large a portion of the inmates of our workhouses. Hear what a practical man—long the chaplain of a huge metropolitan workhouse (the Rev. Mr. Brewer) says upon the subject:—

"Ladies have been drawn to see that they have a mission—a deep and solemn one—to perform and preach; and yet the full extent of that mission has not at present been unveiled to them, still less its paramount, its incalculable importance upon our national prosperity. Their district-visiting has been mainly confined to the distribution of a few tracts, perhaps to the reading of some verses in the Bible; whilst the insensible influence of their common words, their ordinary manners, their dress, their voice, the numerous thoughts, suggestions, and instructions which they convey unconsciously about them into the houses of the poor, exercise a power far greater than any. These thoughts often occurred to me in my ministry at St. Giles' Workhouse. I often thought how much more the gentle influence and silent teaching of an earnest and meek lady would be effectual, especially with her own sex, beyond all that I could say or do. I have often thought that the very contrast would teach more than the most impressive argument; that the insensible conviction thus conveyed to the minds of those who had never seen the best of their sex—certainly had never seen them engaged in a mission of mercy to themselves—would be effectual above all other methods. And I am bound to say that I think it would be accepted with great gratitude."—*Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects.*

And again:—

"Turn to the Police Reports in our newspapers, or only watch for yourselves the boys and girls, who join in the disorders of the metropolis and fill our prisons, no longer prisons to them—and you will see how imperative it is that something should be done to rescue them. They are mainly the produce of the workhouse and the work-

house schools. Over them society has no hold, because society has cast them out from all that is human. They have been taught to feel that they have nothing in common with their fellow-men. Their experience is not of a home or of parents, but of a workhouse and a governor—of a prison and a jailor as hard and rigid as either."

This especially relates to workhouses in great cities; but it may with some modification be applied even to those in our rural districts. It is as sad a thing to contemplate, as the "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores" of guardsmen and linesmen—dragoons and lancers—gunners and riflemen. Indeed, we know nothing sadder; for these helpless little ones have never any chance from the commencement. They are born to sorrow, as they are born to sin, with little prospect of escape from either. There can be no greater objects of pity; none more worthy of our boundless compassion. The London papers have lately teemed with accounts of disturbances and outrages in one or more of our great metropolitan workhouses. Attempts have been made to reduce obstreperous girls to order by the discipline of the lash. These revelations have been painful in the extreme. It is, doubtless, very bad that so indecent and so barbarous a system of coercion should be resorted to by our workhouse jailers; but it is far worse that these poor girls should ever have come to such a state as to require, even in the estimation of their custodiers, such brutal and brutalizing treatment. The pity of it is not that they were flogged, but that there should have existed in the metropolis of Christian England a system of so depraving a character, as that young girls should grow up under it, lost to all sense of shame, coarse and blasphemous in speech, in action violent and pugnacious, with nothing maidenly, nothing womanly about them, except the name and the attire they disgrace. But even for these lost ones there is some hope. The humanizing influence of good women may still reach even their hearts. Gentle words and kindly acts—expressions of interest and sympathy—will not be thrown away upon them. Even these poor creatures may in time come to bless the passing shadow of the kind lady who has spoken to them the only words of tenderness and encouragement which, perhaps, they have ever heard; and better hopes may spring up in their hearts to be the parents of better deeds. And that this is not a mere visionary philanthropy we have good evidence afforded us even as we write. At a meeting held in London on the 11th of October, in last year, to take into consideration the state of the Marylebone Workhouse, and the treatment to which its female inmates had been subjected, Mr. Jacob Bell, to his honour, spoke out thus—as we find his speech reported in the *Daily News*:—

"These poor girls, bad as they were, were the victims of a bad system. They had been educated in the workhouse school, and they were there subjected to contamination as they grew up, by being placed with those likely to contaminate them. He (Mr. Bell) had seen this, and had tried to remedy it, by insisting on the removal of the children, but without effect. These poor girls had been nurtured and imbued with an impression, in the first place, that the workhouse was their natural home, then that they were so lost and bad that there was no one to sympathize with them. They committed wrongs and were punished: that hardened them, and they did worse, and were punished more, and the workhouse, under the punishment, became so irksome to them, that they committed further crime in order to become the inmates of a prison; and they preferred the prison because, they said, they were better treated there than in the workhouse. Now and then, therefore, there were these outbreaks—these epidemics of bad behaviour. He recollected some years ago a number of dark boxes being erected round a ward, with a little grating in them, just like a small padded room at a lunatic asylum without the pads, and on his inquiring what they were for, he was told they were the cells to confine refractory girls in. He discovered that this sort of punishment only made the girls worse, and their conduct was so bad, anything like reformation in them appeared to be hopeless. He (Mr. Bell) thought, however, he would make a trial of a different sort, as even the clergyman had given these girls up. At his request, some ladies who were in the habit of visiting prisons visited these girls, and talked to them, and gave them books, and endeavoured to impress upon their minds that their cases were not so hopeless as they themselves felt that they were—that there were people who sympathized with them, and that if they would endeavour to behave well there should be some *locus penitentiae* for them. In the course of two months there was a great improvement amongst the girls. The majority of them got situations, and although he (Mr. Bell) was free to confess that some relapsed into their former ways, a great many of them, by kind treatment, reformed, and had become decent members of society."

What we have Mr. Bell's assurance *has* been done so advantageously by some ladies, may be done by others with equal success. This is one of many practical suggestions for turning to good account the benevolent energies of our English ladies. The suggestion derives additional force from the recent unhappy revelations to which we have adverted. But it is only one of many channels through which the stream of benevolence may flow. "What have we to do," says the Rev. Charles Kingsley, in his admirable lecture on 'the Country Parish,' "is to ennoble and purify the *womanhood* of these poor women; to make them better daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers"—or, applying the truth especially to these poor workhouse girls, we might, perhaps, more fitly say, "make them capable of fulfilling the duties

of these relationships at all." "Approach these poor women as sisters. Do not apply remedies which they do not understand to diseases which you do not understand. Learn lovingly and patiently, (ay, and reverently, for there is that in every human being which deserves to be and must be revered, if we wish to understand it,) learn to understand their troubles, and by that time they will have learnt to understand your remedies, and they will appreciate them." Such service, indeed, is hopeless and profitless as regards its results, if it does not proceed lovingly and sympathizingly, looking not so much at the apparent evil—the polluted stream—as at the hidden cause, the source and origin of the pollution; and with a humble acknowledgment that we ourselves, so neglected and abandoned, so exposed to corrupting influences, could hardly have been better than these castaways, and might have been worse.

It need scarcely be said that very much of this applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the visitation of hospitals, penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, and other similar institutions. But there are difficulties peculiar to each and all of these which belong, in a very limited degree, if at all, to our parish workhouses. In any case, perhaps, the lady visitor must have her feelings more or less "shocked," as it is conventionally called, by the sights and sounds which will greet her. We assume, indeed, that every woman who thinks of devoting herself to the ministration of the sick and the sorrow-laden, is prepared to be "shocked." Nevertheless, it were well that all men and women alike should gradually habituate themselves to such sights and sounds—that they should serve as it were an apprenticeship of endurance, trying their strength as they advance, lest they should find the sudden encounter too painful for them. In this respect, the workhouse, the sights and sounds of which are commonly less painful and revolting than those which greet us in hospitals, lunatic asylums, or penitentiaries, may fittingly initiate our English ladies into the distressing scenes with which they must necessarily become familiar. Moreover, the workhouse is common both to our large towns and our rural districts; and there are very few English families to whom it is not accessible.

It may also be observed, that in the case of this workhouse visitation, the "Communion of Labour," of which Mrs. Jameson writes so emphatically, is easier of attainment, and ought to be more complete when attained, by reason of the local character of these institutions. Many ladies, who would willingly minister to the wants of the inmates of our poorhouses, are the daughters, sisters, wives, or mothers, of men in some way officially connected with the affairs of the parish—of poor-law guardians, or parochial surgeons, or union chaplains—and, as such, there-

fore, would have a recognised position in the workhouse. In this respect the dweller in the country has an advantage over the dweller in the town. In great cities there is such isolation. No one seems there to have any recognised position. In his very excellent lecture "on Dispensaries and allied Institutions," Dr. Skirving says, that he has been "daily reminded of the isolation which can only exist in a town like London, and daily had occasion to deplore the absence of co-operation between those who, having a great interest in the poorer classes, failed to do the good they were each essaying to do, simply because they knew nothing of each other." "The isolation to which I allude," continues the benevolent physician, "is probably greater in London than anywhere else in the world. . . . It exists more or less throughout our country; but the larger the population of a district, the more complete will it necessarily be."

Of this, every one who, after residing for some years in the country, has taken up his residence in a metropolitan street or square, must have become painfully conscious. Not that he misses what in the rural districts is called a "neighbourhood." In London almost every one has "neighbours," though they may come from the opposite end of the town—neighbours who are ready to pay morning visits, and to send or accept invitations to dinner. But we have no sooner accomplished the change of which we speak, than we become peculiarly alive to the fact that we have no poor neighbours. We may look out from our windows upon lines of narrow streets—upon "pestilent lanes and hungry alleys," with a full and appreciative sense of the fact, that they are teeming and reeking with a pauper population; but we can with difficulty bring ourselves to believe that they in any way belong to us. We have no particular interest in them—we have no feeling of our obligations to them. They do not know us, and we do not know them. We may feel a strong desire to identify ourselves in some way with them. But we do not know how to begin. We are sorely puzzled. The labour appears so vast and bewildering, and we ourselves so little and insignificant. We are absolutely appalled by the feeling, that although we have come into the neighbourhood to reside for years, and to spend our hundreds or thousands every year among the surrounding population, the poor in the next street, within a stone-throw of our door, do not trouble themselves even to learn our names. It is so different in the country, where from the very first hour of our appearance, we have been known and spoken of by our proper names, and have become as much a recognised part of the rural population as the village parson or village surgeon himself. The Londoner, on passing into the country, feels a not unnatural surprise that poor people touch

their hats to him, though perhaps they have never seen him before. A change, the very reverse of this, astonishes the resident in a rural district who takes up his abode in the metropolis. He feels at once that he is absorbed. He is merely an atom of an immense floating population. No one recognises his existence; and the chances are, that if he were to go into a poor man's house on a mission of charitable inquiry, he would be either cheated or insulted. We have used the masculine pronoun; but what we have written is especially applicable to ladies who find themselves stranded and helpless in large cities, their energies all running to waste. Independent action, in such cases, can seldom accomplish much. There must be a "communion of labour." In rural districts women may work alone; in towns they must co-operate with men. They must turn to existing institutions and find there meet employment for their womanly sympathies and activities. There is no lack of institutions, the doors of which will be thrown wide open to our English ladies as soon as they knock at them.

We are not yet prepared to say that the workhouse is one of them. There may be some prejudice and exclusiveness to contend against at the outset. Doubtless, there are vested interests in misrule, any interference with which will be proclaimed unpardonable heresy. But they cannot last long. The good sense and good feeling of the many must prevail over the selfishness and intolerance of the few. We are becoming every day more and more alive to the fact, that what is called "efficient control," is, for the most part, very inefficient in respect of the practical development of the workhouse system, as every humane person would desire to see it developed. We need but to turn to Mrs. Jameson's little volume for an illustration of this:—

"Now I will tell you (writes this excellent lady), as an illustration, what I have seen only very lately. I was in a very large parish union, where there were about four hundred children, nearly an equal number of boys and girls, and schools for both. The boys had an excellent master for reading and writing, and had masters besides to teach them various trades. There was a tailor, a carpenter, a shoemaker, a hairdresser, a plumber, who, at wages from 25s. to 35s. a week, were employed to instruct the boys in their respective trades. The girls were taught reading, writing, and sewing; some of them, under the pauper menials, helped to scour and scrub. The over-tasked, anxious mistress seemed to do her best, but there was not sufficient assistance. The whole system was defective and depressing, and could not by any possibility turn out efficient domestic servants, or well-disciplined, religious-minded, cheerful-tempered girls. I was informed that, of the boys sent out of this workhouse, about 2 per cent. returned to the parish in want or unserviceable; while of the girls they reckoned that 50 per cent. were returned to them ruined and depraved."

Such a terrible state of things as this could not exist, even as an exceptional case, if the inmates of our workhouses were not, by some strange accident, beyond the pale of the sympathies of the ladies of England. In the workhouse of which Mrs. Jameson here speaks, there were two hundred girls, a hundred of whom were, judging by average results, destined to be "ruined," and to become thoroughly "depraved." * Here there is scope for the exercise of womanly influence. To think that under that one roof there should be a hundred little sisters doomed for want of a little motherly care—for want of a few kind words, a little gentle admonition, a little display of tender interest and solicitude, a little teaching of what may be useful in after years—to grow up from childhood to maturity without a spark of maidenly feeling, without the least sense of the dignity of womanhood, without the least respect for the beautiful and the good! If any lady, either in town or country, with charitable instincts, with a vague desire after good, look around in search of some practical starting-point, let her turn her eyes towards the union workhouse, where all these helpless little ones are gathered together, and begin her ministrations *there*.

Her first thought, then, will be how to train all these poor girls to become, in proper time and proper place, useful to themselves and others—to teach them not only to appreciate the dignity of labour, but how to labour diligently and profitably. Boys are taught to become shoemakers, or carpenters, or masons, or plumbers, but girls are taught little, and that little imperfectly. It is not impressed upon them that what they learn is to afford them, in after days, the means of subsistence—to keep them supplied with honest bread. They are taught only to feel their degraded position, and that they are to be got rid of as soon as they can be turned adrift. And they are turned adrift; to sink or to swim—of course the former. The wonder is not that 50 per cent. sink into irretrievable ruin, but that 50 per cent. swim. It is no small thing to save even one of these poor creatures. And every lady who enters a workhouse, intent upon saving its female children from ruin by teaching them to labour cheerfully, hopefully, and intelligently, may save not one, but many. If a workhouse girl, on leaving the union, carries with her nothing more than the conviction that there is one kind heart which will rejoice in her success, and be grieved by her failure, she goes forth with good hope of being saved. It is hard

* And depraved workhouse girls are said by competent authority to be the most degraded of their sex. Colonel Chesterton, in a passage quoted by Mrs. Jameson, says that he witnessed "in the demeanour of young girls from twenty years and upwards, such revolting specimens of workhouse education, that the exhibition was once frightful and disgusting. The inconceivable wickedness of these girls was absolutely appalling."

to say from how much evil even that talisman will guard her in her intercourse with the world.

But much more than this may be accomplished. The lady-visitor who sees that the workhouse boys are taught to become artificers and mechanics, and is told that a very small percentage of them ever become chargeable to the parish in later life, will appreciate the value of proper industrial training. Girls fail more frequently from absolute ignorance and inability to do better, than from any inherent vice, or even any culpable carelessness and indolence. They have all the world before them, but there is not one path which they can tread with firm footstep, and with any prospect of reaching the goal. At best they can only sprawl and trip and stumble, and fall at last by the wayside. What are they to do, who know not *how* to do anything? How many a poor girl commences her doubtful justificatory plea with the words, "If any one had taught me better when I was young, I might not have turned out so badly." "Train up a child in the way he should go," is a divine precept and a divine caution, which has more than a mere religious signification. But we train girls only to be useless. We bring them up with the assumption that they may marry; and that then there will be an end of them. They will be absorbed into the man, and become "non-existent."

This is the great cardinal error of our system. High and low, it is all the same. Instead of educating every girl as though she were born to be an independent, self-supporting member of society, we educate her to become a mere dependent, a hanger-on, or as the law delicately phrases it, a *chattel*. In some respects, indeed, we err more barbarously than those nations among whom a plurality of wives is permitted, and who regard women purely as so much live stock; for among such people women are, at all events, provided with shelter, with food, and clothing—they are "cared for" as cattle are. There is a completeness in such a system. But among ourselves, we treat women as cattle, without providing for them as cattle. We take the worst part of barbarism and the worst part of civilisation, and work them into a heterogeneous whole. We bring up our women to be dependent, and then leave them without any one to depend on. There is no one—there is nothing for them to lean upon; and they fall to the ground.

Now, what every woman, no less than every man, should have to depend upon, is an ability, after some fashion or other, to turn labour into money. She may or may not be compelled to exercise it, but every one ought to possess it. If she belong to the richer classes, she *may* have to exercise it; if to the poorer, she assuredly *will*. It is of the poorer classes that we are now

speaking. Under ordinary circumstances, except in the large manufacturing towns, where there is an unhealthy demand for human hands to assist the Briarean machinery, every girl, who knows that she must earn her own livelihood, turns her thoughts, in the first instance, towards domestic service. And it is a fact, as little thought of as it is undeniable *when* thought of, that the female servants of England are the most useful class of people in the country. Imagine the state into which society would be thrown if they were suddenly to suspend their functions. And yet there is one almost universal complaint that their appointed duties are inefficiently and unsatisfactorily discharged; that, however indispensable to our comfort they may be—however impossible it may be to do without them—they are practically “the greatest plague of life.” Accepting this only in a qualified degree, and fully admitting that bad masters, or rather bad mistresses, make bad servants, we must still fall back on the inevitable conclusion, that, in respect of our female servants, there is a lamentable want of training. Every girl thinks that she is qualified for domestic service without any sort of special education. The consequence of this assumption is that she commonly fails. She goes from place to place; makes for herself no standing anywhere; never improves, but remains as ignorant and awkward in her last place as in her first. Nor is the evil limited to this. These frequent transitions are attended with no little danger. Servant-girls out of place have not always homes to which to betake themselves for protection against the snares of the world and the assaults of the wicked; and thus to be cast adrift is, too often, only to fall by the wayside. And so the most useful class of people in the world contributes largely to swell the number of the most dangerous of the “dangerous classes;” and retaliates upon society for its neglect.

It will be said, perhaps, by some benevolent people, that a good mistress will always endeavour to instruct her servants; and that no servant can suit you so well as one whom you have yourself drilled into the ways of your house. The latter part of the proposition is generally true, but the former must be accepted only in a very limited sense. Some mistresses may have time, ability, and inclination to train their servants—and they have their reward for doing so; but the greater number have not time or ability, if they have the inclination; and there is really no more reason why a mistress should be bound to instruct her servant how to cook a joint or lay a fire, than to instruct her milliner or her dressmaker how to make her bonnets or her gowns. In large establishments, a raw underling, acting according to the instructions, and following the example of a well-trained upper-servant, will soon come to know her

duties, and will rise, in time, to a higher place. But these large establishments are comparatively few; and thousands of girls, every year, simply for want of previous training, are compelled to commence a career of service in places of an inferior description, where only bad habits are to be formed, and where, perhaps, temptation and corruption surround them. Having no skilled labour to carry into the market, they are obliged to accept the smallest possible price for their work. They become the household drudges of people scarcely higher in the social, and lower in the moral scale, than themselves. And thus many a respectable girl is spoiled in her teens, and all hope of promotion taken from her by an unfortunate beginning.

We know that there must be maids-of-all-work, as there must be female servants of other grades; and surely there can be no more useful domestics than those who combine, in their own persons, the several offices of cook, house-maid, table-attendant, and, perhaps, nurse. But, as though it were a rule in domestic service that the wages should be in inverse proportion to the presumed acquirements of the servant, there is not one who is so badly paid. Of all female servants the maid-of-all-work has the most ill-requited, and the most precarious position. In London, and, indeed, in every large town, there are whole streets in which the houses are attended by a single servant. It may be accepted as a general rule that there are no householders so inconsiderate and exacting as those who keep only one servant. They expect to get a combination of Hercules and the Admirable Crichton for eight pounds a-year. Many "take in lodgers," expect one unfortunate girl to do the work of two or three establishments, and are angry if Susan is not attending on all at the same time. As a necessary consequence of this exaction, there are "a few words,"—and Susan gives or takes a month's warning. There may be cases of respectable old maids, or "widows indeed," in reduced circumstances, who keep a maid-of-all-work for years,

° Since this page was written, we have alighted upon a passage in a recent work by Mrs. Ellis, so much to the point, that we must give it insertion:—"This business of seeking honest service becomes a very sad one, when we reflect how few kind and judicious families there are who will receive the little untaught servant within their doors. Some mistresses have no time to teach such troublesome inmates themselves: some have no patience; others no skill; all dislike the idea of taking a raw child from a low home, to receive advantages from their hands, when wanting help from hers. No; she must come to them better prepared; she must have learned to perform the various duties of a servant before they can receive her. So the poor child goes home, day after day, with her disappointed mother, until at last, as the other children of the family grow up, and food becomes more scarce, she is absolutely obliged to try anything—the lowest situation—rather than starve at home: and there are always low situations enough in which such girls can be received—perhaps to fight their way amongst rude men; perhaps to be stormed at by coarse masters, and children by mistresses, no better governed than themselves."—[*Education of Character, with Hints on Moral Training.*]

regarding her as a companion and a friend; but the greater number of this class of servants do not keep their places for six months. They are continually in a transition-state, from one street to another, from town to country, or from country to town; often falling by the wayside, and ceasing to belong to the useful classes for the rest of their lives. They are ripe for any change, for they think that nothing can be worse than a life of such continued toil and unrequited service.

Now all this is an admitted evil—an evil to be deplored, but seemingly not to be remedied. It may be said, that, in such a case, all the training in the world will not make the position of the maid-of-all-work other than one of extreme hardship. If she can cook well, wait at table well, and clean a house well, it may be said that these things will be required of her all the more for her competency to perform them. But the fact is, that in the market of domestic service, skilled labour will fetch its price; and that a girl takes a situation entailing multifarious duties upon her, not because she is competent to discharge them all, but because she is competent to discharge none. She becomes cook, parlour-maid, house-maid, all in one, because she is neither a cook, a parlour-maid, nor a house-maid. Being none of these, she becomes all—in other words, a drudge; and is paid in proportion, not to the actual extent of her work, but the actual extent of her competency. It is the knowledge that she is incompetent that drives her to take laborious and ill-paid service of this kind. So long as there are thousands of incompetent young women seeking service, such service will be obtainable at a low rate of wages. But, if girls were trained for domestic service, as boys are trained to become carpenters or shoemakers, they would carry not the raw material of work, but skilled labour into the market, and be able to demand a higher price for their services. A young woman, competent to discharge the duties of cook, house-maid, and parlour-maid, and actually performing them all, would not be compelled to take eight pounds a year, whilst her sister, who is performing only one of these offices, is receiving sixteen.

It may be said, that, even in the case of skilled labour, if the supply were greater than the demand, the price of wages must fall, and thousands must be compelled to take service of an inferior kind or starve. But would the supply be greater than the demand? At present it is; because so large a number of girls turn to domestic service as a means of earning a livelihood, for the very reason that it is thought to require no previous training. If the general standard of domestic service were raised, and more extended means of employment in other directions were found, this would not be the case. But even if it were,

there would still be this result,—that our female servants would not, as now, be continually changing their places. Though idleness, dishonesty, infirmity of temper, &c., may sometimes necessitate these changes, incompetency is by far the most frequent cause of dismissal. Much is forgiven to a really efficient servant; and no reasonable master or mistress expects perfection in a housemaid or a cook.

To the householder, these frequent changes are inconvenient; but to the servant, we repeat, that they are fatal. One of the crying evils of domestic service is, that it seldom affords any provision for sickness or advanced age; and that, therefore, our hospitals and workhouses are full of domestic servants. If a woman spend one or two months of every year out of service, it is wholly impossible that she should ever save any money. She spends all she has earned in one place, before she obtains another; and, not improbably, has been obliged to get rid of all she possesses, beyond the clothes on her back, or perhaps to do worse things, to provide herself with food and shelter. By a continued connexion with one family, on the other hand, not only may the means of laying by a little money be supplied, but a claim to the good offices of the family, in sickness or old age, be founded. It is sometimes said, that the rich are more ungrateful to their old servants than to their old horses or dogs, for that they support the latter after they have ceased to be useful, whilst they turn their human attendants adrift. But long service is necessary, in all vocations, to the establishment of a claim to be pensioned in old age; and we are inclined to think, that where this claim has been established, it is more frequently admitted than ignored. The reason why there are so many old servants in our workhouses is, that the claim on private benevolence is rarely established.

Another point worthy of consideration, in connexion with this branch of our subject, is, whether, by extending the market for female service in more profitable quarters, something may not be done to diminish the supply of poorly-requited labour of this kind. Every man-servant costs his employer twice—or, probably, thrice—as much as a female servant. With due advertence even to the subject of “keep,” it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that two good parlour-maids will cost less than one footman. Now, we know that men-servants bear a very small numerical proportion to female servants. There are many streets which contain a hundred of the latter to one of the former. Still, a large number of men are employed in domestic service; whilst many householders resort to the ridiculous compromise of a boy in buttons, under the absurd designation of “page.” Setting aside the insane notion of “gentility,” what is gained by

this addiction to men-servants,—what gain is there of substantial comfort? If a servant be required, as in some instances, to attend a carriage, it is necessary to entertain a footman; but there are a vast number of cases in which no such reason exists, and the only motive to the employment of the man, in preference to the woman, is vanity. It is, conventionally, more aristocratic to keep a footman than a parlour-maid. The latter may wait at table, clean plate, answer the door, &c., &c., equally well, and do other things much better;* but even a preposterous page, clumsy and ungainly, is considered a surer distinguishing mark of gentility than the “neat-handed Phillis,” with her pretty face, her tidy person, and her quiet movements, who presides over the ménage next door. “Stripes,” writes Mr. Thackeray, in one of his sound-hearted *Snob Papers*, “was in the livery of the Ponto family—a thought shabby, but gorgeous in the extreme,—lots of magnificent worsted lace, and livery buttons of a very notable size. The honest fellow’s hands, I remarked, were very large and black; and a fine odour of the stable was wafted about the room, as he moved to and fro in his ministration. I should have preferred a clean maid-servant, but the sensations of Londoners are, perhaps, too acute on these subjects; and a faithful John, after all, *is* more genteel.”

It seems to be Mr. Thackeray’s especial vocation to write down flunkeyism; but flunkeyism is not easily written down either in one shape or another. People will go on having and being flunkeys. But we should ill acquit ourselves of the task we have undertaken, if we did not enter our protest against the intrusion of flunkeys in situations where women-servants may be employed with equal utility. Any improvement in this respect we know must be very gradual. “Example moves where precept fails;” but it moves slowly when conventional ideas of gentility are assailed. Your Apollos of May Fair, or your Joves Tonantes of the Stock Exchange, will not readily consent to turn their Ganymedes into Hebes, and have their nectar poured out by feminine hands. But they may discover, in process of time, if they are gently led to it by undeniable example, that it is quite as pleasant to have their glass filled, or their plate

* Besides exempting you from the chance of insult and injury. A distinguished weekly journal (the *Examiner*), in a recent article, headed “Yellow-Plush Troubles,” exhibits some of the inconvenient results of keeping men-servants, who get drunk and insult you, and, when you resent their impertinence, bring you into court, and cause you to be fined. “What is the remedy?” asks the journalist. “There is but one,—discharge your he-servants. They are dangerous nuisances and abominations in every respect. They are the trouble of every family. All who have to do with them, complain without end of them: When will some man of mark set the example of turning off his spoiled, pert flunkeys, with their airs and insolencies, and substituting female attendants, who, when well trained, wait and perform every other office quite as well, and at smaller cost of money and temper.”

changed, by a pretty hand-maiden, as by an obese butler; and that it is more convenient to be in proximity to a clean print frock than to a pipe-clayed white coat, which, perhaps, leaves its mark on your shoulder.*

But even if this—of which we confess we have no great hope at present—were accomplished, and Yellow-plush went to the Blues, and Buttons were sent back to the country, to weed gravel-walks, or dig potatoes at sixpence a-day, there would be no very great gain to the female community, who now so vastly outnumber the male in the ranks of domestic service. That to which our remarks practically tend, is not so much the extension as the improvement of a description of employment which occupies the lives of so large a portion of the women of England. The great mistake, as we have said, is, that it is generally conceived by the classes who supply the raw material of domestic service, that every girl is by nature a domestic servant, and that she has only to step from the cottage to the servants' hall or to the kitchen, there to take her place at once, full-fledged, as an important member of a household. This is hardly, perhaps, so much their fault, as the fault of those who are above them, and who, having the power to correct, endorse the error of their less-instructed neighbours. There are few poor families, we suspect, who would not gladly avail themselves of any permitted means of obtaining a good practical household education for their daughters, as soon as they were once made clearly to understand its advantage. There may be some ignorance, prejudice, and suspicion to be combated at the outset, but these would soon give way before reason and self-interest. We know that the mistress of a household, either in town or country, could hardly render more real practical service to her poorer neighbours, than by permitting the daughters of such people, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to come from time to time into their houses, to see how the work is done, and to learn how to do it, by assisting the regular members of the establishment. And yet we are afraid that many poor people, with habitual suspicion, would look upon any such proposal as an insidious attempt to obtain so much service "for nothing," and, after a little time, would suggest an idea of payment. But no one who desires to do good must suffer himself to be deterred by obstacles of this kind. The best actions of a man's life often subject him to suspicion. Such suspicion as we have indicated would soon be lived down, with the error in which it originated, and the

* Flunkeyism in white livery is comely and imposing; but we have sometimes carried with us into the drawing-room, after a grand dinner, a mark of the genteel society in which we have been, in the shape of a patch of pipe-clay on our shoulder, left there by a footman, after leaning over us to remove a dish.

immense advantages of such education—advantages beneficially influencing, perhaps, a whole life—be generally appreciated.

This is a good work, in which every one who has an establishment, great or small, may assist, without any associated efforts or organized machinery. Let no one say, "What can I do alone?" Let every one try *what* he can do alone, and leave the joint result to God. The homely adage, "Take care of your pence and your pounds will take care of themselves," is true of more things than coin. These little pence of benevolence make a vast capital of well-doing, and, properly cared for, may fill the world with wealth. Besides, such independent, spontaneous effort does not exclude association and organization. We only say that it may precede them. Whilst we are contriving machinery to operate on a large scale, let every one try what can be done with one's own hands on a small scale. The association and organization, which are so much needed, will not go on the worse for this.

And what should the machinery be? We have already, in some measure, indicated its nature; and with any such indication, there will be suggested to every reader's mind an idea of industrial training in schools or other institutions. It has been stated that a large number of the female servants of England begin life in the workhouse, and end it there. We are afraid that in such cases the middle is worthy of the two extremes of their social existence. But the workhouse, as we have already observed, contains all the machinery for industrial training,—a machinery which is often set most beneficially at work in favour of the boy inmates, but is generally inoperative in behalf of the girls. Every Union workhouse ought to be an industrial school on a large scale, and, in a great measure, a self-supporting institution. Every girl ought to learn, before she is cast adrift on the world, how to wash, how to iron, how to make a bed, how to clean a grate, how to boil vegetables, how to cook a joint, how to make a pudding, how to wait at table, and how to do all kinds of plain needlework. Doubtless, some of these things are learned and practised for the benefit of the master and mistress of the Union; but there is no systematic instruction in which it is to be gravely and earnestly regarded as the business of a life.

The rate-payers are not invited to receive these girls in furtherance of the same important object, from time to time, into their houses. Indeed, it seems to be the rule to coop them up as much and ventilate them as little as possible—to hinder their contact with the outer world and its duties, as though there were a fear of their revealing the secrets of the prison-house, in a manner that might, perhaps, be inconvenient to their gaolers. We do not say that there are no exceptions to this rule; but we

are certain that our workhouses generally, whatever they may do for boys, fall very short of the due discharge of their proper functions as training institutions for girls.

The same may be said of nearly all our schools. The children of labouring men and of petty tradesmen, are not brought up to consider that they must earn their livelihood by their own work, soon after their days of pupillage are over. They learn a little reading—a little writing—and a little “summing;” and before they have properly learnt to sew, they are often promoted to crochet-work, or suffered to waste their time on elaborate “samplers.” But every school for the poor ought to be, more or less, an industrial school; and the rich who subscribe their money to them, ought to make it a condition of their support, that the children are instructed in the practical utilities of life. If this were done, there would be fewer failures at starting—fewer girls would fall by the wayside at the very outset of their career. The many failures and the many falls, the deplorable results of which we see on the pavements of our large towns, are to be attributed not merely to the fact that the poor girls are not taught to work, but that they are not taught to look seriously and solemnly at work, as at that, which if it has its pains and penalties, has also its pleasures and its privileges, and which, if worthily performed, “ranks the same with God,” whether it be in the high or the low places of the earth, amidst glory and honour or dust and ashes.

In more senses than one, this is worth considering. If the results of failure in this walk of life be grievous to contemplate, the results of success are cheering in the extreme. We must look indeed beyond the boundaries—wide as they are—of domestic service, for the good influences which issue from its more perfect organization. Hear what is said upon the subject by a man of large experience and of earnest thought:—

“The female servants in your household, whom you have taken and instructed in their respective duties—whose manners you have softened—who have learnt from you how to manage a household—who have caught up from you, insensibly, lessons of vast utility, lessons of order, lessons of economy, lessons of cleanliness, lessons of the management of children, of household comfort and tidiness,—these women eventually become the wives of small tradesmen and respectable operatives. They carry into a lower and a very extended circle the influence of your teaching and your training. Visit a hamlet or a village where the cottager’s wife has been a servant in the squire’s mansion, and you shall see the results immediately in the air of comfort, order, and neatness which reigns around—in the gentle and respectful manner of the woman—in the tidiness and respectability of her children. Even her husband, though rude and habituated to

rough toil, has caught something of the gentle manners of his wife. Go into the small butcher's, baker's, green-grocer's shops in town, and the same result is observable. The woman has not only the air of business, but a tone and manner about her which has been picked up in another sphere. She shows the result in her house, in the management, the dress, the cleanliness, the neatness of her children. She is not so good a specimen as the former, because she is not so unsophisticated; the town mansion and the management of servants in them have been somewhat different. Still from you she has carried lessons of inestimable value to her husband and her family."—*[Rev. F. S. Brewer on Workhouse Visiting—Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects.]*

Now hear what follows—a further and very noticeable result :

"Now, this class of women is never found in the London workhouses—never except from some very great misconduct, or rarely overwhelming misfortune. Coachmen, grooms, stable-boys, every class of out-door labourers, though in receipt of higher wages than domestic servants—all, in short, who do not come into close contact with you, I have seen and seen often in workhouses; but with the rarest exceptions, in proportion perhaps of one in a hundred—*no woman who, having been a domestic servant, has preserved her character.*"

The reverend lecturer limits his statement to the case of the London workhouses; and it may be said, perhaps, that as a large proportion of our female servants—even those employed in London—are drawn originally from the country, and therefore, in distress or in old age, return to the country, it is to the rural rather than to the metropolitan workhouses that we must look for general results. But, with this caution to the reader, we may still venture to affirm, that really good servants seldom or never come to penury in old age. It may be said that marriage is a contingency not always associated with good service. A pretty parlour-maid may sometimes obtain a husband before a homely-looking cook, though the cook be the steadier and the thrifter of the two. Yet, as a general rule, small tradesmen and tradesmen's assistants, think more of useful qualities in a wife, and marry more systematically and more providently, than their superiors in the social scale. It is not the prettiest or the smartest girl in an establishment who makes the earliest or the best match. It is the steady, industrious girl, always to be found busy at her proper work, no gadder, no gossip, on whom the baker or the grocer casts his admiring eyes. And, apart altogether from the consideration of matrimony, (which, if many female servants bitterly deplore, so also do many in other walks of life,) there is this to be said with respect to good service, that employers know how to appreciate it, and are grateful for it

when it comes. Few who have given their livelong faithful services to one family, are ever suffered to want in their old age. As a race, perhaps, they are not provident. Good and faithful servants derive little profit from their situations beyond the actual wages attached to their respective places; and, if they have no relatives poorer than themselves to be assisted by them, they spend the greater part of their earnings on dress. But we believe that the number of pensioned servants in this country is by no means small. Thousands of old servants are now spending the winter of their days in comfort, aided, if not wholly supported, by the employers to whom they have devoted the energies of youth and of middle age. There are few positions, indeed, where there is a higher premium on industry and fidelity than in domestic service. And seeing, therefore, that the difference is so wide between the results of success and the results of failure, strenuous should be our efforts, in every way, to diminish the chances of the latter. The few first steps generally determine all the rest. Give a girl a fair start, trained and disciplined for service, and the chances are, that she will not fall by the way.

We have devoted more space than we had originally designed to this subject of domestic service, but not more than, when the number of women who are thus employed is considered, it will be thought to demand. Of a nature kindred to this is the employment which is found for women in our shops. This is a favourite description of employment with young females of good address, who have received a rather better kind of education than the class from which our domestic servants are commonly drawn. The first observation on this subject which suggests itself is, that the demand ought to be greater than it is. We are devout lovers of peace, and could never concur in the Tennysonian laudations of an opposite state; but we confess that there was one aspiration embodied in a stanza of *Maud*, which awakened all our sympathy on perusal:—

“For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt rang from the three-decker out of the
foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his
counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand,
home.”

Looking at this as rather a desire than an expectation, we repeat that it has all our sympathies. If the tall fellows who wait behind the chairs, or stand behind the carriages of the great, and the men-milliners who smirk behind the counters of our shops, were, by reason of a want of manhood for war purposes, absorbed into our regiments, and handed over to the drill-sergeant and

the rough-rider, so as to leave more room for women in places where men intrude, to the manifest discredit of themselves and our social and commercial system, a state of war would, at all events, have one beneficial result. It is sickening to see the "smooth-faced rogues" behind our counters, dandling tapes and ribbands in hands which God made for ruder tasks, and lisping about the "sweet things" with which they desire to tempt their lady customers, and even presuming to pay insolent compliments, for which they ought to be kicked. The only shadow of an argument in defence of this system which we have ever seen, is, that women cannot take down heavy bales of goods from the shelves. But even admitting the truth of this, the argument would only be valid so far as to indicate the necessity of keeping in every large establishment, where heavy bales of goods require to be taken down from the shelves, one or two porters for this express purpose. It does not follow that, because man's strength is needed to lift heavy bales of goods, it is needed to measure out yards of ribband and lace, or to discourse upon the quality of silks and satins.

We have heard it said that the majority of ladies who frequent our shops prefer shopmen to shop-women. But we are happy in our unbelief of this assertion. We know that many ladies are very much afraid of London shopmen, and that many more thoroughly dislike their forwardness and foppery. Some we hope take a more serious view of the matter, and are disposed on principle to support those establishments which afford most occupation to their less fortunate sisters. At all events, it were time that they should do so—full time that they should consider that the greatest service which they can render to society is to promote by all possible means the extension of the circle wherein the women of Great Britain may earn for themselves an honest livelihood. If the ladies of England took heed of this, and acted in accordance with their convictions, tradesmen would soon find out that their shops can be attended quite as effectually by women as by men. The shop-woman may not have the same presumption or the same perseverance in pressing articles on unwilling purchasers; but this practice is so generally disliked by customers of all kinds, and is altogether so disagreeable, that it deters more than it tempts. It is a libel on the women of England to affirm that the assiduities of "oiled and curled" shopmen are otherwise than irksome to them.*

* In connexion with this subject of the employment of women in shops, it may be observed that, reversing the proper order of things, there is an increasing tendency to employ them, just where they ought not to be employed, in shops frequented only by men, especially tobaccoist shops, where young and comely girls are placed to attract customers. We do not speak of those low tobaccoist shops which are really brothels in disguise—but of respectable establishments.

There is another department of shop business in which women may be very advantageously employed—we mean as account-keepers and cashiers. On the Continent, women are much more extensively employed as book-keepers and financiers than they are in England. They are not worse arithmeticians than men; and, inasmuch as their temptations are fewer, they are more likely to be honest. We see no reason why, in this respect, we should not imitate our Continental, and we believe, our Transatlantic friends. In the labour-market there should be no monopoly of sex. Of every description of work which can be done equally well by women, without any abatement of their claims to our respect as women, they ought to have their fair share.

It may be a question, whether, in the proper distribution of labour between the two sexes, all the needle-work should not pass into the hands of the woman. Certainly, it would seem at the first blush, that the lords of the creation, without any loss of manly dignity, might leave to the weaker sex all the sewing work of the country. How men-tailors first arose it is difficult to say. Perhaps it was esteemed only in accordance with the fitness of things that men's garments should be made by men. Stout broadcloth or stern fustian were thought perhaps to defie delicate female hands. But the notion is becoming, practically, weaker and weaker; and no inconsiderable portion of man's apparel is really made by female hands. We believe that the greater number of the garments emanating from the "bespoke" trade are the work of men; but that the "slop" work more commonly belongs to women. In other words, that if you order a coat or a pair of trowsers, it will be made for you by a man, but that if you walk into a shop and buy one ready-made, it is the work of a woman. A very large number of women are employed in the getting up of the outer garments, which, at seemingly very low prices, are ticketed in the large outfitting shops, and which supply really the great mass of the coat-wearing population of the country. Waistcoat-making is in itself a profession which numbers members by thousands. Now it is not to be denied that the garments made by men are more enduring than those made by women, if the former issue from the bespoke, and the latter from the ready-made business. But the difference does not reside in the hands of the employed, but in the wages paid by the employer. We have no reason to doubt that for the same money a woman, properly trained to the busi-

That the system is bad is proved by the significant fact, that girls seldom remain long in these shops. They disappear with unpleasant rapidity from their place behind the counter. We may admit that men are better judges of snuffs and cigars than young girls, and therefore do not grudge them the exclusive possession of the tobacconists' counters. But women certainly ought to know, and we believe do know, more about ribbands and lace.

ness, will do all the sewing work in a coat as well as a man. But ready-made garments are cheap, because the makers of them are underpaid; and for the same reason they are bad. The slop-sellers pay neither for skilled labour nor for enduring work. It is not the woman's work, but the underpaid work, male or female, which is necessarily bad. It may be good *for* the price, but it could not possibly be good *at* the price that is paid for it.

The miseries of the slop-workers of all kinds, whether they be makers of outer or under garments, has awakened much popular sympathy and excited much popular indignation. The horrors of this white slavery have not been exaggerated. How could such colossal fortunes be made by Hebrew and other outfitters, if the soil from which the harvest issued were not plentifully watered and manured with blood and tears? Everybody knows that London is full of "distressed needle-women." But how, it may be asked, is this to be helped? There is a demand for cheap garments. And there is a demand for employment in the making of cheap garments even greater than the demand for the garments themselves. Miserable as is the pittance which they receive, it is better than nothing. It is better to be hungry than to die. You may see the poor creatures clustering about the doors of the slop-shops, with their sharp eager faces waiting for their supply of wretched work, as though their very lives depended upon the issue. One wonders that it should be so—but so it is.

One wonders that it should be so, because in every one's own experience it so often happens that he needs for household purposes the assistance of needle-women of different kinds, and yet somehow or other can seldom get what he wants. In the first place, there is a grievous setting Londonwards of female labour. It is supposed that in London there is a sure market for every kind of work. In many country places you cannot get a needle-woman for love or money. And in London, perhaps, you do not know *where* to get it. There may be abundance of what you want in the next street, or under the very shadow of your house; But you do not know it. Women to whom such employment as you can give them, may be life, happiness, salvation, may pass your door every day, and you would think it a privilege to be able to take such women into your house, and say, "There, work!" But they do not know it. And so they pass on to the slop-shop, and between life and death struggle on to the grave, starved perhaps in the midst of plenty.

Now this is no hypothetical case, but a grave, practical fact of very extensive application. Employers complain that they cannot obtain work-people, and work-people complain that they cannot find employers. There is, in very many cases, no want

on either side, but a want of knowledge. In large towns, this is especially apparent. A family take up their residence, say in some London street, and have need of every kind of assistance before they can subside into order and comfort. They want char-women; they want needle-women—women who can sew and alter curtains, who can cover furniture, who can lay down carpets, who can do a thousand nameless things, necessary to complete the house for occupation. In all probability, all the needed assistance is to be found in some contiguous street. In all probability, there are women whom you might almost summon from the windows of your house, eager for such work as you desire to give them—women with hungry children and empty cupboards, having both the capacity and the inclination for work. But you do not know where they are; and so, in despair, you betake yourself to the upholsterer, and your work is done, by no means more effectually, at double the cost, and with a double amount of delay.

It may, perhaps, be said, that if you do not employ these women to do your work, the upholsterers will employ them for you, and that therefore it is all the same in the end. But it is not the same in the end. The middleman must have his profits, to the detriment both of the employers and the employed. Where they are brought immediately into contact with each other, employers get cheaper work, and the *employés* better wages. Hence the injustice of slop-work. You may buy a shirt at a reasonable price in a ready-made shop. But you may buy your own materials, and have it made for you, at an equally low price, and yet pay a fair rate of wages for the sempstress's work. The same may be said of upholstery, or any other description of work. But the sempstress is compelled to betake herself to the middleman, for she knows where he is to be found. She knows where the great slop-shop stands at the corner of the street. She does not know that there is a kind lady still nearer, who is ready to pay her double the price for the same description of work.

All this is the result of a want of organization. The different parts of our social machinery do not hang well together, or rather do not hang together at all. There is a bundle of parts, all adapted to each other, but for want of some connecting links, these parts do not make a whole. The remedy would seem to be easy. Supply the links, and all the parts will act harmoniously together. What is wanted, in all large towns, is a well-understood and readily accessible channel of communication between those who have work to be done and those who desire to do it. This is the age of association. Societies of almost every kind, more or less useful, are continually starting into life. The benevolent energies of the people of Great Britain were never

more active than at the present time. When a really great end is to be accomplished, money is never wanted for its furtherance—nay, objects scarcely to be accounted great are readily promoted, if they promise in any way to relieve the misery of the suffering classes. We apprehend, therefore, that it could not be difficult to obtain the means whereby the machinery of which we speak might be brought into effective action. They appear to be simple and inexpensive.

Everybody wishing to send a letter from one place to another knows how to secure its despatch. In London, if he wishes to send a parcel, great or small, he knows how to achieve it. He knows how to get a loaf of bread, or a quire of paper, or a new hat. He sees "Post Office," or "Parcels Delivery Company"—"Baker," "Stationer," or "Hatter," or the signs and indications of each of these, in legible characters on the front of some shop in a neighbouring street. But the poor sempstress, or the char-woman, or the occasional nurse, lives in some back-room, or in some sky-parlour, in an obscure court or dark alley, and she cannot declare her whereabouts thus unmistakably to the world. Still the declaration is precisely the thing she wants, and wanting which she is reduced to desperate extremes. Now, cannot this be done for her? cannot the want be supplied by a little management on the part of others? Say that a society, to be called "The Society for the Employment of Women," were formed, and that it appointed agents in all the principal thoroughfares of our large towns. Every agent should be a respectable shopkeeper, and should be bound to display a conspicuous board announcing his agency at his shop-door, just as now the boards of the Parcels Delivery Company are displayed. He should keep a book, in which women requiring any description of employment might cause their names and addresses to be entered, with a description of the work they are competent to do, and, if possible, a reference to some respectable householder in the neighbourhood. Every one then requiring a sempstress, a charwoman, a nurse, or any kind of female employée, would know where to find one. Our small tradesmen would be always glad to undertake such agencies. There might be a small fee paid for registration, or a fixed sum might be paid by the Society, if it were found necessary—but in all probability tradesmen would find their account in the accession of custom which such an agency would bring to their respective shops.

There is no possible reason why such a simple machinery as this should not act with efficiency, after a little time had been allowed to it to make itself known. To the rich it would be a great convenience; to the poor a blessing past counting. A

lady requiring any kind of needlework, or any occasional help in her establishment, or requiring a servant, or a laundress, or a milliner, or a governess, would know where to apply in her immediate neighbourhood;* and work-women of all kinds would have a ready means of making known their desire to obtain employment. Moreover, by means of agencies of this description scattered over our large towns, a more equable diffusion of different descriptions of working power might be secured. In one district the demand for a particular kind of work might be greater than the supply; in another, the supply might be greater than the demand. Work-women would thus know the localities in which they would be most likely to obtain profitable employment. Nor need the benefits of this diffusion be confined merely to the towns. They might extend into the country. Hands of one kind or another might be wanted in the country when there is a glut of them in town, or the reverse. By means of the agencies of which we speak, communication might be kept up between town and country; and they might be made reciprocally to assist each other with continual supplies of a particular kind of work. There would not then be that crowding and huddling in one particular direction which keeps down the price of labour. There would not then be as there is now a keen contest for employment even at a rate of remuneration which is said, in language which expresses only the simple truth, "barely to keep body and soul together."

Every reader of the London newspapers has his attention frequently and painfully called to the large amount of misery and crime resulting from this ill-requested female labour. The "*Horrors of Slop-work*" is a common newspaper-heading to police reports, illustrative of starvation, attempted suicide, illegal pawning, &c. &c. From one which has appeared since this article was commenced, we take the following significant passage. A poor woman is brought up to the Thames Police-office, charged with an attempt to poison her child and herself. The medical officer, to whom the mother and child were taken in the first instance, thus testifies:—

"Mr. Burch said he had been connected with the London Hospital for eleven years, and for five years with the Whitechapel Union. A large number of patients had been under his care, and he had carefully investigated a considerable number of cases, and was satisfied that needlewomen were the most ill-paid class of people, and the most hard-working on earth. They were miserably paid, and he knew that numbers of them, with constitutions broken down, earned

* We know that there are existing institutions founded with the objects of registering and supplying governesses, and the same with respect to domestic servants and needlewomen, but they are few and far between, and what is wanted is a general agency, within every one's reach.

from 3s. to 4s. per week only, and for that very scanty pittance were compelled to work from three o'clock in the morning till ten at night. They soon became enfeebled by insufficient diet and over-work, and when broken down either had recourse to suicide or prostitution.

"Mr. Selfe (the magistrate) said, there was no occasion for distressed needle-women to select either alternative. There were poor-laws in existence, and every destitute person was entitled to parochial relief.

"Mr. Burch: Many shrink from it. I am quite sure that many women, rather than endure the horrors of slop-work, have gone upon the town; and I have the authority of the Bishop of Oxford for saying, there are 80,000 prostitutes in London. Is it any wonder when the needle-women are so badly remunerated?

"Mr. Selfe said there were no means to compel those who employed poor needle-women to pay them more liberally.

"Mr. Burch said the clerical gentlemen should go about and visit their flocks more frequently, and clerical agency, with the aid of laymen, could effect a good deal by visiting the abodes of the poor, and urging upon employers to pay the poor needle-women better wages. He also thought if the stipendiary magistrates met frequently, they might devise measures to alleviate the miseries of needle-women.

"Mr. Selfe: What would be the use of visits? It would only be a temporary cure. The stipendiary magistrates do meet often on all points. You have introduced a wide subject, and beyond our scope to deal with. The needle-women are badly paid, and there is a good deal of poverty, no doubt, existing in this district, but there is no need for actual destitution. In this case the poor woman has recently lost her father and her husband. It was not possible to prevent a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances."

It may not be possible to prevent a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances; but it may be possible to prevent a concurrence of so many unfortunate circumstances as drove the poor woman to madness and murder. We should be guilty of no very violent assumption if we were to declare that the wretched creature could have borne up against her other misfortunes, if her penury had not weighed her to the ground. Needle-women, says Mr. Burch, are so miserably paid, that, broken down by suffering, they betake themselves in time either to suicide or prostitution: and there is, unhappily, too much reason to believe that he does not overstate the miserable results of the extreme difficulty of obtaining honourable employment for women in our overgrown towns. The newspapers are continually presenting us with such tragedies as the following:—

"Elizabeth Fogarty, a girl of nineteen, was charged at Worship Street with attempting to commit suicide by swallowing laudanum. It appeared that about a fortnight before she flung herself off one

of the bridges, but was dragged out. On that occasion she was taken to Bow Street. On being now asked the reason of these attempts, she replied, 'My father is a wood-cutter in Westminster; I have lost my mother, but I have a stepmother, and, as my father would not do anything for me, and I have no place to go to, what can I do? I yesterday went to the Mansion House to ask for an asylum, but the Mansion House was shut up; and I therefore wandered on to Hackney, and swallowed the poison in Marc Street. I bought the poison in the Strand, at a Chemist's, where the gentleman asked me what it was for, and, on my telling him it was not for me, he served me directly.' The girl was remanded, and on the following day Mr. D'Eyncourt, the magistrate, told her he had succeeded in obtaining for her an admission into the Elizabeth Fry Institution, for which she seemed very grateful."

And we need impress upon the mind of no one, who has eyes to see and faculties to comprehend, that if some are driven to suicide, hundreds and thousands are driven to prostitution by the difficulty of procuring honest work.

To suffer such a state of things as this is a national crime. The subject is eminently painful, and difficult to discuss in such a manner as shall serve the interests of humanity, and be at the same time inoffensive to the most delicate mind. And yet, of all the sectional questions of the one comprehensive Woman's Question, this is, perhaps, most a woman's question of all: firstly, because it involves the case of the actual "employment" of so large a number of women; and, secondly, because it is mainly by woman's intervention that these numbers of *employées* are to be rescued, if at all, from their degradation. If there be, as stated, in London alone, 80,000 victims to the "great sin of great cities," we suspect that we should be within the mark, if we were to say that 50,000 of them walk the streets at nights wholly because they cannot obtain a livelihood in any other way. A large proportion of them have been domestic servants, needle-women, waistcoat-makers, artificial flower-makers, &c., &c., and have been driven to dishonesty by the difficulty of obtaining honest employment. Scarcely one of them would not forsake her unhappy calling to-morrow if honourable work could be provided for her. But who, she asks, will employ her,—who will stretch out a hand to save her? Now, the suggestions which we have proposed to ourselves to offer in this place, tend rather towards future prevention than present cure. It hardly comes within the scope of our Article to suggest the means of grappling with the immense mass of existing prostitution, which is such a scandal to our Christian England; but we believe that any measure which would facilitate the employment of women, by opening a channel of communication between work-seekers and work-givers would at once diminish

the evil. We think sufficiently well of the women of England, who are prosperous, and happy, and virtuous—who have neither suffered want, nor been tempted to evil—to believe that they would esteem it a privilege to rescue an erring sister from perdition, and would not shrink, fearful of contamination, or recoil in Pharisaical indignation, from contact with a suffering Magdalene, eager to walk in honest paths. Nay, we are convinced that there are many, who, reading in a Registration Book some such entry as,—“A. B., aged twenty-two, No. 7, Wild Court, Holborn; formerly a waistcoat-maker; has since been unfortunate; anxious to leave her present way of life; is a good needlewoman; willing to take any kind of honest employment,”—many, we say, who, reading such an entry, would rejoice in the opportunity of rescuing the penitent one, body and soul, from the cruel streets; and would give her work, to the extent of their own means, and recommend her case to others, who would willingly “do likewise.”

Let no one be deterred by the consideration of the little that individual effort can do to reduce so vast a mountain of evil. Let no one say, “What is it to reclaim one out of eighty thousand?” and answer the question despondingly. What is it to reclaim one? Why, truly, a great achievement—truly a noble thing to save “one,—even the least of these little ones.” Besides, who can say that she saves *only* one? Every lost one thus brought back to the flock of honest workers will be more or less a missionary for good among her erring sisters. There are thousands who need but to be shown the way to earn an honest livelihood, to do it, earnestly and gratefully, and never to slide back again into the old slippery paths of destruction. There is a capacity for good in most of them: they hate their way of life: they hate themselves for following it: they need but to be shown the way to leave it, without perishing outright,—and they will leave it. There is much friendship and strong sympathy among these lost ones, and there are few who, having found their way back to honesty, would hot endeavour to persuade others to leave their abominable trade.

In a large number of cases it is, as we have said, simply a question of money. Even a few shillings well expended will sometimes turn the scale. A trifling sum of this kind will give a girl “a start.” Her anxieties do not extend far into the future. Perhaps even a couple of crown-pieces may turn one of these unfortunates into an honest wife. For marriage is not denied to them. There is often an amount of truth and fidelity in these poor outcasts—one pure strong affection blossoming in the midst of all the horrible corruption of their lives—which, properly directed, would leave little wanting to the perfection of the

conjugal character. In humble life this is known and appreciated. A curious illustration of this fact, and of others to which we have alluded in this article, was afforded a few months ago by some proceedings at the Lambeth Police-Office, which are thus reported :—

“ On Mr. Norton taking his seat on the bench, Cook, the gaoler, called to his notice a young man, named Robert Wadham, and a young woman, named Maria Perkins, and said that some days ago the young woman had made an application of an unusual character, namely, a gift of 10s. from the poor-box to enable her and a young man who accompanied her to get married. Mr. Elliott, having learned from her that the young man was about to get into a situation, he was of opinion that the better course would be for the man to wait a short time, and be in a position before marrying to support a wife, and the parties withdrew from the court. He, Cook, perceiving that the young woman, particularly, was very much downcast at the result of the application, was induced to ask her some questions, and learned from her that having been on the streets for some time, and being disgusted with such a course of life, and meeting with the young man who accompanied her, and becoming attached to him, she was anxious to get married to him. The young man consented to her putting up the banns, but not having 10s. to pay the marriage fees, they had been out-called. In addition to his, the mother of the young man, who was with the young woman, assured him that her statement was true, that she, having a large family, was unable to pay the money, but if they were married, she should take the young woman into her house, and teach her the business of artificial flower maker; and her husband objected to admit her into his house unless she was married. Under these circumstances he (Cook) had undertaken to get up a subscription to pay the marriage fees, but he was not so successful as he expected, as he only got 7s. out of the 10s.; and the reason for bringing this before his worship was in the hope that he would give the odd 3s. Mr. Norton said he should have no objection whatever in doing so, provided Cook was quite certain of the truth of the statement. Cook replied that if he had not been satisfied on that point he should not have interfered. Two gentlemen in the court subscribed the required sum, and the magistrate ordered that 10s. from the poor-box should be added, and the couple left the court.”

There is a great deal that is very suggestive in this story. It exhibits the anxiety of the poor girl to leave her sad way of life—the latent goodness, and perhaps natural purity of her character, which had recommended her to the young man—his willingness to take her as his wife, in spite of her degrading antecedents, and the willingness also of his family to receive her, and teach her to earn an honest livelihood, provided she were married. And yet all this, which might easily be expanded into a very touching “Romance of Humble Life,” had well-nigh come to nought for

want of two crown-pieces. There were, doubtless, thousands of good people within a little distance of that Lambeth Police Office—the excellent Archbishop at their head—who would willingly have cast in their crowns to make the young people happy and respectable; repudiating altogether Mr. Elliott's idea that it would be "better to wait a short time." But if it had not been for the publicity of the Police Office—and most serviceable often are our police offices as mediums of communication between the rich and the poor—Maria Perkins might have gone back to the streets.

What may be the growth of happiness or of misery resulting from such a marriage as this, Heaven only knows. On a recent occasion,* we said—and we believe most truly—that "what is wanted most of all is something that will make it less a necessity with women to unite themselves, legally or illegally, with the other sex." "In a large number of cases," we added, "what a woman most looks for in matrimony or concubinage is a bread-finder. . . . What else, it is said, can she do? What but misery, it would be better to ask, can result from such a system?—what but wife-beatings or slow torturings can be the growth of such ill-assorted marriages as this fatal necessity involves?"

To do away with this necessity, let us open out the road to remunerative employment. Or, perhaps, we ought not to write "open out the road." The road is often open. But it requires that we should plant finger-posts upon it. Of what use is a road, if the wayfarer knows not which way to turn? A furlong off to the right, or a furlong off to the left, there may be all that the poor wanderer desires—a cheerful fire, a table spread; security, comfort, repose. But what are these things, if the traveller does not know where to find them? The poor, foot-sore, frightened woman, goes groping on in the cold and in the dark, hungry and weary—not to any hospitable goal, but to misery and destruction. She falls by the wayside and perishes; when a finger-post here or a finger-post there—a mere costless log of wood, with a few letters upon it, would guide her safely to her journey's end.

We cannot too emphatically repeat, again and again, that what society requires for the protection of women against all the cruel wrongs of the world, is not merely an extended market for woman's work, (important as this is,) but an increased facility of communication between the Rich and the Poor. The Rich have their wants as well as the Poor. If the poor could make their wants known, the Rich would gain greatly by the knowledge. Let the women of England, who are happy and prosperous, think seriously of this. They have work to give, and

* *North British Review*, No. xlix., Article, "Outrages on Women."

would give it cheerfully to their less fortunate sisters. But they say that they cannot get this work done; that they cannot believe that there is so great a dearth of employment. They contend it must be a fable or an exaggeration, that women's work is so miserably requited, when they pay dearly for it, and can not always get it when they want. They speak of their own experience; and they are right. They do not think how they are fenced and guarded from all knowledge of the outside world; and that there are women, either pining in utter want, hungry and shivering in the next street, or else flaunting on the pavement before their door, simply for want of the very employment which they are willing, nay, anxious to give.

It is a part of our system that they should be thus ignorant. Who will take the trouble to instruct them? Or who will be bold enough to do it? There are things not to be spoken of to delicate ears—above all, there is the great sin;

“ Which slurs our cruel streets from end to end,
With eighty thousand women in one smile,
Who only smile at night beneath the gas.”

Will “virtuous” women inquire into this grave matter—will they hold fellowship with outcasts?

“ Such wretches cannot tell out all their wrong,
Without offence to decent happy folk;
We know that they must scrupulously hint
With half-words, delicate reserves, the thing
Which no one scrupled they should feel in full.”*

And yet no one can fully understand this subject of the “Employment of Women”—no one can appreciate its mighty importance—no one can estimate the extent to which the evil, seemingly confined to the lower classes, rebounds against and destroys the higher, who does not consider how our streets are swarming with castaways. The delicately nurtured lady in her boudoir, may think that it is no concern of hers. But, perhaps, she is grieving over the profligacy of a favourite son, who is wasting his very life in rioting and wantonness—and who has been first beguiled by the temptations of the streets. Is this any concern of hers? Does she ever think how

“ Even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice
To our own lips!”

We have but little space now at our disposal, and that little

* Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, a work of which we should have made freer use in this paper, if we had not devoted to it a separate article of another kind. See *infra*, pp. 443-462.

ought to be devoted to a branch of the subject, which, for its sufficient consideration, would require such an article as this to itself. We have written of the amateur work of those whom necessity compels not to work; we have written of the professional work of those who are born to work; but we have not written of the professional work of those who are not born to work; and yet there are many toiling and suffering women in the world, who, born to affluence and ease, born to be watched over and provided for by other bread-finders, are compelled to become bread-finders themselves. In many respects their case is even harder than that of their more lowly sisters. There are fewer paths of occupation open to them. True; it may be said that what one woman may do, another woman may do; and that no honest labour is degrading. Verily, no honest labour is degrading; but, apart from the consideration (on which some stress must be laid) that women tenderly nurtured, and surrounded in youth by all the enervating influences of a high state of civilisation, are not physically capable of hard work, it is not to be forgotten that the employing classes are unwilling to place women, perhaps as well-born and well-educated as themselves, in menial offices about their households; and that *if* a lady, in reduced circumstances, were, in her despair, to apply for a parlour-maid's or house-maid's situation, in all probability she would not get it; and that, not on the score of her inefficiency, but the score of her gentility. All this is too intelligible to require explanation. The reasons lie in the nature of the service. It is not mere fastidiousness, therefore, which closes the doors of employment against well-born and well-educated women. Whatever their own inclination may be to forget, or to "sink" their birth and education, others will not overlook such disqualifying circumstances; and we can hardly say that they are to blame.

All kinds of menial service, then, being denied to women well-born and well-educated, what remains for them, if they are compelled to earn their bread by labour?—and that thousands are so compelled we know only too surely. Of all labour, that of the brain is conventionally the least degrading. Lords are as ready to receive their money for article-writing as commoners, and are quite as able to drive a bargain with a publisher; whilst, peradventure, my lady drives the hardest bargain of all. Any gentlewoman may make money by authorship without losing caste. But how few are competent to earn money in this way—how few men can so earn it! In discussing such a question as the Employment of Women, which involves the interests not of tens but of thousands, it is hardly worth our while to take this matter of authorship into account; and yet, it may be said that literature (if it be a profession) is the only profession, ex-

cept its near kindred, music and painting, which do not jealously exclude women from all participation in its honours and its profits. There is no injustice done to women here. The road is open. The race is fair. If woman be the fleetest, she wins. We have little in the way of practical suggestion to offer upon this point. Women, who can write, do write; though, perhaps, it is more common for women of small parts to rush into print, and for women, who need not the gains of literature to endeavour to grasp them; while women of great parts remain silent, and the needy hold back their hands. But there are some subordinate literary positions in which women might be employed with advantage to themselves and to literature. They are frequently expert copyists—accurate and rapid in their work; they are more patient than men, and therefore are better index-makers; they are good correctors of the press,—on the whole, we are inclined to think, more careful and sharper-eyed than men. In any one of these capacities, women of education may be honourably and not unpleasantly employed in their own homes; and we believe that employment of this kind might be found for them. But here again, we meet the old difficulty. The employers stand on one side of the stream, the employées on the other. But the stream is impassable. They cannot help one another. There is no bridge by which they may pass from one bank to the other. Nothing is so difficult to obtain as literary assistance of a humble kind. Literary men, with extensive and multiform engagements, have sometimes exchanged experiences on this point. Each has *felt* that there must be hundreds of families in London, to whom such employment as they have been willing to give to a son, or in the case of work that may be done at home to a daughter of good ability and industrious habits, would be a veritable godsend. But all have *known* that they have sought in vain for what they have *felt* must exist in abundance, and they have been doubly disappointed; firstly, because they have not obtained what they wanted; and, secondly, because they have lost a means of conferring happiness on others. Here again such agency as we have suggested might be turned to profitable account. It may be observed, that whenever it is desirable, there might be, in the first instance, a reservation of the name and address of the person seeking employment. Nothing would be easier than to keep a double set of books—one open to the public; the other a private record only to be referred to, at an advanced stage, when the inquiry is known to be of a *bonâ fide* character, and there is a fair chance of an engagement resulting from it.

Painting and drawing may give remunerative employment to a few educated ladies. But here the supply is greater than the

demand; and we do not know that anything can be said to increase the latter. Of late years photography has been taken up by women as a means of earning a livelihood; but we are disposed to think that the profession is overstocked, and that the subsistence it affords is scanty and precarious. Ladies, for the most part, prefer sitting to female photographers, which is one argument in favour of their occupying their fair share of the ground. The colouring of stereoscopic drawings requires considerable delicacy of touch, and will generally be better done by women than by men. In wood-engraving women generally excel for the same reason; a light supple hand is required. We are inclined to think that more women might be employed in this branch of art than now devote themselves to it. Some women make a good income by designing patterns for the manufacturers—but this is a gift; and they who possess it are exceptional cases. What we have to do is to suggest means of employment for those who have no special gifts.

Music affords employment to many. Professional singers of the first class are extravagantly remunerated. But in the lower grades the recompense is scanty. They who publicly exhibit, are, however, comparatively few. By far the greater number of those who devote themselves to music, as a means of earning a subsistence, are teachers. Now, teachers are a very large class—the largest and the most important class of educated women earning a livelihood by their own exertions. They demand, therefore, conspicuous attention in such an article as this. As soon, indeed, as a woman discovers, or her parents discover for her, that she must become her own bread-finder, it is almost invariably decreed that she shall become, in some way or other, a teacher. If she has any especial talent for music or drawing, it is possible that she may be counselled to devote herself exclusively to these branches of education; but, in the greater number of cases, she “goes out” as a “governess.” Perhaps, of all kinds of female employment, this has the advantage of the best organization—the best external machinery. There are two or three excellent institutions in London to which heads of families may advantageously betake themselves for information, with something approaching to a certainty that the persons recommended are capable of fulfilling properly all the conditions of governess life. But local agencies may still be resorted to with advantage, especially in the case of daily governesses. If you live in Belgravia, it is of no use to you to hear of an excellent daily governess residing in the neighbourhood of Russell Square. Where non-resident teachers are required, it is obviously necessary that you should seek them in the vicinity of your own house.

A great deal has been written, at various times and in various

places, about the miseries of governess-life. Novelists and romance writers, and fervent essayists, have found in this description of white slavery an unfailing subject of fictitious illustration or didactic discourse. There are, doubtless, some purse-proud and arrogant ladies in the world, not disinclined to treat the "young person," whom they condescend to employ, with hauteur and unkindness. Moreover, there are such things as disagreeable children, very trying to the patience, and often requiring much correction, which the governess is not permitted to administer. But we have a profound conviction that these are the exceptional cases; and that, in the present day, the governesses of England are treated with all possible courtesy and kindness. Their position is, in some respects, a trying one. But the trials are only such as good sense and good feeling will enable them to overcome. Every position has its trials. That which has many privileges has also many penalties and provocations. Scarcely one of us, man or woman, is not subject even to rougher attrition than the "poor governess," whom it is so much the fashion to compassionate. It may appear to be a fine thing to be a minister of state; but night after night he goes down to Parliament with the certainty of being badgered and bullied in a manner compared with which the occasional "snubbings" to which a governess is exposed are but as the roarings of a nightingale or a sucking dove. Who in high place or in low place escapes the rubs of the world? The mother of a family wonders, perhaps, how Miss Grey can suffer the children to ink their pin-befores so unscrupulously; or sends her off somewhat imperatively to the piano, when she is listening, in the drawing-room after dinner, to some amusing story that the eldest hope, fresh from Cambridge, is telling her: and when she goes to her chamber at night, she probably bemoans her hard fate, and wishes that she were a man, and independent like the master of the house, who pays her the annual sixty guineas. Little does she think what rubs the envied master has endured in the course of the day, or how the offending mistress is, in her turn, often offended. The master has been annoyed and aggravated, almost past endurance, by some official superior, of smaller capacity than himself; or, if in trade, he has been insulted by some exacting and purse-proud customer; or his banker has refused, in no very complimentary manner, to make him any more advances. He returns home, irritated and out of spirits; finds fault with the domestic arrangements; hints that his wife is extravagant and a bad manager; and says all sorts of unkind things to her, until she cries herself to sleep. Miss Grey, we may be sure, is not the only person in the house who has been dragged through a quickset hedge in the course of the day.

Again, it is not pleasant, in the abstract, to labour for one's daily bread work. Hard work has its penalties and privations, and unless one can look seriously and solemnly at it, and feel an elevated delight in the sense of doing one's duty "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us," it is irksome to toil, without intermission, from morning to night. But this is not peculiarly the lot of governesses. "Independent," much-envied manhood works still harder and is really much more dependent. But it is said, that governess labour is so ill-requested. High accomplishments and a life of toil are demanded in return for "a miserable pittance." From time to time, startling advertisements appear in our newspapers, showing how educated female labour is assessed by some people requiring governesses for their children or assistants in schools. But these we believe to be exceptional cases. A very large number of resident governesses receive from £50 to £100 per annum—and many considerably more. This may appear to be a small income for an educated gentlewoman. But, on such a salary, she is often richer than her employer. "It is a great help," says an intelligent writer on governess-life, "in any condition of life to the cheerful fulfilment of its duties, if we try to discover what are the blessings it possesses, rather than the ills which attend it. Let us apply this remark to the position of governesses, and see whether there are not many causes for thankfulness in their lot. One marked advantage they enjoy is this, the freedom from domestic cares; they have no household to provide for, no risk as to their income, none of that attention to servants which is so heavy a burden to many mothers, none of these innumerable arrangements to make which occupy so much time and thought, and which necessarily fall upon wives and parents."* If the salary of the governess be small, her wants also are small. Everything is provided for her, except her clothes, and perhaps her washing. If she falls sick, the medical attendant of the family, in most cases, is called in, at her employer's expense. When she travels, the expenses of her journey are paid. If she goes to a place of public amusement, her seat or her voucher is secured for her at the cost of her employer. She has books, and music, and newspapers at his expense. And, if some of these privileges are permitted to her, as it were on sufferance, the gain is substantial, whilst the loss of dignity is a mere vapour of the mind.

We have great respect for governesses as a class. We rejoice exceedingly in the increasing tendency of the present age to treat

* From an excellent little volume, called "Governess Life; its Trials, Duties, and Encouragements;" by the author of "Memorials of Two Sisters." Published in 1849 by Mr. Parker of the West Strand.

them with consideration and kindness. They cannot be treated with too much consideration and kindness. But it is no kindness to them to exaggerate the evils of their position, or to teach them to regard, as peculiar to their own lot, the trials inseparable from a life of labour. The real evil of governess life is, that the supply of governesses is in excess of the demand; that many persons undertake this important office, not because they are fitted for it, either by nature or education, but simply because it is desirable, perhaps necessary, that, somehow or other, they should earn a certain number of pounds every year by their own exertions. The ordinary question in such cases is not, "What am I fit for?" but, "What is fit for me?" Most girls with a little smattering of knowledge think that they are capable of teaching children; and, if they do not, their parents assume the fact for them. But, beyond this assumption, there is, in most cases, the glaring fact, that there is positively nothing but governess life to which they can betake themselves. They would willingly earn a livelihood in some other field, if they only knew where to find it.

Hence the numbers that jostle each other along this road, the crowds who press on, eager to take any remuneration for their services rather than obtain no employment at all; hence the occasional exactions of those who, knowing that the market of female labour is overstocked, take advantage of their knowledge to drive hard bargains, such as would disgrace a slave-driver on the other side of the Atlantic. Hence, too, in some instances, the imperfect education and the bad moral training of some of our English girls. But what is the remedy? There is only one. We must endeavour to open out new channels of female employment. But how often this is said, how general is the proposition, how accustomed we are to hear the sneering request, "Give us something practical!" But when the something practical is given, the sneer is generally more significant than before.

We are not afraid of this. If we have only brought a few readers to think more seriously of the question, we have not written in vain. But the something practical—where is it? We believe that a great deal, which is very practical, is scattered over this article. But we have still some further suggestions to offer. Not very long ago, a statement "went the round of the papers," to the effect that there were already eight diplomatised female physicians practising in Boston, (U.S.) and that there were thirty-eight students in the Female Medical College. "Whenever," says an American writer, "there are sufficient data to establish the truth (now little if at all disputed in America), that childbirth is freed from its worst difficulties and dangers when the unnatural presence of men is dispensed with, the

medical and surgical care of women and children will pass into the hands for which nature designed it." There would appear to be nothing very unreasonable in this, but on the contrary something extremely rational and hopeful. But see how the facts stated above are received by the Faculty in England. The leading medical journal of this country thus comments upon them :—

"Female physic thrives apace in America. At Boston, where Columbia gave birth to the young constitution, which is now sowing its wild oats broadcast, there is a female medical college numbering thirty-eight students. A grant of government money has also been voted towards establishing a similar institution at New York. This is to be under the immediate superintendence of Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., late of St. Bartholomew's, with a bevy of those spinsters mentioned by Shakespeare as 'free maids, who weave their threads with bones' for anatomical demonstrators. At Boston, moreover, there are eight doctoresses with diplomas in full practice. We suppose some of these female physicians are married. And this involves a great social mystery of which we have as yet received no account. When the Mrs. M.D.'s are attending to patients in their boudoirs of consultation, or pointing out pathological nicknacks in their anatomical drawing-rooms, or going their rounds with stethoscopes in their bonnets, what are their husbands doing? Do they superintend the perambulators, or are these hitched on to the professional broughams of the mannnas? Is it a part of the husband's marital duty to manage the nursery—in short, to attend to the domestic affairs generally? Perhaps matrimony is ignored altogether. Indeed, we do not well see how a conscientious doctress could promise to love, honour, and obey a husband who might order her to give her patients a dose of strychnia all round."

Surely this is not the way to deal with so grave a question. Argument must be wanting, or the sneer would not be resorted to by so distinguished an authority. The same questions as are here put might be employed also to write down any description of independent female labour. When women go out to teach drawing or music, or when they attend to shops, or make caps and bennets, gowns or mantles, what, it may be asked, are their husbands doing? Attending to their own business, if they have any, or living on their wives' earnings, Mantalini-like, if they have not. We do not mean to say that there are no practical difficulties in the way of the effectual working of this scheme. Objections will readily suggest themselves; but they are not insuperable objections. All women may not be fit for such work. But all men are not fit for it. Many women will lack the necessary amount of nerve; but many men lack it also. In difficulty and danger women have great presence of mind. They are often calm and collected where men are unlinged and un-

balanced, and incapable of exertion. Women have more tenderness and more patience, and they must necessarily understand many female ailments better than men. They will always have one great advantage over male practitioners. Female patients will be more unreserved in their communications to them. Many women have been sacrificed to their delicacy—to their repugnance to state fully their ailments to men-doctors; perhaps even to call them in until it is too late. Let such objections as these be fairly balanced against those which may be adduced against female practitioners, and let us calmly consider the average result.

We do not pretend to know, under the existing order of things in Great Britain, what proportion of children are annually brought into the world without the assistance of any male practitioner. But we know that in humble life it is very common to employ only a nurse or midwife. And we do not believe that, under such circumstances, more dangerous cases of parturition occur, than where men are professionally employed. But if such were the case, if the number of deaths or injuries were proportionately greater, no argument could be derived from the fact against the employment of educated and diplomatized women. If, in the present state of things, accidents arise from the absence of men, it is not on account of the sex, but on account of the ignorance of the practitioner. The same amount of knowledge, as indicated by the diploma, existing in both cases, we cannot help thinking that the advantage, in most cases, will be on the side of the female attendant.

We might pursue this subject much further, but time and space have alike narrowed to a small compass; and we have by no means exhausted our notes. In the early part of this paper we have touched on the subject of nurses, but rather in connexion with amateur than with professional labour. Many women of a better kind might find profitable employment in this path of life; and if licenses, or diplomas of an inferior class, indicating a certain amount of medical and physiological knowledge were granted to them, the business would not be beneath the adoption of women of birth and education. But here again, perhaps, the jealousy and selfishness of men would step in and thwart our efforts; for the presence of such educated nurses would often render it wholly unnecessary to call in a regular practitioner at all.

Suggestions of an extended field of female labour, altogether in a different direction, have been recently put forth, and have provoked in London some public discussion. It is said that a large number of women, of a better class than those who ordinarily gain their livelihood by manual labour, might find profit-

able occupation in the manufacture of watches, especially the more delicate part of the work, the minute engraving, &c. The number of watches made in England, and the number of people employed in making them, (men, of course,) are wonderfully small in proportion to the numbers of both in Switzerland, (the other great watch-producing country,) where women are extensively employed. And an eminent watchmaker of London (Mr. Bennett of Cheapside) has brought the subject prominently forward at public meetings and through the public press, contending that we might make many more and much cheaper watches, and at the same time help to solve some of the great social problems of the day, if we would employ women in watch-manufacture. He has written and lectured largely on this subject; and is giving practical effect to his views by the employment of a large number of women, (some, we believe, well born and educated women,) in the manufacture of his watches. In one of his letters to the *Times*, he says:—

“ We must have a complete directory, giving the name and special capabilities of every man and woman available; a minute subdivision of labour, adjusting to each person’s abilities the exact quality of the work which he or she can best do, and neither more nor less; we must never employ a man to do what a woman can do as well or better; we must get Lord John & Co. to look to Switzerland for a system of public education so admirably liberal as to constitute one essential element of their superiority. They well know the absolute necessity of the utmost care in manufacturing the manufacturers. They are wise enough never to expect excellence in the work until they have thoroughly trained and tutored the future workman. And, lastly, we must despise the libel that any man may dare to cast upon his countrywomen, imputing to them inability to execute works of precision. Thousands of women are at this moment finding profitable employment at the most delicate portions of watchwork throughout the district round Neuchâtel. The subdivision of labour is there wisely made so minute as to adjust itself precisely to the special capabilities of every woman’s individual dexterity. For any man to declare, whatever his motive, that the women of London are sure to do badly what the Swiss women are now doing so well, is an insult and a fallacy in which I refuse to join. I know better, and will before long prove their capabilities. Thousands of the women of London, now in dire distress, have the power to equal, and perhaps to outstrip, their Swiss sisters in a rival race for an honourable and abundant means of subsistence. I know the realization of my suggestions to be within their reach, and I believe there are few men of any worth who will refuse to join me in the wish that Heaven may grant that this desirable means of rescuing so many from their present misery may be speedily removed from the necessity of newspaper discussion.”

Our readers will, in all probability, anticipate one of the re-

sults of Mr. Bennett's suggestions. They were vehemently opposed by men, whether "men of any worth" we do not know. The newspapers, not long ago, reported a public meeting of the watchmaking trade, somewhere in London, convened for the express purpose of denouncing Mr. Bennett as a mountebank and an impostor. The speakers declared that Mr. Bennett knew nothing about watchmaking, and cared nothing about the employment of women; and that his lectures on "Women and Watchwork" were but ingenious puffs to gull the public, to advertise his own shop, and to put money into his own pocket. We cannot be surprised at this. When educated gentlemen set an example of selfishness and exclusiveness, it is only to be expected that the working classes should follow it. And so the greed of man is the degradation of woman.

How long is this state of things to last? By one of those strange coincidences which show how oftentimes the lessons of "chance" are more significant than those of design, we find, at the back of Mr. Bennett's letter as cut out of the *Times*, another letter, earnestly and indignantly written, by an English lady, under the heading of "Traffic in Women"—a letter relating to the "infamous traffic in young girls at this time, carried on to a greater extent than can be conceived or believed by those who sit at home, and trenched round by all the sanctities of domestic life, and all the safeguards of virtue;" a letter in which Englishwomen are called to "lay to heart" this state of things, and use their utmost power to stop the progress of the enormous wrong. Let them lay it to heart; let them think earnestly and solemnly of the obtrusive fact, that women, by thousands and tens of thousands, are either fast sinking into their graves under the combined effects of hunger, cold, and continued watching, or else perishing body and soul together, painted and bedizened, in the public streets, and dragging others, the sons and brothers of our English ladies, down to destruction with them. We read, even as this sheet is passing through the press, of an influential deputation to the Home Secretary, exhorting the Government to suppress houses of improper character, and of attempts made by the Police to sweep lost women from the pavement of a particular street in London. And is this the remedy for a deeply-seated disease? We might as well attempt to cure the small-pox by applying a caustic to the pustules on the sufferer's face.

It is not the curse of the poor that women are compelled to work from morning to night. Labour has its pleasures and privileges. It is the curse of the poor, that having the desire to work, women cannot obtain work to do—that they cannot live and be honest. We are making great efforts to obtain for women the right of working for themselves. But of what avail is it to

secure for them the benefits of their labour, if we cannot secure for them, in the first instance, labour by which to profit? It is here that, properly considered, the injustice of man begins. Here, then, let man begin to make reparation. No legislative enactment is required. The right that is sought is merely the right to labour. But with short-sighted selfishness men monopolize the labour-market, and block up avenues of employment, which women might well and worthily tread.

But will Woman be true to Woman? Let the ladies of Great Britain ponder some of the results which we have indicated, lay them to heart, and ask themselves how large a part of all this misery and all this crime ought to lie as a burden on their own consciences. And when the answer is honestly given, let them begin at once to do what they can. Every woman who saves one sister from a life of degradation, will do that for which she will have her reward. If she saves *but* one, she has done a great thing. Let her not concern herself about aggregate results. Her mite will be accepted. It is by taking care of these mites, that the pounds, and tens of pounds, and hundreds of pounds, of social improvement, come in time to take care of themselves.

- ART. II.—1. *English, Past and Present*. Five Lectures by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B.D., &c., &c. London, 1856.
2. *On the Study of Words*. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B.D., &c. Sixth Edition. London, 1855.

WHEN Will Shakspeare and Ben Jonson fought in loving rivalry the battle of the Classic and Romantic Schools, the world, looking on delighted, said, "It is the age of the Drama." When Swift hurled unclean satires at those who refused him fat benefices; and Voltaire taught that Holy Writ was a meet study for Judæus Apella, they said, "It is the age of Humour." When stalwart grey-whiskered men sauntered along "untrodden ways," by the Cumberland Lakes, and wrote such balderdash as this:—

"She lived *unknown*, and few could *know*
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and *oh*,
The difference to me,"—

the astonished world muttered, "It is the age of Poesy."

And now, when we have no Drama but the French—no Poetry but a Laureate's—no Humour but the shilling wit of Egyptian Hall,—What is the world to say?

The plea on which Sydney Smith excused the *Edinburgh* for being quarterly, was, that time was wanted to allow a sufficient number of books to be published from which to choose; but to-day we saw two whole pages of the *Times* filled with advertisements of forthcoming volumes. Is it not the age of books? Let Routledge and Mudie answer.

It is the old story of supply and demand. The Brahman caste exists no more in England. Walpole's valet might have his own copy of St. Simon now. We have educated all classes more or less, and the population has doubled itself. Cheap literature, however it be deplored, is a necessity of the times, like cheap flour, and to fill the hungry minds of masses, most write and many publish. Nor is this an accident of the Anglo-Saxon genius. France, too, has its railway libraries—its thousand novelists, and million vaudevillists; in Germany, each youth entering the battle of life trenches himself behind a neat octavo, of much learning and more theory. And wherever there is not a *Catalogus Expurgatus*, and a few adventurous Sosii may be found, the majority of those who write publish also.

It is the age of books. But is it the Augustan age? Sir Archibald Alison considers the period "immediately succeeding the fall of Napoleon," as the Augustan (or as he calls it, the *Augustine**) age, in France and England, and extends it to the present day. Now, strictly speaking, a literary age ends when the stars which brightened it have set. No one will call this the age of Scott and the Lake Poets. The reign of Tennyson is not the reign of Byron; and forty years have sufficed to supplant the morbid sentimentalism of the one, with the healthier philosophy of the other.

That the Augustan age did not precede this century is easily shown. Neither one nor two swallows make a spring; and, in justice to the productions of the last three centuries, we cannot yield the palm even to the bright days of the two great dramatists. Still less do Queen Anne's deserve it, when we feel that Prior and Gay are dead among us; while Swift, Addison, Steele, and Pope are fast following in their wake.

There remain the last half of the eighteenth century, and the first of the present. Now, an Augustan age is the climax after which literature declines, and that, too, rapidly. We can mark this epoch clearly in the cases of Greece, Rome, Italy, and Spain. But not so with the tetrarchy of modern Europe. We feel that we are all progressing, and, if we have satisfied a single want in literature, it is that the countries of Racine and Shakspeare have passed that early epoch in which the drama is brought to perfection. But Greece still wanted Thucydides, Plato, Demosthenes, when Æschylus flourished, and we cannot deny to our children all hope of excelling in so many other branches.

Perhaps no better proof could be offered of this, than that no history of English literature has yet been written. The time is not come for it. But another work, with which we cannot so easily dispense, is an Essay on Style. For this we must look to some critic of this age of critics. Doubtless it is felt that before justice can be done to this subject, we must be able to handle our language discreetly, and we know how little we know of our own tongue as yet. The very fact that the two admirable little works, which head this article, have first ap-

* This is either a misprint or an intended amendment on the received form. If the latter, it cannot be supported. Johnson and Richardson have neither *Augustan* nor *Augustine*, Webster and Ogilvie have the former only. As to its derivation, Scheller and Forcellini give *Augustanus*, *Augustianus*, and *Augustinus*; but the first is found in Tacitus, with the meaning, "*ad Augustum pertinens*;" the second and third only in Suetonius. The town of Berytus, too, was called *Colonia Augustana*, not *Augustina*. We believe that *Augustine* can only be used in speaking of the order of Monks, and that the eminent historian has been misled by no better an authority than Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary.

peared since 1850, is a proof of the ignorance which Englishmen begin to feel of their own language.

Philology is yet in its cradle. Grimm, Bopp, Rask, Pictet, Latham, and now Dean Trench, have done, or are doing, their best to wean the baby science ; * but, with all its value in connexion with Ethnology, Archæology, and History, and in spite of the new lights it sheds upon the mind of man, it is still confined to the student, nor will it be thrown open to the general reader, until its results are sufficiently ascertained to form an accompaniment to the history of literature.

Language is the escutcheon of to-day. We may indeed have an aristocracy of wealth superseding the old one that these leveling times have hunted down, but we have learnt with rude teaching the real worth of money without morality, and are not afraid that we are degenerating so far yet. We certainly have a Republic of Literature, and an aristocracy whose letters-patent are Letters indeed. But in such a republic, it may be asked, how is the aristocracy created ? Public opinion dubs them, and is guided in its choice by their *Style*. For as acts are the test of moral, words are that of mental character,—the test, first of genius, next of education ; and, in the world's annals, it will be said of this age, that in it language began to be the lawgiver of caste.

We are convinced that this same "Style," of which thousands of readers and not a few writers think so little, is of the greatest importance in the present day. We are certain that next to the matter of a book, the gravest consideration is the manner of treating it. It is this which, with the masses, no less than with men of education and taste, really, though without their knowing it, decides the merits of the book, and certifies its popularity ; and it is simply on account of this that many a praiseworthy thinker becomes the nightmare of his publisher, and many a trashy scribbler, with nothing but his style to recommend him, achieves a fleeting reputation. If, then, we offer a few of the ideas on this subject which have

* Among the little helps contributed to the study of English, is a list of the Greek roots, which have found their way into our language, by Mr. W. Hall. This valuable little book has reached a third edition, and is in constant use at King's College, London. It contains alphabetical lists of Greek roots, ranged according to their parts of speech, with an English translation, and the English words derived from each. To this Mr. Hall has added notes which do him great credit for labour and research, and are full of interesting and often surprising information. If the book has a fault, it is that of all philologists, who compare a mixed language with a single one. In his zeal for his hobby, we cannot but think Mr. Hall has sometimes overstepped the bounds of probability—e.g., *lamb* from *ἀμρός*. *Lamb* is a Mosso-Gothic word found in Ulphilas, and, if there be any connexion between the two, it could only be through the Sanskrit *urna*, which, however, is probably our *ram*—the Greek *ἀμρί*.

fitted through our mind from time to time, it is because we feel that its importance will cover a multitude of their deficiencies.

What is style? Every idea may be expressed in two or three manners. We may select particular words, and arrange them in each of the admissible orders, still expressing the same thought. Style is the manner in which we do this, and in this its largest sense, may be applied to every kind of writing. But it is evident that in some of these the manner to be used is under certain rules, as, for instance, in metrical composition of every kind; and we may therefore take a narrower view of style as applying only to prose; and that not to all classes of prose. For in some the matter is so important, that the author cannot attend to the manner. Strict accuracy of minor details, for instance, is an excuse for awkwardness of expression; and there are works of science and even philosophy, (at least if it be purely speculative, and demand a clear string of syllogisms throughout,) in which it would be no more fair to expect the graces of style than in a grammar, a dictionary, or a catalogue. Again, in theological works we cannot complain if the manner be somewhat debased, since the matter is so lofty. The man who carries his head in Heaven may not be called down to the worldly consideration whether a Saxon or a Latin derivative should be used as an epithet of what he sees there.

Again, style is limited to the prose that is written. It may be doubted if oratory be prose at all, any more than conversation or dialectic argument. At any rate, it is clear that we cannot guide the orator by the rules which apply to the calm thinker at his desk; nor can we expect the same neatness in speech which is indispensable in writing. Indeed, it seems to be acknowledged that the best speeches and sermons are those which read worst, and the school-boy wonders why Demosthenes and Cicero should have acquired a distinctive reputation among the full-mouthed orators, born of the genius of Thucydides and Livy. On the other hand, not even the most devoted, among a high-church congregation can maintain, that the extempore does not far surpass the written sermon in the pulpit. Yet the priests of St. Barnabas may publish and sell; Mr. Spurgeon can scarcely hope to be read as well as heard. And if this be true, we may say that, although a good style is such as not only to bear reading aloud, but even to profit by it, it will be spoiled, and sound ridiculous if *recited*.

Style, then, is the rhythm of prose, and it is confined to that kind of writing in which the matter is not too great to make the author forgetful of the manner; in short, to history, the essay, descriptive writing generally, and fiction. Now, rhythm is "mea-

sured movement," and in poetry is guided by definite rules. But as the good poet uses his ear and taste rather than any set canons, so in prose, if there be any laws of taste, it is they which must direct us in the criticism of style. It is these laws, vague as they are, which we propose to examine with reference to our modern literature.

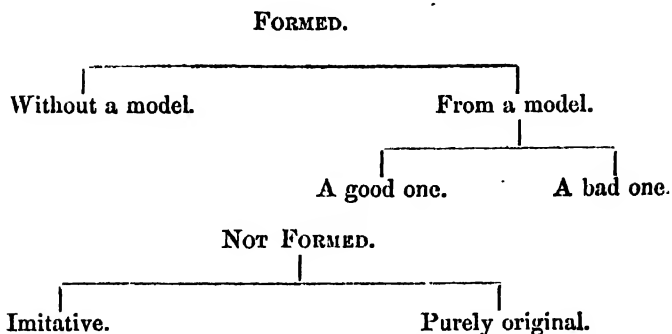
Bacon says, in one of his essays, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;" which means, from one point of view, that the manner may differ in proportion to the matter; that you must allow ten times the licence, and thirty times the length of tether to the railway novelist, who knows that his pages will light chibouks and meerschaums, when once read through, than you concede to Mr. Macaulay and Sir Archibald Alison, who naturally expect their ponderous tomes to be bound in rich-scented Russian, and set in the nooks of honour in the library book-case.

Not that these four styles are not often mingled in the same work. Macaulay, in spite of all his genius, and that course of self-education to which he has devoted his life, has, to our mind, never risen—if it be a rise—from the essayist to the historian. Each chapter of his reads like an essay on political science, where the facts appear rather to be illustrations of the arguments, than the reflections to rise naturally from the facts. That dear old Herodotus, too, well knew he was writing a book of travellers' fiction, when he dignified his nine books with the name of History. On the other side we have often, to our bitterness, had to wade through a discursive novel—"Perversion" is a recent instance—and the novelists of the last century seemed to think that to insert, wherever possible, an essay on morals or religion, was the sole aim of their writing at all. That they were grossly mistaken, and that such is not the way to make novels instructive—if it be proved that they ought to be so—is shown by the skill with which every child will learn to avoid the reflections in Robinson Crusoe, to say nothing of the distaste for so-called religious novels, demonstrated by the majority.

This mixture of styles is not proper, though it scarcely requires censure, for it is so obvious that "there is a time to laugh, and a time to weep," that anomalies of this kind bring their own reward, and soon deter readers from going on.

These, however, are the differentiae of style, and we have more to say under each head, but we cannot do so, until we have plainly pointed out the two genera, which consist of formed style, and style not formed. These, again, are subdivided. Under the head of style formed, we have that formed after a model, and that built on an original plan. Under the other head we have the purely original and the imitative. Again, styles may be

formed on a good or bad model, and, to be brief, the following table best explains the divisions :



Is it lawful to form a style at all?—Yes. Is it necessary?—Yes. But for whom is it lawful?—for whom necessary?—For the man who is deficient in ear and taste. To form a style is an acknowledgment of inferiority. But if a man feels that inferiority, it is right and proper that he should do so. The first faults of style are sins against taste, as prolixity, repetition, long periods, alliterations, playing on words, and others. But there are faults which depend entirely on the writer's kind of mind. And these he is not likely to see—no, not if a “forty-parson power” bellowed them for ever into his ears. Such are affectation, coarseness, sneering, adulation, egotism, bombast, and the use of trite phrases. Style is a test of genius. Men deny this, and say it is a test only of circumstances. The German is homely, the Frenchman social, the Englishman respectable. For Germany is a land of cottages and wife-cooks, and France is a street of cafés. And as far as fiction is concerned, this is true, for the romance is a picture of what we see around us. But were Goethe and Jean Paul homely?—do all the theorists of the fatherland smack of the cottage?—or are all French writers forward, vain, impertinent, as Emile de Girardin, or meretricious as Paul de Kock? Are Guizot and Sismondi of this mould? The secret lies with the genius, not the habits—not even the character. The vainest men—Richardson, for instance—have been modest in their works; the most humble have been bold in the closet, in presence of nothing but their inkstand.

There is a curious proof that style is the offspring of genius. Lamartine wrote three volumes of the “History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France” in our language. He has shown himself its perfect master. But though he has conquered the English idiom, he has not renounced his own French style, nor

could he. The fourth volume was translated from his French, and yet there is a vast gulf between the English of M. de La-martine and that of the translator. The genius of this latter was English, and accordingly the style is English, for it is a good translation. The genius of the author was French, and his English is in French style. The short aphoristic sentences, the frequent absence of the copulative, the avoidance of dependent phrases, the terse decision, and the disdain of polite and modifying adverbs, here give to our tongue a breadth and power which no Englishman ever achieves.

Not every style can be made to suit every genius. If the young Piso, feeling his own weakness, prefer Tacitus to Livy, as a man of taste should do, let him ask himself, if he has condensation equal to that of Gibbon, and courage to epitomize as tersely as the Roman. If the philosopher prefer Aristotle's to Descartes' style, let him be first certain that he has talent to handle the ellipsis as neatly, and even then see if his subject will bear the obscurity of the unsatisfactory *ἐν τύπῳ*.

It is certainly better to take a model, both good and suitable, or to make a well-known style one's own, as Hume and Gibbon did with the French, than to imitate the popular jargon of the newspaper, as Alison seems to have been contented to do. It is better to be a bold, even though imperfect, imitator of Claude, as Turner once was, than to accept humbly the mannerisms and mildness of the Royal Academy. Not that Gibbon and Hume *formed* their styles. They admired the terseness of the French, and saw that it was far better adapted to the clear narrative of History than the prolixity of the English. They took the model, but it was so thoroughly suited to their own genius, that they had no need to *form* their manner after it. And in Gibbon, moreover, it was a matter of education, and may be taken as a proof that style is in part the index of youthful training.

It is lawful, then, to form the style upon a good model; and without any model, it is lawful to form it by the correction of faults, but never by the forcing of beauties. Yet the copyists even from a first-rate model risk contempt. Who of all the herd of would-be Thackerays and Dickenses is known to fame? Which of the young men who worship and imitate Carlyle has spoken like him enough to reach even the upper crust of insignificance? None, if he be not Emerson. Or take the trumpery of nautical novelists. Because Marryat succeeded, the thousand-and-one who tried to write like him have not done so too.

Samuel Johnson is a warning to those who would form their style without a model. No man was fitter to do so than the Doctor, and yet even Rasselas is unread—we do not say unread—

able—because he was too careful of his periods. His style has been called laboured, but it was only formed. His whole life was passed in reducing his rules of taste to practice. He brought his mind to that condition that he wrote and spoke, as he probably also thought, only with chosen words and balanced epithets. It soon ceased to be a labour to him, but it was always the companion of his pen. He thought the French idiom, “It is *not* done, *but* by so and so,” an elegant one, and you will find it three times in a page. He knew that “opacity” was the Latin abstract from *opaque*, he found it in Newton, where technicality excused it, and he used it where we should have used “opaqueness.”

Originality is twofold, true or false, born of genius or forced. In some men, as in Mr. Carlyle, the two are mingled. He has great genius, and by it is original, but his originality is his Eurydice, and when he finds her not in his couch, when he flags a little, he will go to Hell itself to fetch her back. Do you wish to see him journeying thither? Read his little preface to Emerson’s Essays. “In a word, while so many Benthamisms, Socialisms, Fourierisms, professing to have no soul, go *staggering and lowing*, like monstrous mooncalves, the product of a heavy-laden moonstruck age; and in this baleful ‘twelfth hour of the night,’ even *galvanic Puseyisms*, as we say, are visible, and dancings of the sheeted dead—shall not any voice of a living man be welcome to us, even because it is alive?” May we not take this poet, this genius of a New School, to be a little moonstruck himself when we read this, or is not this “fine phrensy” of the hero-worshipper laboured and strained at? Mr. Dickens is another genius who forces originality, and we shall show the fallacy of the system when we come to speak of him. But of those who force originality, without having genius, it is perhaps needless to speak. Every one must despise a man who pretends to what he has not.

The materialists of the age are those who write in the imitative style. Regardless of the manner, they fall into the thickest slough of mannerism. They take their tone from the newspapers; and the newspapers pick it from what has gone before. It is literally phraseography. It may be excusable in the press. The writer of “articles” has no time to care for the manner, no space to be original. Rapidity and brevity oppress him. He has something to say, and he says it in the most effective, not the most tasteful manner. He is content to reproduce the trite phrases of the penny-a-liner, his truisms, his proverbs, such as “Time, the greatest of all innovators.” This kind of thing has satisfied the public; he would be foolish, he thinks, to depart from the standard. Add to this, that newspaper writers are more politicians than men of letters, and you will excuse them

at least. But when we find a man of the extensive reading and excellent judgment of Sir A. Alison, cloaking so large a theme as the History of Europe in the commonplace diction of a *Times* leader, we are fain to cry "Ichabod!"

Well, then, if all these styles have so much that is bad in them, can we lay down a rule for good writing? Let every man, when he sits down, consider his genius with respect to his subject-matter. If you are not imbued with the spirit of history, eschew it. If you have no penetration for character, avoid biography. If you have no courage, no confidence, no spark of satire in your soul, eschew the critical, and measure your powers for the serious essay. Above all, if you want somewhat of all these, and passion into the bargain, know that you are not fit to write a good novel. Let each man write as he thinks, and as he would speak. Let not the pen and the ink-bottle frighten him into more solemnity than his topic demands. He is in company of the world, but really he will address individuals only. The world is not a Brobdingnagian, it is a compound of lilliputian minds. The absolute requirements of a good style are few—clearness, easy flow, sustained interest, good taste; but if you have none of these in you, it is of no use to form your style, you must educate your mind. Then, when you have written a little, look over it carefully, or better still, get a friend of good judgment to look over it for you, and correct what is poor or bad. The next time you will avoid these errors intuitively.

In English there is one great advantage in writing conversationally. No language is richer in synonymes, but nothing but natural taste can direct us how to select. The man who writes as he thinks will choose the Saxon element naturally, in preference to the classical, wherever it is feasible. He will choose the commonest and best-known words, and his style will be stronger, broader, and strike more home. It is only when we attempt to *talk fine*, that we bring in the classical preponderance. Not that we would proscribe it altogether. We have a wardrobe of all kinds. It is as much an affectation to clothe ourselves only in the russet, sombre, and old-fashioned suit of the Quaker, as to deck our poor limbs in all the purple and gold of the dictionary.

But the style must differ in proportion to the subject, and when this requires it, there are beauties which must be brought in. Venus must not be slovenly and unkempt. These adornments, like the blemishes which we have pointed out, are some derived from genius, some from education. The former must not be striven after, but their absence in a writer of celebrity is justly censured. Such are power, warmth, enthusiasm, and lofty flights. Yet the excess of these virtues constitutes some of the vices mentioned. Mr. G. P. R. James is a signal instance of

too much power, (whether natural or not, we leave the reader to decide,)—becoming bombastic, unnatural, and even ridiculous; and Mr. Dickens, whose forte lies in character, not in description, has often gone to the most absurd lengths in his attempts to divest a necessary picturing of its tedium. Again, all these beauties must be used sparingly, and in the right time and quantity. If you cry wolf too often, your neighbours become deaf. Mr. Macaulay might profit not a little by allowing his lofty style, beautiful as it is, to subside from time to time into quiet narrative, and take a lesson from Gibbon, or, (as he is an essayist and not a historian,) still better from Emerson, who, with all his originality, is not ashamed at times to kick away the stilts and speak like a common man, when the subject itself is commonplace. Other beauties to which one must be born are, terseness, in which the French far surpass us, and of which we need not say, the most remarkable instances in the whole literature of the world are Tacitus, Voltaire, Gibbon, Lamartine, and Emerson, though the terseness of Voltaire and Emerson is very different from that of the rest, for it is not the terseness of narrative, so rare, so admirable, so essential to the good historian; antithesis, well handled in Gibbon, and rarely found now-a-days; the close union of cause and effect, which is another beauty in the same writer, and metaphor. As to this last, it is evident that it best befits the essay and the novel, for in the former it serves in place of instances which become tedious if multiplied; and in the latter it gives a sweet poesy to the style, that enwraps the reader, and lifts him cloudwards with the romance of the story. Indeed, so great a beauty is this same metaphor, that it is admissible even in history, and the entire want of it, as in the case of Hume, is like the absence of water in a large garden, where you have every beauty, but no refreshment for the eye. The young England school is full of it; and Carlyle and Emerson have as much poetry in their likenings as any old divine of Queen Bess's Court. Who does not remember how sweetly Bacon speaks of truth in metaphor, "This same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights." But he who uses it must beware that it be applicable in every particular, and simple, fetched from home, and a ground known to all, not from abroad, nor from the realm of science or learning, which savours of pedantry. To notice all the beauties that genius may bring to deck the simplicity of prose, but which must be used with the utmost care, would be far beyond our limits. If we point to Emerson, Wilson, and Bulwer, as quite modern writers, who may be called the Poets of Prose, we yield them no extravagant praise, because we are speaking solely of

style, and will not assert or deny that they are or might have been Poets of Poetry.

But there are two qualities peculiar to a very few men, which are so nearly vices, that it is hard to know when to praise and when to blame them. These are humour and satire. Gibbon has sometimes a delicate touch of the latter in history, and Jeffrey has made a brilliant use of it in the serious essay. But, as a rule, we believe these two should be confined to lighter writing. Of humour it may be said, that it differs in every age. The manners of one will not tolerate the humour of another. In Geoffrey Chaucer, in Fielding, and even in Swift, whom Jeffrey calls "the greatest and most efficient libeller that ever exercised the trade," we can well imagine that their respective ages forgot the coarseness or indelicacy in the enjoyment of the wit; and even fifty years make difference enough to set all eyes staring if Sydney Smith could now write in the *Edinburgh* as he did about "Delphine" at the beginning of the century:—

"This dismal trash, which has nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic among us with gaping, has so alarmed Bonaparte, that he has seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Staël out of Paris, and for aught we know, sleeps in a night-cap of steel, and dagger-proof blankets."

In a steady-going, respectable, tedious three-monthly Review of 1857, the world would simply call this impertinence. But that same impertinence is a delightful relief, and in light literature absolutely a virtue if well done. This is one of the charms of French novelists. They are never abashed by the eyes of the public, and they will write, when they choose it, as if they were "chaffing" a friend in the *coulisses* of the opera. Take, for instance, M. De Girardin's *Preface* to "*La Canne de Mons. Balzac*:"—

"Il y avait dans ce Roman"—

"Mais ce n'est pas un Roman."

"Dans cet ouvrage"—

"Mais ce n'est pas un ouvrage."

"Dans ce livre"—

"C'est encore moins un livre."

"Dans ces pages enfin—il y avait un chapitre assez piquant intitulé—'Le Conseil des Ministres.'"

"On a dit à l'auteur: Prenez garde. On fera des applications; on reconnaîtra des personnages, ne publiez pas ce chapitre."

"Et l'auteur docile a retranché le chapitre."

And so on. All this is harmless; but impertinence may be harmful; and, when it is so, is the vice into which satire risks degenerating.

Satire is a confession of weakness,—a weapon to shelter as well as to strike. For the man who wears it, though he attacks as he lists, is feared and left alone. Now, where this confession is no disgrace,—where you attack a class, or a country, or anything which you cannot in reason match, it is very meet to don the weapon of satire. You do not go out against Goliath, depending on your fists alone, but choose sleek pebbles from the stream to dint his ugly brow. But when the contest is of man to man, it is cowardice to use the missile; and it may be doubted if the reviewer should not take not only equal, but even vantage ground. He is the judge of the author,—the public is the jury. They will give the verdict, but he must instruct them. It is beneath him to call the prisoner names.

On the other hand, there are some things too high for satire. Voltaire became impertinent when his theme was Divinity. It is like a child throwing stones at an obelisk. If you shoot arrows at the mid-day sun, they will fall upon your own head. The atheist is expected to blaspheme the Bible, but even he must not sneer at it, if he esteems good taste.

The beauties which may be acquired by care and self-tuition, are fewer. In variation of words, Johnson and Sydney Smith excelled. The one by labour, the other through taste. Variety of tone consists in a kind of *crescendo* and *decrescendo* movement, from the solemn to the smiling,—from the lofty to the commonplace,—from the imaginative to the sensible; and even a sudden and startling change is a beauty, when introduced in the right place. Besides this, we may assume an affectation of humility, in argument or satire,—a pretended confession of error, and gentle retreat,—only to end in a quiet sentence that fells the opponent, as the boxer withdraws a few steps ere he gives the decisive blow.

When Johnson affirms that there is one fixed national style in every nation "which never becomes obsolete," we meet him with both theory and facts. There is such a thing as national genius, and such another thing as national education. The first alters with the climate, with civilisation, with intercourse and contact with other nations. The second alters with time and progress. The Aryan race were not the contemplative philosophers which we now know them to be, when they came fresh from the highlands of Thibet, and settled for the time in the Punjab. And there is no less difference between the national genius which appreciated Deuteronomy, and the drivelling mysticism of the Talmudic generation. Again, the age which listened to Homer could not have tolerated the Thebais of Antimachus, in spite of Hadrian's preference for the latter.

But if history proves that the genius, no less than the charac-

ter, of a people, may be one under one circle of circumstances, (for circumstances affect the genius no less than physical conformation,) and other under others, then national style must differ at different epochs. That education is influenced by progress and civilisation, and that in turn it influences literature, we believe will not be disputed.

But let us come more home. If one style of writing could ever be stereotyped, it would surely be so after the introduction of printing. We will say nothing of the old Chroniclers; the mere fact of their being read now only by the studious or the eccentric, is sufficient to prove that those of them who wrote English at all, did not write in the national English style of the nineteenth century. But let us take the Bible as our test, and admitting the immense advantage that this Book has over every other, in being so completely the Book of all times and classes, and that it has gone so far in forming our national character, that it is almost an ingraft in each man's mind and heart, we still affirm that its style is not that of to-day. The nervous diction of our translation is not wholly and only accounted for by the original, nor is an exact portraying of it. It was in a measure the style of the day when the translation was made, and the cotemporary writings were not so much indebted to it for their simplicity,—their flowers of metaphor,—their bold pointedness, and absence of all squeamish reserve, as it was indebted to them for its good old Saxon idiom. In both we find that simple emphasis, which placed the most striking word first in the whole sentence, with its verb next and the subject following. In both we find that wise and tasteful mingling of the classic and Saxon element, which never tortures our understanding, nor palls upon us with its affectation of purity. But that this was owing to the age as much as to the original, is shown by the later translations that have sometimes been attempted. Not to speak of the Douay version, which was made from the Vulgate, and will not therefore bear the comparison, we will only ask any one to attend the divinity lectures at any of our English Universities, and they will there hear the possibility of translating the Bible into modern English, which no more resembles the authentic version in style, than Mr. Macaulay's writing is like Sir Walter Raleigh's.

Dean Trench has pointed out three passages in the New Testament where single words have undergone a complete change of meaning, and this merely by way of instance—for both Old and New Testament teem with them. The first is the word "nephews" used by St. Paul. "If any widow have children or nephews," &c. (1 Tim. v. 4), where nephews is a literal rendering of *nepotes*, by which the Vulgate translates *ἐκγόνια*. The second

is in, "We took up our *carriages* and went up to Jerusalem" (Acts xxi. 15), where "carriages" is nothing more nor less than "baggage." The third is, however, of far more importance; for ignorant pretenders have made use of it to sever High and Low Church still farther than they now are severed. The word "religion," in "pure *religion* and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," meant, as Dean Trench ably shows, nothing more than *outward service*, and is a translation of *ὑπηρεσία*.

But, apart from this question, there are few chapters in modern literature more interesting than this little one of Dean Trench's, on the "Changes of Meaning in English Words;" though of course it treats the subject very briefly, and scarcely investigates the phases of national genius that these changes of words indicate.

To mark the stages of this onward journey of mind is the province of the historian of literature. We are content to speak of the style and genius of to-day. The classical odour of the last century appears like a restoration of prose, after the flimsy liberties which marked the Stuart dynasty. In France, at the same period, the classical purity had revived in the drama; for the pleasure-seeking Frenchman throws all his nationality upon the stage—the respectable "Britisher" develops it in the solemn ethical essay. Under the Empire the stiff classical softened into the pagan prettiness of Watteau. It is to Goethe that England owes the return to the romantic school; and it is from England that France has caught the contagion, though not until after the Restoration. Wars and revolutions at the beginning of this century, demanded force and passion in everything, in both countries, and the romantic soon broke out in Byron and Lamartine. The essayists waged war on the poets in England, while in France the drama began to throw off the proprieties of Racine and Corneille, and deck itself, in that half-nude attire, which alone seems to satisfy the vicious tastes of a Parisian public. It was not till the middle of the peace that the highly romantic subsided into the natural and domestic in England, and the essayist ceased to be a critic, and though this cry for the "natural" has resounded from end to end of this country, and been caught up in Germany, it has only just begun to influence France, while it will probably be many years yet ere the simple and domestic there supersedes the passionate and highly coloured. Thus we see that literature in England began by being natural, and Chaucer wrote from what he heard and saw. The romantic followed, till it was frost-bitten by the Puritans. Then prose became more cultivated, and style careful and classical. This stiff regime was next broken up, and the romantic revived, only

to appear ridiculous a little later, and give way to the natural. That this cry of the superlativeness of nature will soon exhaust itself, and that cheap literature will force on a reaction in favour of classical propriety and purity, we have, ourselves, no doubt.

But it is with the so-called "natural" style of to-day that we have to deal. There are three circumstances which account for the peculiarities of our present national style,—Practical Philosophy, Lady-writers, and the Newspapers.

"Philosophy," says Jeffrey (Essay i. p. 107,) "which has led to the investigation of causes, has robbed the world of much of its sublimity, and by preventing us from believing much, and from wondering at anything, has taken away half our enthusiasm, and more than half our admiration." This is but half true, and mostly for the vulgar. "Nil admirari" is the gentility of puny minds. Philosophy is a stream, which near this huge city—the world—washes down the refuse of its sewers, its strong-smelling beliefs, and rotten superstitions; but mount the rivulet a little higher, a little beyond the world, and you will find it pure and refreshing, fit for Naiades to sport in. To wonder at nothing is the companion of being roused at nothing; and when the late war brought the first blush of enthusiasm into the faces of our newspapers, the world of London quaked, and readers were quite uncomfortable. It is true that "nil admirari" is the disgusting coxcombr of conceited Englishmen, and this spirit of listlessness has found its way into our press, and thence among those who are weak enough to imitate the style of the press; but, thank Heaven! there are yet a few authors who can and will write warmly and enthusiastically—ay, and even admiringly on many things.

The ladies have had a very different effect on our literature. It is to them that we owe the foundation, or rather restoration, of the romantic school in England; and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Charlotte Smith, may be said to have paved the way for Scott to march in. Madame de Staël, herself among the earliest of European female writers of distinction, had already marked the influence of their softer feelings on the stiff orthodoxy of the Georges. She says,* "Une sensibilité rêveuse et profonde, est une des plus grandes charmes de quelques ouvrages modernes; et ce sont les femmes qui, ne connaissant de la vie que la faculté d'aimer, ont fait passer la douceur de leurs impressions dans le style de quelques écrivains." There is no doubt that this new element not only poured warmth and freshness into the rigid purity of last century's style, but also supplied that originality which it seems to have lacked. It is the absence of erudition in women, and the courage which

* "De la Littérature, considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales," p. 214.

their very weakness gives them, that support this originality. They think for themselves fearlessly, because they cannot clash with our stronger minds upon the same ground. They have no fear of the imputation of ignorance or want of learning, which has often deterred the greatest geniuses from putting forth the full powers of their original thought. It was the severity of Queen Anne's school which first forced Lady Mary Wortley Montague and others to match their minds with men's; and the ice once broken by the fair correspondents, it was natural that their daughters and granddaughters should come forward and assert their position in print.

But half a century has completely altered the state of things; and when we find our wives and sisters bringing their prejudice and their strong affections into works which require coolness and impartiality, and history sinking to the level of fiction, we are naturally anxious lest the masculine nerve pass wholly from our letters. Even in fiction we must needs look askance at the maudlin effeminacy that is stealing in, and sigh when we compare Fielding or Scott, or even Bulwer, with the young-ladyisms of Miss Yonge. Yet, on the other hand, we cannot wholly sympathize with the unfeminine strides of a Mrs. Shelley or a Mrs. Clive, and we must content ourselves with grumbling at cheap and railway literature, which, with all its advantages, is destroying the purity alike of our style and our tone of feeling.

But if we have to thank the fair sex for the originality of the age, we must blame the press for our want of courage. This is no place to discuss whether newspapers in a free country do really represent the opinions of the masses. It may be doubted whether the "masses" have any opinion of their own, and whether they be not always guided more or less by the small class of independent educated men. But it is certain that, putting politics on one side, there is a large number of social topics, which we may call "things in general," in which all newspapers mainly agree, and concerning which their decision is taken to be that of the people. We regret this oligarchy of common sense, which subjects all that is beautiful and chivalrous to the judgment of the useful and *£ s. d.* We believe that much-lauded judge to be sometimes very "common" indeed, and that conscience is a higher and a less worldly guide; yet who dare assert it, in the face of those unknown tyrants who issue their daily ukases from a dirty printing-office? What author, what essayist, but must subscribe to the articles of opinion which they authorize? We are convinced that this community of opinion, this tacit agreement with the apparent majority, this electioneering principle of decision, is opposed to

the attainment of truth ; and we look forward to a reaction against the newspaper monopoly of opinion with no less joy than we do to one against the young-ladyism of our literature.

To return, however, to the question of national style. Its periods are usually measured by the duration of popularity of those authors who best represent them. But the moment any one favourite style falls into the hands of a crowd of petty imitators, and there is no one to support it ably, some man of genius is sure to spring up with a new style of his own, or, at worst, a good revival, and thus found a new school. That the natural as opposed to the romantic, the Dutch as opposed to the Italian, the homely and characteristic as opposed to the highly-coloured and imaginative is now popular, is proved by the pressure that this popularity has had on one of the best writers of the declining style. We mean Sir Edward Lytton. Take *Rienzi*, *Zanoni*, *Ernest Maltravers*, and *Night and Morning*, as specimens of what Germans call the *æsthetic*, as distinguished from the sentimental, though having the same groundwork. And yet when this man of genius and poetry saw himself being gradually shelved by the cabinet-pictures of Dickens and Thackeray, he was weak—or shall we call it *clever*—enough to veer round and produce “*The Caxtons*,” and “*My Novel*.” Not that the romantic school is yet quite gone out. The rapid machinery of Mr. James, with impossible heroes and heroines in dictionary slips, ready to be taken out when required, gave it the first blow, by reducing the grand historical pictures of Scott and Bulwer to the level of sign-board and scene-painting. But the *æsthetic* has still its devotees among our young ladies, and will drag out a sickly existence for some time yet among our magazines and our railway-writers.

The school which we call “*natural*,” because it prides itself on being so, commenced as far back as Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austin, and Sydney Smith, who might have founded a school if there had been followers worthy of him to form it, may be taken as its representative in essay-writing. But it was not till Mr Dickens began that it came into full favour. The influence of fiction is very great, and it is due to this style of writing to state that it has increased that influence, by removing the objections made, (as was thought in the cause of morality,) to the passionate excitement of romantic novels. This influence on the public mind is reflected upon general literature ; so that taking novels and essays as the extremes of modern style, we are able to gain a sufficiently clear idea of it, to compare our English with our neighbours’ writing.

One, and the chief of these national characteristics does not seem to have changed with the revolutions of national taste. The

French are still as remarkable for their terseness, and the English for their redundancy and prolixity, as when Madame de Staël pointed out the latter as our worst fault. Jeffrey was most unfortunate when he met this criticism by citing Hume and Adam Smith as specimens of English terseness; and Massillon, Buffon, and D'Alembert as examples of French prolixity. On the one hand, Hume and Adam Smith were confessedly French. The former spent three years at Rheims, and at La Flèche, in Anjou, when only twenty-three years old, and before he produced his "Treatise on Human Nature," and at that age, when his mind could have scarcely settled, we can imagine the effect of French literature and education upon it. Smith, when at Balliol College, passed much of his time in translating from French, and used to recommend this to all young authors desirous of improving their style; besides, we know that his own was so carefully formed, that not long before his death he told Stewart that he wrote with just as much difficulty then as when he first began. But we have not a finer specimen of terseness in the English tongue than Edward Gibbon, who acknowledged in one of his letters that on his first return from Lausanne, he had almost forgotten how to write his native language at all. On the other hand, Massillon was too eloquent a preacher to write well; while Buffon and D'Alembert were men of sciences, which demanded rather precision and neatness than brilliancy and power.

No; this terseness is the offspring of the French genius. We see it even in the French character. Take a *savant* from the Institute, greyheaded, full of learning, full of vanity, full of well-disguised hatred of his brother *savant*, and glorying in that bit of blue or yellow ribbon in his button-hole, which tells that even foreign monarchs have appreciated his talents; watch the anxiety with which he ties the bows of those sleek *pumps*, and arranges the *négligé* of those scientific locks of iron-grey; watch the eager flashing of his eyes, and the self-contented curl of his little mouth, as he pours bright conceits into the ears of Madame la Duchesse; and tell me if he is a whit less French, for all his learning, than the gay young Parisian, neatly gloved and booted, who is driving a pair of whole-blood horses in the Bois de Boulogne? Are not both fonder of display than worth, of the surface than of depth, of brilliancy and a pleasing effect than of accuracy and solidity? Both think and speak well, as all Frenchmen do; but it is inventively, not reflectively, and hence their terseness.

It is the activity of the French mind that makes them dramatic. It is by our reflection that we excel in the essay. They are impatient and rapid; we are sober and solid. Their mirth

is light and even childish ; ours is sarcastic, humorous, and dignified enough for a bench of big-wigs. A Frenchman talking to an Englishman reminds us always of a jester to his monarch. Again : there is in the English character a certain self-consciousness. We are prone to criticise and satirise, and we fear nothing so much as the critic and the satirist. We write in handcuffs, that we have ourselves put on.

The greatest difference of all, perhaps, between our national geniuses is our love of truth and the French disregard of it, which makes us practical—them theoretical. It is this that makes us redundant. We English must not be mistaken, and we doubt if we shall be believed ; hence we explain all our meaning fully, and repeat our idea in a hundred different forms, that others may be impressed with it. We are slow in apprehension, and write as if our readers were even more so. It is this love of truth, admirable in itself, which makes even our humour heavy and serious, and our satire cool, careful, and bilious. It is this again which makes us so impatient of ellipsis, that in translating Aristotle or Tacitus we must fill up the slightest lacunes with whole sentences of explanation. This it is which makes us dread the expression of passion, and shrink from the risk of enthusiasm ; which has made us the most universal, if not the most accurate of critics, and the lengthiest, if not the most brilliant of essayists. It is, perhaps, this too which has made all our historians, except those two—Hume and Gibbon, who were more than half French in style—discourse on history rather than narrate it.

Lastly, the French are philosophical, we religious. The quick invention and rapid perception of the Frenchman makes him seize on a theory and neatly develop it, with every possible illustration, long before he has examined the first causes, or tested its truth. He is epigrammatic, while we are expansive ; he proverbial, and we sententious ; he philosophizes on the characteristics of man, we moralize ; he refers everything to the standard of right reason, we to religion. The Frenchman never *proses*. Whether in history, description, biography, or fiction, he leaves it to the reader to draw what inferences or make what reflection he pleases. He himself is more than satisfied with a short neat moral, which is often trite, but always apposite. The Englishman on the other hand, is dogmatical. You must not only have his version of the affair, but you must also have his opinions upon it. He is not content to give you truth ; he must guarantee, illustrate, and countersign it, before he allows you to dismiss it.

But it would be tedious to go through the whole list of differences, and as, of course, one Englishman can always beat seven Frenchmen, we have no doubt that many of our readers consider it quite derogatory to compare the two at all. We humbly

beg their pardons, and will pass on to a consideration of those numerous British advantages which ought to, and do, make us thankful that we were born within the realms—irrespective of income-tax—of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

To begin, then, with history and historians. There is as much difference between history and the philosophy of history as between geography and physical geography. The one is a practical study; the other a speculative science. The historian fulfils a duty to society, and patiently labours in the cause of truth. The philosopher is naturally an egotist, for he exalts his own theories. The historian is therefore none the worse for not being a philosopher, although people will cite Hume, Gibbon, Hallam, Macaulay, and some others of less note as philosopher-historians. Hume was indeed a philosopher, but he was also, and separately, an historian, and had the taste not to mingle the two so as to spoil either. If Gibbon was a philosopher, it was *malgré lui*. All his tastes were for history, and the other was a mere accessory. The rest are neither pure historians nor pure philosophers, but philosophical historians. On the opposite side, we can array all the best historians, ancient and modern—Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Thiers, Guizot, Lamartine, Robertson, and Thirlwall, to say nothing of Niebuhr, because we purposely leave the Germans out of the question. Besides, the two things are quite independent of one another. Gibbon was a soldier for a time, and tells us it served him a good turn in writing his History. But should we on that account send off all our present and future historians to India or the Crimea?

Again: historians must not be poets. Imagination, passion, and affection war with cool truth. If Lamartine and Goethe are exceptions, it is because they are men of thorough judgment; while Mr. Macaulay must be proved to be a poet, before he can trouble our theory.

But above all, historians must not be essayists. We do not want opinions in history, we want facts, and those facts given in a manner which shall best aid us in forming our own opinions. We do not deny that many or most historians have been essayists, but the good essayists make bad historians, and *vice versa*. Besides, many historians have weighed eighteen stone. Is it, therefore, an advantage to all historians to be in condition? But the historian may be a novelist, without his imagination, and a traveller without his tales. He wants the descriptive power and perception of character possessed by the one, and the topographical knowledge of the other. Besides these, he wants a cool heart, free from prejudice and impartiality, ambitious of truth alone,—a sound judgment, a clear narrative style, much taste,

and sufficient enthusiasm to be warm when requisite. Yet the historian is more than the chronicler, because he is the critic of his own authorities, and will rather give you the results of his researches, than relate how he carried them out:

Terseness and variety are the best points in his style, if we judge from that of the most successful historians of the world. But it would be out of date at the present day to say much about the styles of Gibbon and Hume, if it were not for the sake of comparing the present school with them.

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence," says Bacon; and it would seem as if Hume and Gibbon had countersigned the truth. The style of Hume is strictly historical. He passes uninterruptedly from fact to fact, until a pause is wanted for relief, when he gives us a paragraph of neat and sufficient reflection. His terseness consists in an absence of absolute or qualifying phrases, rather than in the curt appropriate terms which are the signet of Gibbon's. He is pure, free from affectation of any kind, sufficient, but never redundant, and plain almost to a fault. He is devoid of all metaphor, bloom, or simile, as if he had been guided in history only by Bacon's rule. But most worth notice is the independence of each several sentence, which can almost always be understood without the context. Yet so well is the narrative kept up, that the separate pearls form one continuous chain, interrupted, like a rosary, only by the larger beads which commence a fresh paragraph. His great fault—that of all our good historians (who were mostly Scotchmen)—is coldness.

Gibbon is not only terse and antithetical, but also flowing. Each sentence is self-sufficient. There are no *conjunctive* sentences; nothing inserted to fill up. Yet all harmonizes, is consistent, and consequent. Moreover, he rises at times. He can be grand and powerful when he needs it; but he has no tenderness,—none of that touching description which makes Livy so readable,—little of that beauty which makes Lamartine so delightful. The only passion he indulges freely is indignation.

Taking popularity as the test of worth—where time is wanting to test the popularity itself—there are few modern historians who come near to these two men. It may be said of them all, without exception, that they are better essayists than historians, as far, of course, as style, not matter, is concerned.

Mr. Hallam has the honour of having commenced the School of Philosophical History. His "*Middle Ages*" and "*Constitutional History*" are powerful, profound, and valuable essays, where the historical facts are introduced, less as a narrative, than as illustrations and confirmations of his philosophy. His minute detail is fatiguing, while his warmth and imagination

are out of place. His language is more Latin than Saxon, and is often careless—*e.g.*, “The German empire had now assumed so peculiar a character, and *the mass of states who* composed it were,” &c.

Sir James Mackintosh is a brilliant, because a philosophical writer; but he is glaringly guilty of the English vice of redundancy. Perhaps, in him, we should rather call it “massing.” He heaps epithets and synonymes together, and piles sentence upon sentence, in a manner which would make him heavy, if he were not naturally graceful. But his periods weary at length, and we sigh for a little simplicity, and still more for a little Saxon purity.

Mitford and Grote are terrible instances of the wickedness of philosophical history. Here are two gentlemen, who sit down with principles—the one Tory, the other Radical—firmly fixed in their minds, and pour them not into their histories only, but even into their very research. The art of concealing or magnifying the importance of facts is here brought to perfection, and the result is that you have two histories of Greece, composed from the same materials, and with equal diligence, which differ as much as any two Whig and Tory election addresses possibly could do.

But while we are inclined by party-spirit to believe all Grote says, and receive only, *cum grano*, the expositions of his opponent, we regret that our candidate has so out-Grecianized the Greeks, that it is quite uncomfortable to be with him. He is not content with substituting words of classic extraction for the commonest Saxon terms, and with talking of *autonomous* and *circumstantiality*; but must needs adopt the Greek, or, we should be more correct in saying, the German, mode of spelling Greek words. To this the only objection would be that of puzzling his readers; but he has not stopped here. He is not even consistent in his own policy, and next to *Kæos Krios*, *Asklepius*, and *Kal-listô*, we find the common forms *Oceanus* and *Cyclops*. At any rate, if *Orthros* stands on one page, he should not admit *Orthrus* on another.

Alison says not amiss of Macaulay, that “he is more a brilliant barrister than an upright judge.” The fact is, that he is a most successful essayist, and his fame would probably have been as great, and certainly purer, if he had never written a line of history. All this is owing to his style. He is one of the few men who has assumed the proper position for a reviewer. He has taken high, commanding ground, and when he stoops it is rather for downright censure than polite satire. He is grand, noble, and lofty. He has all the beauties that poetry can give to prose, without being a real poet in his poetry. But this very lofti-

ness, and these beauties, unfit him for a historian. He rises in the very outset. That he is conscious of doing so, is evident from the egotism with which he ushers in his work. "I purpose to write the History of England," he begins, and the three succeeding sentences begin with the same pompous "I." This is all very well; but this loftiness soon fatigues. It is too brilliant, too strained for common narrative, and to this he never sinks. There is no relief, no *decrescendo*. While history is didactic to Gibbon, Macaulay is for ever seeking a primary cause for every fact. The one argues from facts to moral principles, the other from given principles to facts. For the rest, his style is terse, powerful, elegant, and pure. But Gibbon excels in the sentence, Macaulay only in the paragraph.

We come to the last, but by no means the least of the modern historians. Sir Archibald Alison was content to copy none but Jove himself, and assuming the form of John Bull, has triumphantly carried off Europa herself on his back. The theme was large, the scheme courageous, but there we regret to say the merit ceases. John Bull, such as we are told to know him by the newspapers, is no historian; and when Sir Archibald Alison arrayed himself in all the commonplaceness of the press, all the trite second-hand articles of Grub Street, he ran the risk of appearing before the public in a false character. Preferring quantity to quality, Sir Archibald evidently expects in his readers as long a mental wind as he has himself. After fourteen thick volumes, all in the same style, he gives us one exhausting sentence, that we copy out as a specimen of the whole. "Distrusting all plans of social improvement which are not based on individual reformation, recognising no hope for man but in the subjugation of the wicked propensities of the human heart, acknowledging the necessity of Divine assistance in that Herculean task,—the reflecting observer will not, even amidst the greatest evils arising from general impiety—despair of the fortunes of the species." What strain, what effort, what forcing, with five present-participles, the absurdity of *recognising a hope*, to say nothing of the contradiction of entertaining no hope for man save under impossible circumstances, and yet not despairing of the fortunes of the species!

Sir Archibald has had a great field to work upon, and has not manured it. A hundred opportunities occur, where other historians have been sparkling or powerful, and he only insipid and commonplace. But it must be admitted that, however little his style may be suited to history, it is by no means objectionable in the essay. It is true, that his criticism ever lacks originality, and that he is content to dish up the trite *mots* of the clubs or the papers with respectable diction, but it is something

that that diction is respectable; and it is to his praise, that having adopted Blair's notion of criticism, however erroneous it may be, he has given greater weight to the beauties than to the blemishes of his authors.

The two extremes of French historical style at the present day, are Guizot and Lamartine. Guizot is somewhat English in history, Lamartine in poetry and fiction. Thiers, French to the core, seems to stand between the two. M. Guizot is a good narrator, flowing, easy, and clear, but calm and cold. He has no powers of description, no imagination, and little beauty. He is a pendant to Hume, for his style is English, lacking the point and terseness of his country, but his thinking is French. Thiers is fervent, enthusiastic, eloquent; with grand, systematic French theory, and broad, decisive French style.

If Macaulay is the philosopher, Lamartine is the poet of history. His style is curt, nervous, and concise, almost to being categorical. He never repeats. He seizes the romantic and picturesque at once, and supplants abstract narration by concrete description. His histories are dramas from beginning to end, with their hero or heroine standing out in bold relief, and dramas full of pathos, full of colour, warmth, and beauty, full to overflowing of a lofty enthusiasm. His metaphor too is powerful, philosophical, and apt. Describing the character of Napoleon the Great, he calls him "an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field." He is the only instance of a good poet succeeding—and that too poetically—in history; and may be said to have struck out a new style of historical writing, which few will follow up, because very few have his wonderful powers.

No class of literature belongs more peculiarly to modern ages and our Northern Islands than the essay—nay, if we examine the matter very closely we may say that it is indigenous to England and Scotland only; and that the Irish, like the French and Germans, have followed us in adopting it, but have never succeeded. The fact is, that the English and Lowland Scotch have an essentially Saxon characteristic, which not another people under the sun—except, perhaps, their American grandsons, possess—the love of individual opinion. It is a part of their love of general independence. In France a man's opinions are those of his party, or, if he is utterly indifferent to politics, those of his class. In Germany a man frames his whole mind according to the popular theory he espouses. England is the only country where men of the same church, the same party, and the same predilections can afford or dare to think differently on the most important points. The opinion of the Englishman is dearer to him than his wife or friend. It is sacred. It is his religion, in fact, and we regret to say, with too many of us, his only religion.

It is this which makes him one-sided, even in ancient history, where party-spirit could have little influence on him ; this which fills even our lightest literature with trite religious reflections, which makes us sarcastic, but seldom abusive ; bilious, but rarely furious.

We, Lowlanders, outdo even Englishmen in this peculiarity. Foreigners tell us that our conversation on any serious topic seems to be a succession of downright challenges. We are never satisfied that our neighbour does agree with us, we are always confident that he must entertain a different opinion, and "we'll just trouble him to speak out."

The end of it all is, that we must have an outlet. This we have sought and found in many different quarters. We never heard, for instance, of a debating society in any foreign university, even under the most liberal governments ; and, during a long residence in France, we never knew a single dinner-table in ordinary society, at which criticism of the new books formed the staple conversation, as it so often does in England. It is true that the stage, and the new actors and actresses, appear to take the place of literature with the French in this respect ; but it has always struck us that their remarks on this subject were less a criticism of the piece or the art, than a conversation on the talents and character of the artist.

But the path in which the English most delight to vent their opinions is evidently the critical essay. We do not, of course, speak of all essays. The mere form of an essay is the most convenient for several subjects, and for none more than for philosophy ; so much so that the works of many ancient and most modern philosophers may be said to have been written in essays, or rather treatises, which, taken together, exhaust the whole subject, but have little consecutive connexion with one another. If these be called essays, the long essay may be said to have been in vogue much longer than is generally admitted. On the other hand, the short essay, in which the method was simply to propound and answer a hypothesis, and proceed to illustrate the solution by instances, or explanation, was used many centuries back by clever or learned men as a vehicle for their undeveloped opinions on various topics, whether high or low, as Bacon discoursed on gardens, buildings, and plantations, with the same tone and genius with which he treated truth, honour, and ambition, a few pages back.

But we do not mean in using the term *critical* essay to limit its theme to literature. On the contrary, it may be taken to embrace every essay which is critical, whatever its subject be—books, politics, social ethics, national characteristics, or, in fact, any such topic of the day ; provided only the essayist sits on the

judge's bench, and not in the chair of the teacher merely. With this view of the critical essay, we may include the writers of Queen Anne's and the early Georges' reigns in the same list that holds Jeffrey, Smith, Cockburn, Brougham, Wilson, and Carlyle. But the mission of the one differed from that of the other, in the ratio of their times. The practical extravagancies of 1710 were theoretical in 1810. A hundred years had sufficed to take the baton of influence from fashion and rank, and place it in the hands of intellect. The humour that Addison justly whetted against the absurdities of opera, club, rout, and so forth, was replaced by the satire which Jeffrey levelled at the trivialities of petty poets. Again, the task of those was far easier than the labour of these. If Addison ridiculed fashionable vices, he was certain that he was in the right. The laws of social ethics are definite and acknowledged; but those of literary tastes still want a general council to decide them, and the reviewer of to-day is as much open to review, and the critic to criticism, as the author they handle.

It was not until the establishment of Sydney Smith's "Edinburgh," in the beginning of this century, that the reviewer's position began to be understood, for the criticism of the last was directed not by taste, education, and a long literary experience, so much as by those pretended laws of criticism which everybody disputed, and none but professional critics could defend. It was quite natural then—indeed it could not be otherwise—that the short should extend into a long essay, for the reviewer, while passing his examination had, and still has, to defend his own views, and his method of bringing them forward. But it was long before this necessity was felt, and Smith himself clung for at least the first two years to the old school of short brilliant condemnation. In the first number, for instance, he wrote no less than seven critiques, besides editing the whole, five in the third number, and so on.

The principle by which our first and best Reviewers were guided, *judex damnatur si nocens absolvitur*, is a right one only when the *judex* is taken in the English sense of a judge with a jury. The critic has no right to condemn, because he has no power to punish. When the *Quarterly* extols what the *Edinburgh* runs down, or *vice versâ*, all criticism sinks into nothing more than party-spirit, and becomes not only useless, but absurd. But the highest ambition of the critic can only be to establish a precedent by which future critics and a future public may be guided; all that he is at present concerned to do, is to sum up the evidence, to point out the law, to guide the taste of the public, and to leave it to their common sense to give the verdict. That verdict has been given and still is given in every case with

or without the aid of a reviewer, and though no jury is infallible, the common-sense judgment of the public will scarcely err once in a thousand times. Nor can all the charging, and blustering, and bullying of the reviewer divert that judgment from its proper channel. Neither Keats, Byron, nor Barry Cornwall have suffered as *writers* from the blows of their critics. As men they may have suffered either in health or temper, but that was their own fault. But though public opinion always decides well sooner or later, its verdict is generally a long time in the finding, where there is anything to be said in extenuation of the prisoner. The public must be locked up for years before it becomes unanimous. But time gives the conquest to the majority. There can be only one opinion now about the merits of Shakspeare, Marlowe, Vanbrugh, or Massinger, though there are two and more about those of Wordsworth, Southey, and—Hannah More. So, then, in this age of books, when a rapid decision is absolutely necessary, it is the critic's office to take the *onus* off the public shoulders, and point out the decision which they *ought* to come to.

It is this necessity for rapid critiques that has completely altered the character of our three-monthly reviews within the last fifteen years. No longer able to aid or guide the public in their judgment, as the new books are read and thrown aside before the quarterlies are even in print, they have left that office to the weekly and even daily papers, and exchanged the critique for the essay. The ponderous volumes which once rejoiced in fifteen or twenty brilliant, short and pithy articles, now groan beneath the burden of some seven or eight heavy and laboured treatises; critiques on single works are supplanted by reviews on a whole class of literature, headed by a list of volumes, fit to throw a nervous reader into hysterics, and the volume in the blue or the white cover, which was so anxiously awaited towards the end of December, March, June, or September, that was discussed in every club, drawing-room, and railway-carriage in the kingdom, now lies upon the table uncut for days, and producing a feeling of terrible nausea in the man of the world, who knows that etiquette obliges him to wade through its contents *in case* the talk should take that turn.

We regret the change, because the very position of a critic is lowered by it. It is impossible for a weekly paper to do justice to any book within the time and its own limits, and the weekly papers tacitly confess this by often continuing a critique from Saturday to Saturday. Again, a premium is thus placed on bad writing. * The anonymous, which had so many advantages when the quarterlies were really reviews, is now only a shield for indifferent performance. Your well-known man, who has some-

thing to say, and will not take the trouble to say it in a proper style, writes it off in a few nights, and "gets" it into a three-monthly review.

But we have said more than enough on the character of reviews. Let us pass to consider their style.

"None but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged," said Sir Roger. If the rule had been put in practice, the *Edinburgh* could not have survived its second year. Never were more genius, talent, courage, reading, and general good taste brought together than in its pages in the first thirty years of that review's existence. If, then, we take a few samples from among its contributors, we shall have represented the whole class sufficiently, without putting ourselves in the awkward position of criticising our cotemporaries.

Sydney Smith has a right to stand first, not only by seniority in the concern, but because he seems to have achieved the transition from the old to a newer style of criticism. That total want of the bump of veneration, which gave the peculiar character to his humour, was also the cause of his success. The reviewer requires no quality so much as courage. It will not do for the big-wig on the bench to make salaams to the prisoner at the bar, and the politeness into which Jeffrey was frightened by Byronic satire, however delightful and appropriate it may be in society, was misplaced and mistaken in one who assumes a position above his fellow-authors, whether rightly or not is of little import. Still we do not defend Smith's style throughout. He had really nothing but his humour, his clear head, warm heart, and absence of prejudice to recommend him. His qualities were those of character rather than those of mind, and we look for the latter in the good reviewer. He had no depth, and not much discrimination for the beautiful. He was only a good critic when the author was infinitely inferior to him, as in the case of Mrs. Hannah More, and a good essayist when the theme was commonplace. No one but Sydney Smith could have said so much on chimney-sweepers. But he is often trivial and flimsy, and his impertinence sometimes borders very closely on the abusive, which is as great a fault in a judge as politeness. But while he preserved his general style during the twenty-five years he wrote for the *Edinburgh*, he corrected these little errors from time to time, and in 1827, the same humorous vein was more carefully and more correctly employed than in 1802.

To count up Jeffrey's virtues as a reviewer would be to string a mere chain of truisms. Few people now deny him the critic's crown, and those of taste and sense agree with Lord Byron, when, in 1816, he called his own vulgar satire on the Scotch

Reviewers, "a miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony." But the excellence of Jeffrey's judgment has made too many of us indifferent to the faults of his style. He is the very antipodes of Sydney Smith. The playful humour of the one was replaced by a somewhat bilious sarcasm in the other, which scarcely rose to the dignity of satire, and was cool and cautious rather than caustic and bold. Indeed, his greatest fault was that same Scotch cautiousness, which clipped the wings on which he had natural strength enough to soar. He is rarely brilliant, and never rises above common sense, which was his sole guide and master. A less fault, though still a grave one, is the length of his sentences, which arises from the very prolixity and redundancy which he himself calls the English vice. In his essay on Swift, for instance, we find a whole octavo page, of thirty-four lines, without a single full stop, and with its various portions linked together by a succession of "ands."

Wilson was too much a poet to be an essayist, too good-natured and easy-going to make a good critic. Yet though his genius was not suited to the essay, a little moulding might have made his style superior to the "genuine old brown *Edinburgh*," of which Jeffrey's is the best instance.

There is not much originality in Wilson; he is all fire and flight, and the latter is often too sudden and startling, and sometimes verges on triviality,—at least for the essay. But it must be allowed that his flights, in spite of these faults, are at least within the bounds of common sense, which cannot be said of some of Mr. Carlyle's. Wilson uniformly, as we once heard him say, when speaking of his own flights, chooses a clear day for his ascent, when, however high he may rise, the spectators never lose sight of him in mist or fog.

Mr. Carlyle has struck out a new style of his own, and therefore deserves great praise; for though we do not deny that Smith, Jeffrey, and Wilson wrote, as they meant it, originally, the first ever reminds us of Addison, the second of Robertson, and the third of Sterne. But Mr. Carlyle has no prototype. And if he wrote well, it was because his genius was good. If he supplied a great want in essay-writing—Power, it was because his mind was very powerful. If he was a better biographer than essayist, and a better essayist than critic, it was because none of these was his real sphere. His mind, like that of Turner's, saw too strongly. He exaggerates truth on the side of truth,—a blemish became a vice, a beauty divine; all yellow shone like gold. Of course, he too has many Ruskins, who will contend that he sees truth, and that we, the world, see less than the truth; but this argument is against common sense, and will obtain no more in literature than in art.

We have given a sample of his exaggeration, and thousands more might be supplied from his later works. He is one of the rare instances of a style not improving with practice. In his earlier essays he was moderate and temperate; now he is often wild, and even absurd. His writing is a mass of half-finished ideas, daubed in, which he will not or cannot complete. Hence his obscurity. It is a phrensy of metaphor at times, and puzzles and fatigues. But neither in his earlier or later works is he free from the great blame of coining words in a base metal. We are not going to enter now on the long question of the rise of new words, and are content to refer our reader to Dean Trench's chapter on that very subject in his "Study of Words." But we confess ourselves wholly one in mind with Ben Jonson, when he says, "A man coins not a new word without some peril, and less fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured." It is a proud thing for a man to say, "I have endowed my language liberally; I have given it no less than a hundred new words." Yes, if the coin was good, and wanted. There are, in fact, many requirements for the success of a coinage. It must first be needed, without which it will only be pedantic and superfluous. *Palingenesis* has nothing to recommend it, although Dean Trench himself uses the word. Again, it must exactly supply the want which it is coined to fill. It must be formed according to the genius of the language, and above all be of a sweet sound, and easily understood. Mr Carlyle has broken these laws in two ways. He has either introduced such Greek words as *eupeptic* and *epicedial*, which, however correct in themselves, are not understood by those who do not know Greek, and sometimes require to be derived before even those who do know it can appreciate them; or he has formed compounds of English words, which do not harmonize with the genius of our tongue. The latter practice is so common a fault with the Germanizers, even in our newspapers and children's books, and has been so often taken to task, that we need only give two very common instances to illustrate our meaning. *Vaterland*, like *patria*, means the land where our fathers dwelt, not the soil which fathers and fosters us; and *fatherland* will not do, because the aristocratic feeling is not so strong in the English character as the progressive or the domestic, while *mother-country* is a much more beautiful word in idea, and has the advantage of being both Saxon and Norman in its components, uniting noble and trader by one domestic feeling dear to both. *Stand-point* again is wrong, because the English language can only form compounds of substantives of two kinds; one in which the first component stands in the place of an adjective to the second—

as in "*gentleman-rider*;" the other in which the first is a genitive, governed by the second, as in *picture-frame*.

Emerson, the disciple of Carlyle, has far outdone his master in style. His is of all styles the best for essay. Every sentence is a dictum, suggesting thought, but rarely requiring penetration; and all his sentences are moulded into a continuous whole. The man did not sit down and write one sentence now and another then, and cull them from his notes as he wanted them. He did not think in sentences, but thought the whole subject. His mind is not a kaleidoscope of little shining bits of thought, but a fitting encaustic tile. He is bold in the use of words, brilliant in metaphor, and pure in thought. He discards the old fallacy of the *period*. But he is no critic, no biographer, and could never be a historian, nor even a philosopher. For the former his mind is too poetical, for the latter his style too dogmatical. His faults are affectation in the use of out-of-the-way metaphors, and Americanism in that of words. The latter do not always bear the common meaning, but a strong philosophical one of his own, which he is sometimes forced to explain. For instance, he has the single sentence, "Nature conspires," ("*Representative Men*," p. 175,) to which he is obliged to append the following: "Whatever can be thought can be spoken, and still rises for utterance, though by rude and stammering organs. If they cannot compass it, it waits and works, until at last it moulds them to its perfect will, and is articulated."

But though his genius is stronger, as his power is less, than Carlyle's, he has sometimes strained after originality of style, where he would have done better to trust his own originality of thought. At times he is found talking like Knox or South, at others like Addison or Steele, when it would have been better had he remained true to himself.

We have brought forward these five styles, because, though not one of them is perfect in the essay, each contains one beauty meet for its perfection. If a genius were to spring up with the humour of Sydney Smith, the judgment of Jeffrey, the warmth of Wilson, the power of Carlyle, and the originality of Emerson, he might astonish the world with his essays.

"Descriptive Literature" would seem to form a very comprehensive class, but in point of style it does not. It lies in the very small space which separates the essay from the romance, and to one or other of these limits is constantly verging. Thus Haxthausen's "*Russia*," "*The Roving Englishman in Turkey*," Huc and Gabet's "*Travels in China and Thibet*," are almost collections of essays, illustrated by the author's experience, and

admitting, from their very form, of more dash and descriptive colouring than the serious treatise or respectable review. On the other hand, there is a large class of works which follow in the wake of "The Sentimental Journey," and are simply descriptive fictions.

It is difficult to decide whether biography should come under this head or remain with history, to which in substance it is more closely allied. The fact is, that biography differs in style according as the subject is more or less august. A good *Life of Fielding* or *Colley Cibber* should read like a Christmas tale; and the tears and laughter, the ups and downs of their lives, could not be well told in a solemn, respectable, historical style. On the other hand, the "*Memoirs of Goethe*" are a broad chapter in the history of modern literature; and the "*Life of Pitt*" is an important page in that of modern Europe. Still the pure office of the biographer is to separate the man from his times, and connect the times with the man. So that he must paint at once the portrait and the group, and must therefore combine the talents of the novelist and the historian.

If biography lies between history and fiction, the descriptive literature which fills the space between fiction and the essay may be nearly limited to *Travels*. This class of writing requires at once the most and the least talent. Where the ground is thoroughly new, a simple narration,—the fingers guided by the eye alone,—suffices and delights. Who could be poorer in style than *Mungo Park*, or our literary missionaries? Even though *Heber* was a poet, there is no luxury and little brilliancy in his "*Journal*," in spite of its great popularity. Again, the work of *Messieurs Huc and Gabet* is that of simple, earnest men, but has no artistic beauty. On the other hand, where the ground is well known, it requires the highest possible talent to make your description readable to the thoughtful man. Even "*Eöthen*," and "*The Crescent and the Cross*," which are among the best works of this class, are fit for little more than the drawing-room table, and will scarcely find a place among the English Classics. But if it is a rare thing for Englishmen of real genius to write travels, or describe national character with truth and brilliancy, it is still rarer for foreigners. Not only are the English the greatest travellers, but they would also seem to be the only people who really understand what travel demands. Knowing that hundreds of their readers must have seen the very places, nay, perhaps the very faces they describe, English travellers wisely pass from the tedium of long and serious description, to anecdote and sketches of character. Ease, impertinence, humour, a slight colouring of the truth, are indispensable qualities to this writer. Though, of course, he must never be vulgar, he has a

longer tether than any other, and cannot be tied down to choice language and elegance of style. But what he wants in this respect he must make up in brilliancy, good taste, the intense love of the beautiful, and a real vein of humour.

For this the Frenchman is too systematic, the German too phlegmatical, and the American mars many good qualities by that bad taste from which even Emerson, the best writer of the New World, is scarcely free.

If we have left fiction to the last, it is not because it is the least—nay, perhaps it is even the most—important branch of literature with regard to style. Not only is it the best index of national genius and even national taste, but in each land is the weathercock of fashion. Nothing changes so soon or so utterly as the style of fiction, and no branch of writing depends for success so much on this. Millions still read Hume and Gibbon, and would scarcely know that these authors were dead, for aught the style of history hath changed. But how many hundreds, think you, care now for Pamela, or The Italian, once as popular as Pickwick or Pelham in later days?

But if these changes have taken place, even during the short period that novels have been advanced to a separate position in literature, it must be possible to mark them, and define certain schools.

Now, there would appear to be three important classes of novels, which are often mingled, and sometimes subdivided. They are the classical, the romantic, and the natural. By the classical we mean those which are written according to the strict rules which good taste and experience have laid down for them. The romances of the last century were of this class; but in England and Germany they united to this a strong tendency to the sentimental, while in France they savoured not a little of the philosophical. In all, however, the popularity of novels generally was the result of a certain morbid tendency, consequent on the softening of a high civilisation. In reality the romance was only an inert drama, and as such the unities were preserved to a considerable extent, and the sentimentalism, whether of passion or religion, transferred from the mouths of the actors to that of the narrator himself. Hence the best novels of the last century were autobiographies, and, as such, were *immoral*, seeing that the phase in which the individual character is really interesting, is in its combat with the devil. No better novels, as far as the interest is concerned, preserved by unity of character and action, can be found than Werther, Manon L'Escaut, and Pamela; but because the circumstances under which passion is painted in these are the strongest which can draw passion forth, they became immoral. Yet as works of pure

art, Van-Eyck-like pictures of that human heart, on which the least incident leaves its impress when once passion has galvanized it, they are without rival. Even their slumbrous prolixity, their minute working up, and the superabundance of their sentiment, are recommendations, for with all these the interest is rather furthered than decreased. Yet that they are immoral can scarce be doubted, when our fathers tell us of the morbid youths who cut their throats, and the yet more morbid young ladies who lost their characters after the first appearances of "Werther" and "Manon."

Closely allied with this school, but only in England, was that of the humorists. If the transition from Radcliffe to Bulwer was a natural one, that from Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett, to Edgeworth and Scott, was no less so. The sentimentalists described the human heart,—the humorists the human disposition. Yet both were to a certain extent classical; and it was reserved for Scott to bring to perfection the romantic school, which despised the unity of action. Bulwer and Scott are different branches of the same school, and both, *per se*, belong to a past age. As we have already said, Bulwer has felt the pressure of the fashion, and yielded to it. In his earlier works he belongs to the romantic,—in his later to the natural school. But while Bulwer painted portraits, and was content to make his secondary figures a mere set-off to his hero and heroine, Scott painted historical pictures, in which every figure was a portrait, except perhaps the principal one. In France the romantic, in Germany the natural school, succeeded the classical. But in both the progress has been slower than in England, from the fact, that in the one the drama, in the other the poem, have always found more favour than the romance. Thus in France the romantic school toned down into the proverbial,—in Germany to the domestic.

The proverbial is the very antipodes of the natural. The point, which is always a philosophical proverb, is its chief aim; and all probability, all nature, and much of individual character, is made subservient to it.* Dumas (*père*) who, like Scott, paints historically, and Lamartine, who is essentially romantic, are the chief exceptions to this class of writers. At the present day, the younger Dumas is reviving the classical and dramatic style, with almost as much sentimentalism as Rousseau or Richardson could have wished for; and more immorality.

The domestic style of Germany is partly accounted for by the genius of the people, partly by their imitation of the natural school of England, without the humour that here makes it suc-

* The *novelles* of M. E. de Girardin are a good specimen.

cessful. If Germany has now scarcely a novelist of note, she has a thousand and one story-tellers of no small merit, who have raised a surfeit of simplicity, *Mährchen*, and fairy tales.

The present school of English novelists is the natural, so called because its boast is to adhere strictly to probability and truth. Its representatives are Dickens and Thackeray. Its tendency is to paint pictures of classes, not of individuals. All the best characters of these authors are representatives of well-known sets of beings. We have, or might have, seen a Sam Weller, a fat Boy, a "Marchioness," and a Quilp, any day and anywhere. Few of us could have ever known a Maltravers or Zanon, although these exist no less than those. But in those the character of the class, in these of the individual is drawn. In the one the surface,—in the other the heart.

Hence, when Mr. Dickens wishes to draw a character with which we can feel a real sympathy,—not the mere fellow-feeling of caste,—in short when he has to create a hero or heroine, he feels the necessity of abandoning the class-portraiture and imagining an individual. For this he is unfitted, and his heroes and heroines are maudlin, insipid, uninteresting, and forgotten. Classes change and that rapidly. Half a century hence we may seek a Dombey in vain through the city which now swarms with them. Mr. Dickens cannot hope to be immortal, though he may be longer read than Victor Hugo, whose novels, though the work of a poet, will always find admirers in those who can feel.

The class-portrait must of necessity be superficial. The moment you begin to analyze you sink into the individual. Again, individuals are infinite in number and always different; classes are necessarily few. These causes give rise to repetition, which both in his painting and language is Mr. Dickens' great fault. It forces him into mannerism, and as he has already arrived at that point we cannot but think that he has overwritten himself.

His popularity, too, has spoiled him. He found that his little sketches, however slight, became household words, and he warms them up again incessantly. "Little Dorrit" is full of these faults. Of one man he can say very little more than that "the moustache went up under the nose, and the nose came down over the moustache." It is true that we have seen this at every hotel in every town of France or Italy, but nothing more. It is no individual that these words describe, and we should never know how he would act in any given circumstances.

Even this, however, would be excusable if limited by good taste. But mannerism has pushed the great author into extravagance, and extravagance into coarseness. He is so fond of common things and striking types that he sometimes forgets what

better taste requires. A good instance of this is the description of Mrs. Merdle :—

“ This great and fortunate man had provided that extensive *bosom* which required so much room to be unfeeling enough in, with a nest of crinolin and gold some fifteen years before. It was not a *bosom* to repose upon, but it was a capital *bosom to hang jewels upon*. Mr. Merdle wanted something to hang jewels upon, and he bought it for the purpose. Storr and Mortimer might have married on the same speculation. . . The *bosom* moving in society with the jewels displayed upon it attracted general admiration.”—*Little Dorrit*, p. 181.

Again :—

“ Mrs. Merdle’s first husband had been a colonel, under whose auspices the *bosom* had entered into competition with the snows of America,” &c.—*Ibid*.

And the same disagreeable idea is revived at the end of the chapter :—

“ There was no shadow of Mr. Merdle’s complaint on the *bosom*, now displaying precious stones in rivalry with many similar superb jewel-stands.”

We protest against this metonymy. Even the innuendo of Sterne is better than this. Of Dickens we have spoken at some length, because, besides being the most popular of living novelists, he is also the representative of the natural and humorous school of to-day. But of Thackeray, its satirical partisan, of Bulwer and Disraeli, the best of the romantic school, it would be trite and useless to discourse. Their differences of style are obvious to all.

None but Sir A. Alison could have placed Mr G. P. R. James, the hero of a hundred volumes, near the names we have mentioned. If he has a large school and many customers it is because, discarding all nature, he has seen how to make romance intensely interesting to a reader indifferent about reality.

Both Caligula and Heliogabalus made consuls of their horses; but the latter was conscientious enough to raise a black block of stone to represent himself. The *sporting* novelists, who are now increasing daily, make horses their heroes, and their heroes very horse-like; but, preferring Caligula’s to Heliogabalus’ example, they have not the frankness to admit their own materialism.

“ Il y a de la femme dans tout ce qu’on aime,” is an old *mot* of some clever old Frenchman. The lady-novelists of to-day evidently think the same, but they forget—at the risk of their frowns we must say it—that even the sugar-cane palls and nauseates when tasted to excess. Had we another De Staël, Radcliffe, Edgeworth, or Austin, we would hold our peace; but

though we admit the benefits which the tenderer mind of woman confers on our literature, and compare it favourably with the brazen tongues of the present Amazons of France, we cannot but deplore the young-ladyism that is creeping in to unnerve our Fiction.

Two, however, there are who have done more good than harm. "Jane Eyre" and "Paul Ferroll" may take their places where they list. Both preserve the unity of interest, and are written with the hands of masters. In both the anxiety is brought to bear wholly upon the one character, and that anxiety is never lost for a moment. This is the charm of Pamela, Manon, and La Dame aux Camélias, and if we cannot accuse Miss Brontë and Mrs. Clive of immoral writing, both, we fear, must meet the censure of the strict for upholding a bad moral, though in a kind, fond, womanly way.

To-day the Dramatic School is reviving. We hail it gladly. It has been forced on by the too great license that the Natural has played with the interest. Mr Charles Reade here, and Hawthorne in America, uphold its purer doctrine; but greater geniuses are needed to bring it back to full favour. We are convinced, for our part, that an *interest*, unbroken, unforced, is the great aim of Romance. The reader must lose his identity in the realization of the actors. Unity of action, of character, of place, and even briefness, if not unity of time, are needful for this, and these are the characteristics of the Dramatic novel. May they be worked out by the talents of Dickens, the genius of Bulwer, and the satire of Thackeray, and we shall not fear that cheap trash will quite ruin our literature.

To recapitulate then briefly: An equal poise of matter and manner is the meed of History. In the Essay it is of more import to write well than to think deeply. In Descriptive Literature the matter may excuse the style, or the style be lieutenant for the substance; but the manner alone gives the charm to the Novel.

- ART. III.—1. *Experiments on Chemical Isomerism, for 1840-41. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.*
 2. *Lay Sermons on the Theory of Christianity.* Nos. 1 & 2. Smith, Elder, and Co. London.
 3. *Galileo Galilei: a Tragedy.* James Hogg, Edinburgh.
 4. *David Scott, R.S.A.* *North British Review*, April 1849.

THERE lies now before us the prospectus of a course of associated Lectures, delivered sixteen years ago in this city, by two young graduates of our University. They had just completed, with marked distinction, their college career. It was less, however, the more commonplace and often delusive distinction of prize carrying, than the reputation established among the first and ablest of their fellows, and the expectation impressed upon these of high future achievement. The one of these young lecturers, after a course of more than ordinary brilliancy; after establishing a European reputation in that specific department of science to which he had devoted himself, found himself, while yet in the prime of his manhood and the full vigour of his power, in the position on which his aim had long been set—the professor of his favourite science in his parent university. Influence, opportunity, position, all in his grasp, it seemed that the career, already so brilliant, were but now to open. Suddenly, almost as in a moment, it closed; and on the heart of the city that had welcomed back with such fulness of hope its graduate, the death of Edward Forbes struck like a sharp and almost universal bereavement.

To the other of the young lecturers thus associated in the opening act of their public career, and not far severed in the time when closed, for each, all earthly aims, hopes, and workings,—to Samuel Brown, certainly not the inferior of Edward Forbes in power, though power of a different order, a far different life-destiny was assigned. The scientific conception that even then possessed him, and indeed for long before had done so, precluded all hope of speedy realization. He knew that toils and disappointments, uncheered by the breath of public sympathy, lay before him in the course he had selected, and he was content to know it so; though he did not know anything like the full extent of these. They came on him soon, and clung to him to the very last. Once he was tempted by peculiar circumstances to stand forward, and proclaim what he believed he had then achieved: it involved accomplishment for atomics as great as Galileo and Kepler had won for astronomy. But the announcement was premature. The proof was found, was admitted by himself to be, incomplete; and to mere disappointment and failure

of sympathy, were thenceforth added obloquy and distrust. From that time, as the chemist he was unheard of; and the prevalent impression was that he had abandoned as an idle dream all he had so daringly aimed to achieve. Never was impression more at fault; but to all save himself this is now of little moment. In the very midst of his silent and solitary toils, struggles, and encouragements, disease, long hovering about him, fairly seized him in one of the most depressing and agonizing forms our suffering humanity can know. During the few and partial respites its seven years' course allowed him, he laboured on. What measure of success attended him is fully known to none on earth; only isolated notices and incidental memoranda shew, that he himself believed it to have surpassed his brightest hopes. Quietly he passed away at last; not, like his early co-labourer, in the flush of position and opportunity won, and with a fairer and clearer field before him; but wasted and worn out by a long decay that had constrained him, with victory as he deemed attained, to forego all its honours, and even his formal enunciation of it.

It were difficult to say which of these two life-scenes, thus, as we are prone to think, alike so prematurely closed, most solemnly sounds to us from the eternal Wisdom,—“My thoughts are not your thoughts; my ways are not your ways.” Vainly we seek to please ourselves, to still the restless questionings that arise at thought of such seeming waste of intellect and power, with the fancy that all are immortal till their work is done. We feel there is mystery far beyond the impenetration of this formal truism, in the passing away in all their freshness of two such natures, with so much of work before them which we deem they, and they alone, could so well have wrought out; and we find consolation only in falling back on a deeper and more vital truism from all such strange and sad catastrophes of our mortal state:—“I was dumb: I opened not my mouth, because THOU didst it.”

We do not here propose any attempt at critical examination of the literary and scientific claims of Samuel Brown. The materials for such an examination are not yet before the public; for all he gave forth to it during his comparatively brief career, only very imperfectly and partially represented the entire man. All we would endeavour to do is, in briefly sketching the career itself, to indicate the salient features of a nature and character not easily analyzed or defined; a nature at once singularly varied in its aspects of manifestation, and yet singularly self-consistent; a character in which men of the most different conceivable habitudes, views, and powers, found something kindred, attractive,

and cognate to themselves. With those who knew and loved him, the impression of their loss is still perhaps too recent to allow of their fairly estimating him: and if to those who knew him less closely, or only through his public appearances, there shall appear over-estimation in this record, we pray them to receive this as the apology for it.

Samuel Brown, the fourth and name-son of the founder of itinerating libraries, and grandson of John Brown of the Self-interpreting Bible, was born at Haddington on the 23d February 1817. For those who can recall the quaint old country town as it then, and for some time after, was—by a sarcastic visitor described as the most finished town in Britain, for not a stone had been added to it during his long experience—it is unnecessary further to particularize it. For others, it may be enough to designate its then society as not greatly dissimilar from that of other places of its size and class,—very kindly, rather cliquish and sectarian, and intensely gossiping. The household, however, and especially its head, claims a more particular notice. There are few of the younger grandchildren of John Brown of Haddington—once a numerous and compact race, now scattered abroad and sadly thinned by death—who have not many a kinder thought towards the dear old town, for the sake of the elder Samuel. He was one not to be soon forgotten,—one of those men who seem specially set forth to illustrate how much more love and its energy, than mere intellect, is an influence and power in the world. In no way remarkable for intellectual endowments—making no pretensions whatever to genius, even to what is ordinarily understood as talent—simply a plain, sound-minded, clear-headed man, of thorough business habits and capabilities, he yet, by the pure force of love, developed and perfected in the school of the Cross, accomplished for the best interests of his county what genius alone would never have done. But it is as the father of the family, and the head of the household, we have here to do with him; and in this capacity, the pervading quality of his nature shone forth with peculiar lustre. Allied, by the depth and pervading stillness of his piety, to those old religionists who have laid our Scotland under a heavy debt, that piety wanted the sternness and austerity which too often encrusted theirs. Geniality was its marked and unmistakable characteristic. His rule in the family was maintained, not by the arbitrary authority these old Calvinistic patriarchs claimed as their divine right, but by firm, systematic, and faithful love. Few of the many nephews and nieces, paternal and maternal—and the old-fashioned roomy house seldom wanted some of these as guests—can forget the Sunday evening catechisings there; and especially the tender, heartfelt solemnity with which it was

often his wont to close them, with the commending of each particularly, and by name, to the grace of the one Father. Then he was to some extent an experimental physicist,—an adept in certain branches of economic chemistry; and the younger Samuel's first appearance as a scientific inquirer before the public, was as the worker out and expounder of an idea of his father's.*

Such were the leading features of the paternal influence under which Samuel Brown emerged into boyhood. Those, however, who hold by hereditary transmission of qualities, might incline to trace back something of his whole tendency of mind to an earlier generation—to his maternal grandmother. From all that can be learnt regarding her, she was in more than one respect a remarkable woman; and in this one most of all, and in it closely followed by her grandson, that she had caught the "rare and ill-beloved trick of thinking for herself, and of trusting her thought." Boys are not in general rigid or accurate analysts—at least formally and logically—of each other's characters; and older friends seldom possess the faculty of entering fully into those strange penetralia of younger natures, wherein lies unfolded the germ-life of the after career. This, however, may be safely asserted, that there was in this boyhood nothing of that morbid and unhealthy precocity which some appear to esteem the necessary precursor and premonition of genius. He was thoroughly and to the soul a boy; not over-studious; his occupations, his amusements, the whole tenor of his life, those of a healthy-minded boy. One well-marked characteristic there certainly was; and it was one that went with him through all his career. Whatever he did, he did it heartily, almost enthusiastically. Whatever the occupation of the time, whether boating on the river in the home-built coble, the chef-d'œuvre—at least in our eyes—of an elder brother; or during pleasant rambles through his well-loved East Lothian, improvising dismantled wind-mill into Pictish round tower, for behoof of a companion smitten with archæological madness; or restfully watching the stars, and northern streamers, and shimmering wildfire from among the autumn sheaves,—each and all was done with heart and soul. Those were pleasant days to all who shared them, specially pleasant through him. And that number included strange varieties; for even then was established that remarkable power of fascination for the most different conceivable natures and developments, which appeared to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, to the very last. Already, too, was shown that faculty for strong personal attach-

* "On the Mucilage of the Fuel, with remarks on its application to Economical ends:" read before the Society of Arts, April 1837.

ments which characterized him throughout life; and boyish friendships were then formed which went with him to the grave. Nor was physical speculation altogether wanting. The well-remembered attic of that Haddington house witnessed many a solemn council, prompted and presided over by him, for discussion of knottiest problems in the science of our globe; and heard many an original and startling hypothesis propounded, explanatory of phenomena which are mysterious to the wisest still. There was small reverence for mystery there.

He passed through the usual course of preliminary, classical, and general instruction creditably; but, we believe, nothing more. At no time of his life did his strength lie in the acquisition of languages; although, when strongly actuated by the motive of coveted literary or scientific treasures to become thus more accessible, he soon achieved sufficient mastery over all their difficulties to accomplish his end. In the session of 1832-33, he entered the University of Edinburgh nominally as a student of medicine, but, perhaps, more truly with a view to that course of study which is prescribed for the medical student. It is more than doubtful if at any time he looked forward to the life of the medical practitioner; and it is certain that, with nearly his first session at college, the determination of his mind toward chemistry, so far as physical science is concerned, was decided and final. It was indicative, too, of the character of his whole mind; of his indisposition to rest in the bare present of any department of science or of knowledge, and especially of his early revulsion against materialism in all its forms, that in physiology his strongest sympathies were with Fletcher, the fearless assailant of established dogmas, and the resolute defender of man's mortal frame against those, whose so-called analysis would reduce it to a mere aggregation of chemical compounds.

The set with whom he more closely associated himself at College included, with many names of minor distinction, at least two whose reputation is now European,—Edward Forbes, and John Goodsir. Toward the former, in particular, though personal intercourse had comparatively ceased between them, his attachment continued strong to the last. How truly he loved, and how deeply mourned, that gifted spirit,—how highly yet discriminatingly estimated him, the following extract from his private journal testifies:—

“Edward Forbes is dead and buried before me;—died this day week,—was buried on Thursday. ‘He behaved at the close with his old composure and considerateness, and sweetness of nature,’ writes Dr. John. This is a great public loss,—a pungent public grief too; but to us, his friends, it is ‘past the blasphemy of grief.’ Surely it is ‘wondrous in our eyes.’ Not forty yet; his work sketched out

largely, rather than done: his proper career, as the Edinburgh Professor of Natural History, just opened, and that with unusual brilliancy of circumstance,—Edinburgh, young and old, proud to receive him as her new Great Man,—the Naturalists of Scotland rising up to call the Manxman blessed—‘The pity of it, O the pity of it!’

“We almost began our public career together. He in his twenty-fifth, I in my twenty-third year, delivered at Edinburgh a joint course of lectures on the Philosophy of the Sciences,—he the graphic or static, I the principal or dynamic hemisphere of the round. Tall for his strength, slightly round-shouldered, slightly in-bent legs, but elegant, with a fine round head and long face, a broad, beautifully arched forehead; long dim-brown hair like a woman’s, a slight moustache, no beard, long-limbed, long-fingered, lean,—such was one of the most interesting figures ever before an Edinburgh audience. His voice was not good, his manner not flowing,—not even easy. He was not eloquent, but he said the right sort of thing in a right sort of way; and there was such an air of mastery about him, of genius, of geniality, of unspeakable good-nature, that he won all hearts, and subdued all minds, and kept all imaginations prisoners for life. Nobody that has not heard him can conceive the charm.

“In natural history, his labours are acknowledged by his peers; and it is not for a chemist to say a word. Yet I fancy he has made no memorable discovery,—initiated no critical movement. It is by the width of his views he has told, and by his personal influence. In short, he is a first-rate naturalist, near-sighted and far-sighted, and eminently disposed and able to reduce the chaos of observation to order, and to discern the one soul of nature in all her manifold body of members; but he has not shown himself inventive like Linnæus or Cuvier, or even Buffon. His true greatness was cumulative; and if he had lived as long, he might have rivalled Humboldt. As it is, he was not a philosopher, nor a great discoverer; but he was a consummate and philosophical naturalist, wider than any man alive in his kind. Add to that noble distinction, that he was much of an artist, not a little of a man of letters, something of a scholar, a humorist, the very most amiable of men, a perfect gentleman, and a beautiful pard-like creature, and you have our Hyperion,—gone down, alas, ere it was yet noon! After all, what a combination of charms, what a constellation of gifts, what a man! Edward Forbes was a sweet, wise, broad and sunny, great kind of man, else I do not know a nobleman when I see him.

“As for religion, I can only say he never talked infidelities even in our rash youth. He always abided by the church, though he rarely frequented its tabernacles. He was a kind of half-intellectual, half-æsthetical believer. Theology somehow did not lie in his way; and he was (as I conceive) sincere rather than earnest, in religion. There lay his great defect; since all are but fragments after all that can be said even of a Shakspeare. He wanted intensity of character, depth of soul, spirituality; and it is curious in a man so large.

“And in connexion with this lay one of the secrets of Forbes’

boundless popularity. He was a conformist,—ran against no man or thing. He joined no new cause; he assailed no old one; nay, he even assailed no new one. All were welcome to him, therefore, and he to all. Even in Natural History he brought no agitating or perplexing news,—perplexing men with the fear of change. He sailed nobly with the wind and tide of ordinary progress, not needing to carry a single gun, but the foremost of this peaceful fleet. This was all very delightful and wise; yet let a word be said for the men of war, John Kepler and the rest; and also let a distinction betwixt the two orders of men be remembered. To forget such distinctions is to confound the morality of criticism. He of Nazareth, not to be profane, brought ‘not peace, but a sword,’—the Divine image of ‘the greater sort of greatness.’”

With these men, and others like-minded and like-hearted, Dr. Brown was associated in one of those attempts which the young enthusiastic truth-seeker so naturally turns to, to detach himself from the mass of intellectual and moral indifferentism on the one hand, and of sectarianism on the other, which is almost sure to surround him wherever his lot may be cast. The form assumed by this desire in the present case was the introduction of the *o. e. μ.** Society among the Edinburgh students. The objects of this institution, at least as these defined themselves in the purpose of the introducers, were, firstly, the pursuit of truth; secondly, the engaging themselves to this pursuit in perfect catholicity, alike as to the forms of truth and as to the general opinions and views of the brethren of the order; and, thirdly, the recognition of the great principle of brotherhood and association, not merely formally, but in actual practice, in this pursuit. It was a generous scheme, and a noble attempt, but it was the attempt of youth; and it failed from causes which cooler heads and colder hearts could easily have predicted,—the introduction of unsuitable and unworthy members, and the falling away of others from the first fresh enthusiasm and frank daring and freedom of youth. Nay, even among the originators themselves,—so at least Dr. Brown’s later and stern self-judgment deemed,—the association principle soon began too much to degenerate into mere sociality,—the sign, as it ever tends to do with our poor humanity, had begun too much to usurp the place of the thing signified.

But there is no need that we should, because its sensibly active operation for good soon ceased, assume the attempt to have been without its fruits. More than one of these young enthusiasts could be named, as having, amid all other change in them and around them, continued essentially true to the principles they had thus attempted to embody in form. And though

* The initials of its legend, “*οἷος, ἵκος, μάθης.*”

undoubtedly that attempt was itself indicative of a character and tendency already in them developed, there need be as little doubt that this institution aided, defined, and confirmed that tendency. Among those who thus to the end held true to the confession of faith and purpose, veiled under the symbol of the *o. e. μ.*, Samuel Brown was undoubtedly one. As regards his own special quest in science, indeed, the principle of actual and active association became soon impossible. Ere long he had to tread that path literally alone. But the truth-seeking and the catholicity were his to the last; and this loneliness on his own peculiar path, seemed only to broaden and deepen his sympathies with the whole brotherhood, devoted, like himself, to the extension of the boundaries of human knowledge and human faith.

In 1837 his course of study at Edinburgh University was interrupted by his removal to St. Petersburg, where his eldest brother was then settled, preparatory to his completing his medical curriculum at Berlin. Mitscherlich, the discoverer of the doctrine of isomorphism, and the able expounder of that of isomerism, as it then was and still is accepted, was the principal attraction to the Prussian capital; for already the initial conception of an isomerism far more extensive and profound had assumed definite form in his thoughts. At Berlin, however, and under Mitscherlich, he was never to be permitted to study. He was stricken down at St. Petersburg by typhus fever, followed by malignant dysentery; and, in the spring of the following year, returned to England with health greatly shattered, and with, there is too much reason to believe, the seeds of that disease implanted in his constitution which ultimately wore out his life. But the year 1839—that also of his graduation—brought to him a yet sterner and more searching initiation into the “worship of sorrow,” than even the personal assault of disease, in the death of his father, and that also of one with whom his life had long been very intimately associated. How these strokes looked to him in anticipation, is known in some degree from a letter to his father of this year’s date. And when the double bereavement was actually consummated, it brought for the time a very horror of darkness and desolation; which pressed the more severely on him, that, for most eyes, it was veiled beneath an exterior little changed from his wonted one. Everything was shaken within him—all faith for the time dethroned, life overshadowed, definite purpose and aim put aside. The bond between father and son had been one of peculiar tenderness, even for such a relation. One or two of the early, indeed the schoolboy, letters of the son to the father, have, since the death of the former, been found in the repositories of the

latter ; and the touching and beautiful tone of perfect confidence and free and full self-unveiling that characterizes them reveal, better than all directer words or description could have done, how closely these two were knit together.

The year thus peculiarly solemnized saw also such progress taken in his outward career as graduation constituted, for one to whom it was, in effect, little more than a form. Chemistry had now taken full, almost tyrannous, possession of him ; and while his Thesis, on chemical topics,* was one of the prize themes of the year, we well remember he was, what was rare indeed with his firm self-reliant nature, rather nervous about certain others of his examinations. He had already won for himself high standing, more, however, among his cotemporaries than, with one or two exceptions, among his teachers. His appearances at the various students' societies had, in particular, approved—to those perhaps best capable of forming a judgment—not only his general power, but the singularly flexible and catholic character of it ; and excited in the minds of men, least of all likely to be imposed on by mere show and appearance, because directly and personally interested in the detection of these, the highest hopes with regard to his future career. Already, too, was strongly pronounced the possession, in peculiar degree, of that open-minded and open-hearted receptivity of nature, which is one of the foremost essentials to the true discoverer ; and the courage which never shrunk from giving fair and calm consideration to the new, even though he might find himself alone in doing so. Mere novelty in itself had no overpowering attraction for him ; but his strong unfaltering faith in human progress, ever identified in his mind with God's on-leading, combined with his naturally buoyant and sanguine temperament, to urge him on in every direction toward the unexplored and unknown. And for every voice, howsoever low and half-articulate, that professed to bring tidings from that dim realm of undiscovered glories, he had a patient and attentive ear. There were words of his great master, Coleridge, which he often quoted, and the spirit embodied in which was as if part of his own deepest nature : "There are errors which no wise man will treat with derision, lest they should be the reflection of some great truth yet below the horizon."

The first specific step in his public career was taken in the winter of 1840-41, by the delivery of a course of lectures on the

* "Chemical Fragments—First, on the preparation, &c., of carburets ; second, on the coagulation of albumen." The latter section, which formed his contribution to the Academic Annual for that year, was chiefly devoted to the discussion of catalysis,—a subject in which he was greatly interested. The former may be regarded as his first public appearance in connexion with that work which was the after-devotion of his life ; for subsequent examination of these supposed carburets led him to append to his MS. the note, "They were siliciurets."

Philosophy of the Sciences, in association, as we have already intimated, with Edward Forbes. Differently constituted in many respects as were these two minds, they had yet much in common : deep enthusiasm, high appreciation of the aims and possibilities of science, generous ardour, and earnest, resolute devotion to their work. It would not have been easy to find at that time in Edinburgh, perhaps anywhere, two lecturers animated by the spirit and pervaded by the views of the younger school of inquirers, in every respect more competent to the function they had assumed. Each seemed specially endowed to complement the other ; to supply, not the deficiencies of the other, for each within his own sphere was complete, but that which the other left unattempted. One great object which the young aspirants proposed to themselves was, the rescuing popular scientific lecturing from the state of degradation in which they conceived it then to be, the elevating its whole tone and character, and the making it the means at once of broadly and accurately informing the intelligence, and of aiding the entire development of its audiences. They conceived it possible that it might be made an agency, not for the mere communication of information necessarily limited and superficial, but for training at least many to habits of comparatively precise and coherent thought. Those who remember what such lecturing almost universally then was,—to a great degree in the hands of ignorant and superficial pretenders,—its highest aim with regard to its auditors, apparently the whiling away an idle hour ; and little scrupling to degrade science, and truth itself, in every possible way, to them, instead of attempting to raise them to it—will not be disposed to pronounce the attempt uncalled for. That it failed, we are not prepared to say, for we know that the great intellectual crisis, the true genesis of mind and thought, in more than one life, dates from these lectures, and especially associates itself with Dr. Brown's share in them. Nay, we know not how much of influence may have been exercised by that bold attempt toward the now undoubtedly improved tone of popular lecturing in Edinburgh. But the lectures were appreciated rather than popular. They addressed themselves to, and found their answer from, only a comparatively limited portion of their comparatively limited audiences ; and while among those they established the more firmly the conviction, that each of the young lecturers was destined to great achievement, they failed of other and more sensible results. Had it been otherwise, and had other circumstances permitted, there was, we believe, the purpose that these courses should have been continued and expanded, others like-minded being associated with their originators. To this there was little or no encouragement ; and Edward Forbes now passed on upon his course of almost unshadowed

light too early quenched; while Samuel Brown, already in the firm clear purpose of his own heart committed to his, now fairly entered on it, relieved from all other distractions save those originated by his outward circumstances.

The whole category of these circumstances was not encouraging. It included what can hardly be called by a milder name than poverty; health by no means robust; and the daring, single-handed and alone, one of the most difficult and complicated problems that human intellect ever sought to solve. If to these are added the doubts and hardly concealed sneers of many a professed well-wisher, we shall be better able to appreciate the strength of resolution, and the firmness of faith in his own idea, which could induce a young man of twenty-four to forego all else he might have won, and to enter on a pursuit in which one thing was absolutely certain, and only one,—the toil and struggle through which alone success could be attained, if ever attained at all. We do not maintain the prudence of the step. We believe his life would have been a calmer, less arduous, more sensibly brilliant, and longer one, had he contented himself with successes that almost all pronounced within his easy reach. But the world is so little likely soon to want prudences enough of this kind, that one such imprudence may be forgiven, or at least visited with its lighter condemnation.

This is not the place to enter into any exposition of that scientific conception which was henceforth to be the single devotion of Dr. Brown's life, or any critical examination of the ground on which he claimed the probability of its subsistence in nature, and gave himself to the task of experimentally exhibiting that subsistence. Even were the subject not comparatively remote from the general reader, he himself were the only adequate expounder of his thought. Nor shall we make any attempt at presenting before the reader the development of it in his own mind. This only it is bare justice to him to say, that there was from the first such a conception, crude and germ-like in its beginnings compared to what it afterwards became; carefully and severely thought out, purged, and elaborated; every available light that Analogy could supply brought to bear on it; and everything rejected from it even as a hypothesis, that seemed irreconcilable with the known facts to which it stood related. He was not, as too many assumed, even among those who should have known him better, working and stumbling blindly on in the dark: he was labouring to reduce to the stern test of experiment a hypothesis adequate to reconstruct the whole science of atomics. And those who listened to the four critical lectures on that atomic theory, delivered in 1843,—perhaps the most intellectual audience ever addressed in Edinburgh,—will, we believe,

without one dissentient voice, bear testimony to the wonderful subtlety and reach of thought, and the severity of reasoning, and the mastery of the whole subject, then displayed. The germ of this hypothesis had been conceived several years before ; it had been gradually and systematically developed in his own mind amid all his other occupations ; his laboratory workings hitherto had, almost without an exception, had its practical elaboration and completion for their end ; and this now became the great scientific purpose of his life, to which all else was to be held subordinate.

We have referred to this subject more at large than some perhaps will approve of, for several reasons. We believe that much misapprehension exists with regard to his conduct in connexion with it, even in the minds of many who knew him well. By some he was considered as possessed by a mere fancy or crotchet of the hour ; to others he was a mere rash innovator and reckless speculator ; to others again he appeared the dupe of an unbridled imagination, rapt away to confound poetic fancy with scientific probability ; and to yet others a half-mad enthusiast, in blindness and ignorance striving to revive an exploded dream :—an alchymist, in short, attempting empirically to realize metallic transmutation. Could all be fully or adequately told, few would refuse to recognise in him the earnest and resolute inquirer as to whether established laws had not a deeper significance, and a more searching operation, than all that had as yet been unveiled. We claim the right to speak here, not from hearsay, not even from general impression, but from personal and intimate knowledge of the development of his thought from the very first ; and the right to testify that, whatever of rashness may subsequently lie to his charge, there was no rashness here. Patiently he wrought his first conception into form as complete as could be given it, till experiment should have shed its sharp clear light upon it ; and patiently and submissively accepted whatever modifications Nature herself suggested to him.

Then, unless tangible and complete success shall alone be held entitled to our consideration, there is surely much claiming respect and inviting imitation in the spectacle thus presented. It is that of a young man, barely twenty-four, before whom in general estimation lay brilliant and comparatively easy success wherever he might have chosen to turn ; who had just given proof of power admittedly unrivalled among his fellows as an expositor of the most subtle and difficult of all sciences—the science of Methodology : on whose behalf Hamilton and Jeffrey, Chalmers and Hare, Carlyle, Christison, and Forbes, with one consent testified as warmly as words could speak, that, turn where

he might, victory and fame were sure to him :—who of set purpose and clear anticipation chose the harder and not the easier way, and devoted himself to a work that imposed on him toils, privations, and loneliness, with success only a dim and far-off possibility. There are failures more honourable than many of the world's successes ; and Samuel Brown's, even if it shall ultimately have to be written down for the world as a failure, may surely in many respects rank among these.

It is not our purpose, nor is this the place, to enter into any detail of these laboratory labours, thenceforth carried on in great part alone, with a patience, resolution, and faith not often surpassed in the annals of scientific research, so long as strength remained to him. They were not now first begun : but they henceforth assumed system and form, as the self-chosen work of his life. In all his after removals from place to place—and these were numerous—the laboratory was first provided for and set up. It was generally, we might safely say always, as to its outward means and appliances, such as would have excited the wonder, pity, or scorn of a first or second year's chemistry student. But a temper buoyant and cheerful in its fearlessness, an inventive head and willing hand, and a strong unfaltering will, supplied many at least of these outward deficiencies.

The life led for several years at Rosebank, Portobello, was a sufficiently strange one, especially for one who had nothing of the hermit or of the ascete in his composition ; who was, on the other hand, both by natural taste and acquired habit, keenly alive to all the enjoyments of social intercourse, and all the refinements of social life. A two-storied, roughly built house, isolated within a bare and dreary-looking court ; the two largest and most eligible rooms devoted to the laboratory, which, however, was ever overflowing and encroaching elsewhere ; scantily and rudely furnished, if we except the larder, where the care of a sister had made large provision of the only fare the cookery of the establishment cared to deal with—tea, sugar, salt-fish, and ship-biscuit ; no servant or even occasional charwoman admitted ; the whole scene strongly and always pervaded by the prevalent chemical presence of the time, till the operator and his amateur assistants were poison-proof against prussic acid itself ; night full often turned into day, and sleep regulated less by the exigencies of nature, than conformably with the fascinations of some prolonged and elaborate process :—such were a few of the externals amid which the young enthusiast laboured to accomplish his self-assigned work. Not that they pressed heavily on him ; if ever there was desire that circumstances were more favourable, it was for his work's sake far more than for his own.

His sanguine temper and buoyant spirit grew and flourished under all this; found only food for mirth amid all such inconveniences and discomforts, so far as they were merely personal. These years might indeed be described, not perhaps as the happiest, still less the most blessed, but as the most joyous of his whole career. Hope was still—we do not say strong within him, for that it remained to the very last—but unchilled and unchecked by any great disappointment; he felt perfectly free to give himself wholly and unreservedly to his work, and that work seemed steadily prospering, above even his most sanguine hopes. Even the bitter disappointments that too often befel, when in a moment the thought and labour of days and nights proved abortive, though they fell for the time more crushingly on his peculiar temperament than they would have done upon one of calmer mood, had no power of prolonged discouragement for him. From these falls to the earth he soon sprang up with strength and hope renewed: and in failure itself sought and found guidance for further and more successful attempts.

While, however, thus concentrating his first regards upon his work, and devoting himself to it with an ardour and a courage there is little danger of our overstating, his whole nature was too active and energetic to be capable of resting in this one partial outgoing of its activities. Within that hermitage itself many an hour was given—hours not to be soon forgotten by any who shared them—to counsel serious and even solemn on every highest aspect and relation alike of nature and of man. Especially on some still and beautiful Sabbath evening, on the secluded country-roads near Duddingstone, or in the retirement of its woods, or in some quiet nook of Arthur's Seat itself, his whole soul would outpour itself in thoughts and words quick with power. He was no exception to the universal law, that in the deep of every nature capable of high aim or great achievement, will be found, if it be but looked for aright, under some phase of development or other, the religious sentiment. This sentiment was, at this time in particular, peculiarly impatient of formal embodiment or expression; the inadequacy of all such embodiments pressed heavily on him; and he had yet to learn, what after-experience especially of suffering taught him, that such inadequacy was but shared with the entire spiritual life of man; that creeds and churches were to religious faith and devotional sentiment, simply what words were to thought and emotion; the dim imperfect shadows more than the realities,—the suggestive symbols rather than the things themselves. It was this sense of inadequacy, more than any specific amount of actual divergence, that at this time barred him from identifying

himself with any one formal embodiment of Christianity; but none could have shared these quiet hours with him, without being at once made aware how habitually for him there lay at the base of all truth, all knowledge, all science, the one sure reality—God. Not a mere last abstraction and fundamental generalization of law, secluded within his, or rather its unbeginningness, from all direct concern or care for aught but the last link in the far-stretching chain; but in Nature the Creator for ever fulfilling His unresting and unhasting work; and for Man the Father, redeeming and restoring from the depths of His own infinite love;—"God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing to men their trespasses."

The circle of his friendships, too, had now been greatly extended, and included in it more than one name from among the greatest and best of the age: too many of these already passed away. Though almost wholly unknown in literature, and in science recognised chiefly as the secluded and resolute devotee, his conversational powers had enabled men like Jeffrey, Chalmers, Sir William Hamilton, and Carlyle, to identify in the young student the element common to them all, of power; they accepted him to the full as one of their own rare class—the thinkers; and regarded and received him as a valued friend. But perhaps none of all the intimates of this epoch of his life won from and gave to him a warmer and more affectionate regard than he to whom, nearly eight years ago, he rendered in our pages the last tribute of esteem and love—David Scott. Seldom, perhaps, were two natures at the surface more unlike; and to those who looked only at the surface, intimate relations between two such men would have seemed impossible, or at least unnatural. Yet there were some things in which they were wholly at one; each possessed by strong enthusiasm, steadfast purpose, definite aim of life, and resolute adherence through good and bad report thereto. The portrait of Samuel Brown by his friend is in some respects a unique production. It portrays the ideal of him by one who, after years of closest association and most confidential intercourse with him, on one occasion expressed his indignant surprise at his being impeached of the lightness and frivolity of—laughter! The artist had so seen the chemist through the medium of his own saddened and morbid spirit, that in all their communion he had never recognised the singularly genial and joyous nature that, in this respect in particular, stood in such direct opposition to his own.

The tenor of the life we have sketched was now to be broken in upon by what, in more senses than one, constituted the great

outward crisis of Dr. Brown's career. This whole passage of his life is one fraught with pain of almost every kind; and from nearly every quarter; it was burdened with sad recollections for himself to the end; and we shall content ourselves with rehearsing, as briefly and dispassionately as possible, the leading facts connected with it.

In the autumn of 1843, the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the resignation, followed soon after by the death, of Dr. Hope. Dr. Brown was spending a few days at Dunglass, a favourite seaside retreat of the family, when the intelligence was communicated to him, in letters that urged, in the strongest terms, his coming forward as a candidate for the chair. Though this had already been contemplated as a possibility, the advanced age of Professor Hope having for some time made his retirement probable, now that the decisive step must be promptly and finally taken, he hesitated long. On the one hand were the undoubted advantages accruing from success: independence; a position from which he might, with a certain authoritativeness, promulgate his scientific views, and indoctrinate with them some at least of the younger and emerging minds; and adequate time and peculiarly favourable circumstances for carrying on his own specific work. On the other hand, his researches, on the verification of the results of which he foresaw that the contest, if he entered on it, would unfailingly be made to turn, were not in such a state of completeness as he would have desired ere bringing them formally before the public. Unfortunately, they proved even further from this than he himself was aware. At last, however, he resolved to declare himself as a candidate. As he had from the first anticipated, his claims on all other grounds were at once ignored; and his right even to present himself as a competitor was made to rest on what he had achieved in that special sphere of research to which it was known he had devoted himself. We admit the rashness and precipitancy of much that followed; but let there be also recalled the deep repentance and the life-long atonement for what was surely an error of judgment at most, and one, too, into which he was almost driven by the pressure of circumstances entirely beyond his own control. Some time previously he had drawn up two memoirs, entitled, "Experiments on Chemical Isomerism for 1840-41," which were read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by his ever kind and generous friend, Professor Christison. In these memoirs, the isomerism of carbon and silicon was distinctly asserted, and certain formulæ were given for processes experimentally illustrative of it. These processes, however, were manifestly imperfect. They were complicated, and difficult of

performance; in more than one direction they lay open to suspicion of possible fallacy; and even in the event of silicon being obtained, they uttered no certain sound as to which out of several constituent elements might have been the source of it. The "Two Processes for Silicon," claiming to meet all these objections, and to present complete experimental proof of the transmutability of carbon into silicon, was hurriedly prepared and issued. It was his own firm belief, and that of one then working with him more cautious, perhaps, than he himself at that time was, that these processes could at will be repeated with the same apparent success as had frequently attended them.* This belief, however, was too soon shown to be a delusion. But before this, indeed before the publication of the Two Processes, the case had been already, by more than one name of weight in chemistry, prejudged against him. "If Dr. Brown," was the reported dictum of one of these, "has discovered a new force, I will admit the possibility of what he claims to have done, but not otherwise." Another, in a letter which was freely circulated, addressed to a leading member of the Town-Council, the patrons of the Chair, by clear implication denounced him as a charlatan and impostor, before even the pretence of testing his processes experimentally had been gone through. The so-called charlatan took what certainly had been a strange step in any one not fully conscious of his own integrity. After the publication of his Royal Society memoir, he had applied to several of the leading chemists of our country for permission to repeat in their presence the processes there detailed. One only accepted the proposal,—Professor Gregory, then of Aberdeen University; but before further arrangements could be completed, that gentleman was seized with severe and prolonged illness. These applications were now renewed, with special reference to the two processes, conditioned alone by the provision that, should he succeed in satisfying the referee or referees, they should give public attestation to his success. After several applications elsewhere, Dr. (now Sir Richard) Kane, then of Dublin, frankly and generously came forward. To Dublin, accordingly, Dr. Brown repaired in December 1843, still weak from the effects of a recent and somewhat alarming accident, but sanguine as to complete success. What there took place we do not fully know. Six weeks after, however, transpired the sad conclusion, that as to his prin-

* There now lie before us the original jottings and calculations of one of these experiments, performed entirely during Dr. Brown's absence from indisposition, in which the apparent silicon obtained corresponded to within less than four per cent. with the estimated carbon in the compound employed.

incipal object he had failed; had presented no results which the distinguished referee could recognise as establishing the position he had laid down. Meantime, at Edinburgh, a series of experiments had been simultaneously carrying on, under the careful superintendence of his early friend and fellow-graduate, Dr. George Wilson. The result of these, continued as long as the slightest hope of greater success remained, was hardly less unsatisfactory. They shewed, at most, an apparently anomalous appearance to a small extent, of silicon;* but entirely failed as to all direct proof of Dr. Brown's proposition—the isomerism of carbon and silicon. One course only now remained to him—to retire from the field; and this course he accordingly took. His claim had been staked, as he had foreseen it would be, on this one issue; though, from first to last, there were not wanting many, not prejudiced friends, but calm and clear judging men, who maintained his right to the position he had aimed at, on grounds irrespective of this; maintained that the whole character of his mind, the reach and grasp of his thought, his high-toned enthusiasm, and his faculty of clear, vigorous, and eloquent prelection, constituted qualifications of peculiar and paramount value for the Chair he had aspired to occupy. And it might well have been a somewhat startling phenomenon, in the eyes of those who regarded him, at best, as a wild enthusiast whose bubble had now burst, that very few, if any, of these men now changed in the slightest degree in their regards toward him; nay, that many of them henceforth gathered round him with a yet warmer and closer regard.

One of his then, and to the last most valued friends, in recording his estimate of the qualifications of the young candidate, had thus written to him:—"I know not, God only knows, whether, glorious as it (the Professorship of Chemistry) looks, it might be really useful to you in the heroic and sweet sense of use; whether I ought to wish it for you or not. But I do very heartily wish you may get the thing which, whether it look well or ill, may be of use to you. . . . Good hap to you, and good courage with whatever hap." Knowing from whence, in the last resort, issues all disposal of outward life and circumstance, we may well believe that this disappointment, with all its painful concomitants, came charged with purpose toward this highest use. But we

* There was, however, one exception. In one of the trials, the weight of the silica obtained was fully equal to what, according to Dr. Brown's hypothesis, should have been given. We refer to this, not putting it forward as in any sense conclusive on the question, but as indicating at least the possibility of Dr. Brown himself having been misled, by his having obtained similar results, into assuming these processes to be comparatively easy of performance, and certain of similar success.

are not left to such mere generalities on the subject. By the clear unequivocal light of the after life, we are entitled to say, that this purpose went on fulfilling in him. The chastisement was grievous; less the disappointment of the hope he had entertained of attaining a position so honourable, than the sense that he had failed—failed in great part through his own precipitancy, and stood forth for the time as a mark for suspicion and distrust; and most of all, the discovery from the character of his failure that his cherished work was farther from completion than he had deemed. But all was most assuredly not in vain as regards higher aims and ends than mere external position. And taking this sorrow in connexion with that long and terrible discipline of personal suffering on which he was ere long to enter, those who knew him most closely best can testify how his whole nature was chastened, purified, and elevated thereby; how heart and soul entered more and more into the rest of childlike faith and trust. We can hardly help esteeming, that there may have been much cause for regret, on behalf of science and of man, that this postponement of his long-cherished hope ensued; but those to whom the man himself was more than all his work of this kind, have abundant reason, with special reference to this disappointment, to bow before a wiser than all human wisdom, a holier than all human love.

Henceforth, his name was no more heard in connection with chemical inquiry; at least it was never again by himself, or conformably with his own wish, obtruded before the public in such connection. So complete was his silence on this point that, save with one or two of his most intimate friends, the general impression was that he had wholly abandoned his quest; that either he was satisfied all was a delusion, or had given up the task of the practical elucidation of the problem as beyond his powers. The truth, however, was far otherwise. This was the self-chosen burden of his scientific life, and patiently and manfully he bore it to the end. The precipitance and the failure of 1843 taught him many lessons; but discouragement was not among these, nor doubt either as to the truth he was aiming at, or as to his own power, with but adequate opportunity, to master to the full the practical elucidation of it. From this time onward, till failing health and strength compelled his abandonment of the quest, his laboratory labours were continued more strenuously and vigorously than ever. Even during the earlier stages of his long and wasting illness, they were still carried on whenever the least relief was afforded him, until imperative orders were laid on him by his medical attendants that they must be laid aside; and there is

too much reason now to apprehend that they at least tended to make his disease incurable. More than ever, too, he now bore in every sense the burden of them all alone. With less of external help, less of direct and conscious sympathy, and more precise and emphatic declaration from Nature herself, as to the full measure of the struggle he must sustain ere he should wrest her secret from her, he stood to his post without a thought of faltering. We might enlarge on this subject much more fully, were it necessary on the one hand, or desirable on the other. Necessary as toward those who really knew him, especially after disappointment and sorrow had begun to work their healing and elevating work upon him, and who, we are sure, will readily accept the simple statement, that so perseveringly and courageously he wrought on. Or desirable for their behoof, who from the first looked on him at best as the self-willed follower of an idle and baseless fancy: and for whom the statement that he followed it on to the last would but mark him the persistent victim of a wild delusion. One word only we would add for the present: if the spirit of the worker deserves our regard at all; if we are not to restrict our estimate of human worth by the mere amount of apparent and tangible success,—surely each in his own sphere may hear this life saying to us, “Go thou and do likewise.”

The following lines, found among Dr. Brown's unpublished papers will, we are sure, interest all our readers, even apart from their poetic force and beauty, as expressing far better than any words of ours, alike the general character of these labours, and the spirit in which they were carried on. They are a simple, unexaggerated picture of the reality:—

“MY LABORATORY.

“It has been my shifting tent,
Here to-day, to-morrow there,
Where my impassioned life is spent
Still in burning hope and prayer.
Here I've ate my daily bread,
Studied, writ down all conceptions,
Fast that hurried through this head,
Aching, giving them receptions.
Like a rigid judge severe;
Trying this one in the roar
Of the furnace fierce, austere;
That one fondly watching o'er,
Fired in golden crucible,
Hung in milder spirit-flame,
Seeking all deducible
Truth may glow within the same;

And another realizing
By cunning wooing flattery,
Teasing, ceaseless, tantalizing,
Of still galvanic battery ;
Then I've laid me down and slept,
Ay ! and often too have wept,
All within my shifting tent.
Study, rest-room, place of toil,
Temple too, where I have lent
All my days to noble toil ;—
Shifting, homeless, blessed tent,
Here to-day, to-morrow there,
Where my impassioned life is spent
Still in burning hope and prayer."

Amid all these silent and almost secret workings, however, he found time both for occasional contributions to literature, and for cultivation of those close and intimate personal relations and friendships for which few men have been more variously and singularly gifted. The two thoughtful, penetrative, and eloquent "Lay Sermons on the Theory of Christianity," belong to an earlier epoch in his life. Even by those who most dissent from the daring of their thought, and the freedom of their criticism, they will, we are sure, be read with more than interest, as embodying the earnest attempt of a young and resolute mind to solve the fundamental problem of the age,—the true relations of Christianity to the entire nature and being of man. In 1850 appeared the "Tragedy of Galileo;" written, as the preface intimated, during a temporary exclusion from other work ; and, therefore, perhaps not to be severely criticised, had not the writer always maintained that nothing should ever be given to the public for and with regard to which the author had not done his best. While it contains passages of great power and beauty, as a whole, we cannot but regard it as unequal and unsatisfactory ; and we cannot but recall, in contrast to it, conversations with its writer on the character and doom of the great astronomer, that embodied what seemed to us a juster, as well as a more dramatic conception of him.

To periodical contribution, especially latterly, Dr. Brown entertained grave and strong objections ; partly as almost inevitably betraying into the dissipation of thought and power ; and partly from the still more inevitable restriction imposed on the writer through the exigencies of editors, themselves in their editorial capacity to greater or less degree under the restraints of party or sect. From this last cause, in particular, more than

one of his own papers had very severely suffered;* and this had originated very great disinclination toward a form of publication where thought and expression were thus extraneously fettered. Yet to nearly all his contributions in this kind, as was at once his nature and principle, even more than his habit, with whatever he was engaged in, he gave himself thoroughly; they received from him all of thought, attention, and labour, he was capable of imparting or the subject under discussion of receiving. And it is not saying more of these essays than they deserve, to assert that, if the higher qualities of intellect, earnestness, and definite purpose are to be admitted at all into our estimate of such composition, some at least of his are entitled to take their place beside any that exist in our language. The varieties of topics embraced in these papers, remarkably illustrate at once the unusual flexibility of his mind, and the breadth of his interest in all that concerned humanity. They include sketches of Davy the chemist, and of Scott the painter; an able and profound exposition of the doctrine of the Christian Sabbath; perhaps the finest critique on George Herbert ever penned; papers on homœopathy and mesmerism; essays on the history of science generally, and on special developments of it; and others of which the mere titles would indicate a width at once of knowledge and of sympathy seldom surpassed. The last literary work on which he was engaged, and which he only lived to see in its perfect form, was in every sense a labour of love:—a sketch of his father, done at the instance of his long-widowed mother, and designed for private circulation. The latter fact debars us from lengthened allusion to it here; but we believe we are but recording the opinion of nearly all into whose hands it may have found its way, in pronouncing it one of the most perfect little gems of biography in the language.

We are not sure, however, but that one or two of the papers Dr. Brown has left behind him will secure to him a higher place as a philosophical and theosophical thinker, than all he gave to the world before his death. One in particular we would instance—an Essay on the Philosophy of Prayer—complete in itself, though designed by its author as a section of a great work schemed and arranged in his own mind, and into which would have been wrought much he had already written. This work, which he purposed to be the *magnum opus* of his literary life, was

* In the event of any republication of a selection from these papers, we earnestly trust it will be possible to restore them to the form in which they emanated from himself. We know that in the case of one of these articles, and that among the most elaborately studied and cared for of them all, his own feeling was, that the suppressions embraced much that to him was the very essential of the subject.

intended to embrace the entire mutual relation of God, Man, and Nature. Another of these great schemes laid down by him would, perhaps, have been even more generally attractive, had life and health been granted him for its completion. It was a poetic history of all the sciences; a series of sonnets, each embodying an era of development, as represented in a race, or by an individual. Of this noble design, however, only a fragment was accomplished; indeed, he himself has recorded, on commencing the work, his impression that he would not live to realize the plan. In illustration of the method proposed, as well as of his fitness for the task, we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers three of these sonnets, for which we are sure they will thank us. The first is from the "Overture," or introduction to the entire series, and is selected, not as the finest among the nine composing it, but as almost the only one that will fully bear isolation. The other two are from the Astronomical Series, the only section completed.

"Long have I studied Nature, as thou know'st;
 First as my queenly mistress, and supreme;
 Then as my beauteous foe, although a dream;
 Now as my equal sister, and my boast.
 My sister now, my all-confiding host,
 Her various self my various entertainment,
 But doomed, they say, to shrivel and be lost;—
 A thing beyond the eye of ascertainment,
 And therefore all-unwelcome to my soul.
 She may be younger; for my first-born Brother,
 My Joint-heir, said, who ne'er traduced another,
 'I AM BEFORE THE WORLDS BEGAN TO ROLL!'
 O Jesus, keep my trembling faith above!
 My sister almost hurts me with her love."

The condensation of thought and concentration of expression in the following are not surpassed in anything of the kind we know in the English language:—

"THE PERSIAN."

"Drunk with the wine of life, and blind with leaves
 He pluckt in Eden to adorn his head,
 The shepherd soon forgot his Lord, and said,
 '*I cannot see my God; the soul deceives.*'
 He staggered on amid the tawny sheaves;
 Grape-clusters ruddy, and sleek cattle bred
 Among the corn and wine, his senses fed
 Unto intoxication, not his soul.
 But night still came and came with cooling breath,
 And sighed, 'Look up, O red-eyed life-in-death!'

Prostrate and fond, he worshipt HER, and stole
A slave's quick glances at the glories spread
In sphere sublime above his spherul head.
Man first forgets, then doubts, then misbelieves."

More acceptable still, perhaps, to most readers, alike because of its subject, and the exquisite treatment of it, will be the following :—

"KEPLER.

"Teutonic Kepler! spurning dull control,
Pythagorean wild, harmonious soul!
To what strange conch didst thou apply thine ear,
And catch the music of the solar sphere?
Or was the sphere itself that mystic shell,
Brought hither from the ocean-shore divine,
Still crooning o'er its secret like a spell,
To other ears a hum, a song to thine?
Rapt in harmonic ratios, laws, and rhymes,
Thou couldst not watch the turns, nor keep the times
Of life prosaic, and therefore wert thou poor;
Thy bread uncertain, thine ambrosia sure :—
This low-lived world might lift her head again,
Could she but rear a race of such poor men."

As a public lecturer, Dr. Brown was ever warmly welcomed and highly estimated. He was not in the more ordinary sense of the word a popular lecturer, and would have shrunk from being so; for he never forgot that it is the sacred duty of the teacher, not to bring down his theme to the dead level of his audience, but so far as in him and in them lies to raise them to it. Hence no ordinary miscellaneous audience could fully appreciate him; and hence also those who craved in such scenes as the popular lecture-room the mere amusement of showy experiments, and brilliant but easy superficialities, were almost certainly disappointed in him. Still, even such mixed audiences never failed in some degree to be impressed and carried along by his own deep enthusiasm, and sympathetically to kindle to the sustained eloquence of the speaker. His was, however, the eloquence of thought, rather than of oratory; and this from choice and on principle, not from inability to achieve the latter; for, when he chose or his subject required it so, few could more powerfully electrify his auditors by outbursts of impassioned poetry. Undoubtedly, the most remarkable course he ever delivered was that one to which we have already referred, as delivered in 1843 before one of the most select and intellectual audiences that ever listened to so young an aspirant. . On this

occasion, knowing well whom he was to address, seeing around him Hamilton and Ferrier, Chalmers and Welsh, John Davy and John Goodsir, George Combe, and the most illustrious names in every sphere of knowledge Edinburgh then could boast, he felt wholly free and unrestrained to follow the bent of his own inclination; his style was purged, severe, and rigidly critical to the last degree; and he did that noble auditory the justice of esteeming truth more to them than ornament, and reasoning of more avail than oratory. In striking contrast to these appearances may be instanced one of his last of this kind in Edinburgh, itself on other accounts a memorable one. At the eleventh hour, without opportunity for preparation, and at a time when his disease had assumed a very serious aspect, he was requested to occupy before the Philosophical Institution the place of his friend Professor Nichol, who had been prevented by domestic affliction from coming forward to complete his engagement. He accepted the task at once; and from beginning to end held the assembled crowd enchained by eloquence rarely surpassed within that hall.

Still we believe it was in social intercourse with a large and very warmly attached circle of friends, and in his correspondence with these, that the whole character and powers of the man were most fully shown. Neither such appearances in literature as he made, nor public lecturing, was ever recognised by him as his true vocation; and while the spirit of the boy—the doing whatever he did heartily—actuated him in these as elsewhere, he never ceased there to feel restricted and constrained. It was otherwise in the private and intimate intercourse to which we have referred. There he felt perfectly free; and the sense of that freedom gave alike to his conversation and his letters a richness, buoyancy, and fluency, that forced the attention of all with whom he was brought thus into contact. His conversational powers, in particular, were more than remarkable. Years before this time they had fascinated one so peculiarly capable of estimating this form of manifestation as Lord Jeffrey; and equally they threw their spell over the matchless monologist, De Quincey.

That circle of friends and correspondents included more than one eminent as thinkers and doers in the cause of humanity. The mere mention of some of them indicates at once the flexibility of nature which could find something of correspondence for each of these so different minds, and the catholicity of spirit which could at once identify truth and goodness under forms of manifestation so varied and almost antagonistic. Such must have been among the peculiar characteristics of one

who could strongly attach to him at once Emerson and George Combe, Archdeacon Hare and Harriet Martineau, Margaret Fuller and De Quincey, Mrs. Crowe and Dobell, to say nothing of private friends as broadly distinguished from each other as the most so among these. Where the secret of this fascination lay, it were not easy to define. Most certainly it did not originate with the sacrifice by an iota of his own individuality; or the surrendering, even to appearance or for the time, of one article of his own firm faith. Whether in presence or by letter he was true to himself, faithful to his own convictions, prompt to maintain them, and to declare, wherever need called and against whatsoever antagonism, what to him was the true and right. He was in no sense a conformist. The spirit of his maternal grandmother was strong within him; and like her, and perhaps through her—for very dimly as yet can we apprehend this mystery of transmitted temperament and tendency—he had caught the “rare and ill-beloved trick” of thinking for himself, and of trusting his own thought, even though he might be alone in it. But with all this was combined not only respect for the true convictions of others, howsoever widely parted from his own, but also recognition of all these as forms, in some direction partial and obscure, of that truth whereof man’s utmost realizations on earth must be “the seeing as through a glass darkly.”

In the first rude approach to a laboratory which the boy-chemist occupied, there hung, roughly sketched by his own hand, what he had chosen as the presiding symbol of the place. It was the distinguishing symbol of Christianity, the cross, inscribed with the legend, “Perfect through suffering.” At that time, undoubtedly, the more immediate reference of this in his own thought was to the specific work to be there pursued. It was one way in which he sought to keep ever present to his mind his sure conviction that there, too, in that daring and ardent scientific quest, the path to victory lay through suffering; that trial and struggle, temptation and difficulty, disappointment and sorrow, intervened between him and the goal on which his aim was set. But the evolving and deepening experience of life soon began to give it a wider, a universal reference; and the early adoption of that cross and its legend became for him as an unconscious prophecy. In some form or other, to one extent or another, true for each one of the “many sons” led on and home at last by “the Captain of our salvation,” these words, describing the deepest and most sacred actuality of earthly life, seemed peculiarly and emphatically true for him. He who is of purer eyes than to behold evil saw his need of such a discipline, how blind

soever the partiality of human friends might be thereto; saw, too, his capability of sustaining it; and that more faithful than all human love did not withhold it. Suffering, in addition to those forms of it which may be held as included in "the common lot," had already come to him, in the shape of a great hope disappointed and postponed. The last long trial now drew near, which, with merely slight variations of intensity, was to be his portion for what remained to him of earthly life.

The year 1849 brought to him marriage, and the introduction to all the sweet and sacred lessons of that relation. It brought also the marked commencement—for it had been for some time hovering about him—of that long wasting illness which, after a seven years' course, closed the scene with death. Henceforth the life-story acquires a sad monotony; though that sadness is more than relieved by a calmer and purer light than ever shone forth from created sun. There were, indeed, intervals of comparative release—for the best was but comparative—in which he was still able to carry on his silent strenuous laboratory labours, and write and occasionally lecture also; but his private journal incidentally records, as a unique experience during those seven long years, one single night's unbroken sleep. Into the details of these sufferings we shall not enter; and the tale of how all wrought upon himself seems almost too sacred a one for the common ear. Suffice it to say, that they whose place it was most closely to watch beside him saw most fully month by month, and year by year, patience having its perfect work in him; submission, born "not of blood nor of the will of the flesh," more and more glorifying these latter years far above all intellectual achievement; and thoughtful care and tender consideration more and more knitting their hearts to him. Words addressed to him by a revered correspondent, "*Thy will be done, is better than health,*" with increasing power and truth expressed the deepest aspiration of his heart, and depicted the most growing and steadfast experience of his life. But not at once was this rest attained. This earth-mansion of our Father's house was very fair to him: fair with promise and prospect of honourable and worthy achievement; fair, perhaps, most of all, especially latterly, by reason of the tender sanctities and sweet influences and sacred duties of home. As if inch by inch he had to struggle on toward that peace of faith and trust and quiet submission; against natural temperament which made the mere feeling of life to him a joy unutterable; and against longings for life prolonged passionate beyond what most men know, less for its own than for his work's sake, and for their's whom he so tenderly loved. Martyrs have

gone hence from the scaffold and the stake, who might be less emphatically than he, were it but for these agonies and struggles of soul, numbered among those who have come out of great tribulation.

After various removals from place to place, in the hope that change of air might benefit him, he finally, in June 1856, left Haddington for Edinburgh, chiefly that he might be more regularly under the eye of his kind physician and friend, Professor Henderson. "A sweet spot to live in," was his remark on reaching the locality that had been selected for him; but immediately there followed, "and a sweet spot to die in." For a week or two there appeared decided amendment; then came a sudden and alarming crisis, during which for several days he seemed hovering between life and death. He again rallied, however, and with wonderful rapidity; though never to the re-attaining the point of strength from which this attack had brought him down. So it went on week after week: paroxysms of suffering unusually severe even for his case, and their sure consequent of failing strength and increased emaciation; followed in turn by rallyings to such a degree as seemed to justify the fondest hopes. He, too, refused to admit that hope was wholly over; and bravely and conscientiously struggled for life as a sacred trust committed to him. Yet continual intimations escaped him, that with all hope of life stood ever associated and inwoven the thought of death; and that hope itself stood more and more clearly revealed as ever pervaded by the now paramount temper of his mind—quiet and deep submission. With every interval of release from his severer suffering—intervals gradually becoming less frequent and more brief—his wonted cheerfulness and vivacity broke forth unshadowed, and his subtle and delicate humour played about everything as of old; only all was chastened and mellowed now as by the near presence of that solemnity of death and life, which was moving swiftly on to wrap him away from our eyes.

"Pray for me," was his parting request one evening, about a fortnight before the close; "often I can little command my own thoughts now; pray for me; not for cure or alleviation—these are mean things to ask from a Father in heaven—but that His perfect will may be accomplished in me." That will, in the unsearchable mystery of its holy love, now drew on toward its earthly consummation. With the beginning of September, a change unequivocally in the direction of death betrayed itself; and though there were still occasional rallyings to an almost startling extent, yet it was too manifest, on the whole, that the life was wearing fitfully away. Still it was only four days before

the end that the formal announcement was made that hope was over; and even then the anticipation was, that prolonged and fearful suffering still lay before him. That anticipation was, we may surely now say mercifully, disappointed. Till within the last few hours suffering always severe, often agonizing, clung to him. The last distinctly and fully conscious words he breathed were late on the closing evening, for her who was nearest to him of all, in allusion to his having just taken farewell of another friend,—“You know there is no farewell between *us*.” Then followed a brief but voiceless respite; and then, as the fair still dawn of the 20th September brightened into morning,

“His quiet eyelids closed : he had
Another morn than ours.”

We have already disclaimed all purpose of attempting here any lengthened analysis of the character, or critical examination of the writings, of Samuel Brown. The former may, to some extent, be found indicated in the course of the preceding sketch; and the latter could not be fairly or adequately done from any materials yet before the public. To two features only would we draw specific attention—the catholicity of his nature, and his persistence of purpose. The former of these qualities was in him true catholicity, not mere eclecticism; it was the outgoing of his whole nature, not of the intellect alone. It had very early begun to show itself; and it developed more and more to the end, when it presented itself in the guise of a Christian charity, patience, and forbearance, not often surpassed. Promptly to discern, and cordially to sympathize with the true and right whatever form it might assume, howsoever disguised and commingled,—to seek for and to see in all the good rather than the evil,—seemed, latterly in particular, to be as a second nature in him. Few indeed but might have felt their own dullness of eye and hardness of judgment rebuked before that clear, quick, effortless insight of his; and the decision with which he ever held and maintained his own realizations of truth, in no degree interfered with his warm and genial recognition of the aims and motives of those from whom he might widely differ. More than one of these, numbered among his intimate personal friends, recognised it as something new and strange in their experiences, to meet such perfect tolerance, combined with such decided antagonistic self-assertion. And in that legacy of precious remembrance which the long-drawn closing of the scene has bequeathed, one element of peculiar value will ever be the remembrance of how, month after month, we might mark him grow more and more into the mind of Him whose one only intolerance was for untruthfulness and hypocrisy.

In illustration of the second of these features of his character—his persistence of aim and tenacity of purpose—we have seen how he was still but a boy when a great scientific conception dawned upon him. We claim the right to call that a great conception, apart from all success in the experimental realization of it, which fascinated the regards and won the acceptance of a man like Sir William Hamilton; for be it remembered that the conception itself was a closely reasoned and critical abstraction, which came at least as fully and truly within the sphere of that subtle and searching thinker, as of the mere chemist or even physicist. If there was delusion in the hypothesis, the guiding and animating thought of his whole research, that delusion was at least so little patent, that never once did any, even among his opponents, attempt to indicate the fallacy in it. Toward the practical elaboration of this conception, and the elimination from it of whatever the light of experiment should indicate as imperfect in its details, he devoted himself once and for all. This was his *work*; all else he did or attempted to do was but incidental and occasional. He never faltered or drew back, amid all the toils it imposed on him, the discouragements he encountered in it; and only those who in any degree shared or witnessed these, know anything of their full extent. The deepest and most pervading element of his nature, the religious sentiment, gave from the first consecration to this work of his; his adoption of that symbol of the Cross in immediate and specific reference to it, with whatever else it was designed to express, was the natural expression of his feeling, that it was in the truest and strictest sense a sacred work. Beside this unfearing, unflinching, and persistent self-devotion, rooted in and animated by such a spirit, the mere question of the measure of success becomes to us, we confess, a secondary one. We dare not at least deem the life wasted or the aim abortive, that reads to us such a lesson; and if there has come to him, as we are prone to esteem prematurely, the night when no man can work,—while this may well solemnize our hearts with a sense of the mystery of His doings whose “way is in the sea, and His path in the mighty waters,” it cannot affect for us the remembrance, or take from us the lesson, of how he worked, while for him it was still called to-day.

And is all to be fruitless and abortive after all? Those long, silent, lonely labours—must they take their place as to all specific and definite fruits, with the “vanity of vanities, all is vanity,” into which the world-weary Preacher would resolve all human labour and life? Their aim was not to revolutionize but to reconstruct a science *ab initio*; and this after such a sort that few sciences would have escaped the influence, the onward impulsion, thereby communicated. So far as can be judged from

his own latest and firm belief, as well as from isolated memoranda, and references to results obtained, far more had been accomplished than had been prematurely claimed in 1843; and the distinct impression left, both from his own references to the subject, and from those which occur in his private journal, is that a few months more of health and strength would have enabled him to lay all formally and critically before the scientific world. According to present appearance this is all that can now be said; and in the realm of science he must be known as the thinker, worker, and seeker, rather than the discoverer. To some, we know, this intimation will be fraught with disappointment and bitter sorrow; these we would but remind, that with special reference to this, as with general reference to all that concerned him, he himself learned amid his long discipline of suffering to say, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

ART. IV.—*Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, 1854, 1855.* By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N., Illustrated by upwards of 300 Engravings from Sketches by the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1856, pp. 921.

THERE is no brighter page in the annals of civilisation than that which records the history of Arctic discovery. England may well be proud of the sacrifices she has made in such enterprises of danger, and may justly boast of the valuable results which, in the interests of science, she has achieved. While new and extensive regions have been explored, and added to the map of the world, and new forms of humanity studied in their subterraneous retreats, new depths of science have been sounded, and new laws developed, which promise to connect the physics of our globe with agencies, in daily operation, throughout the planetary system to which we belong. In these researches, which the philosophers of all countries have warmly appreciated, our friends in America have, in some respects, been our rivals as well as our associates. In the Antarctic zone, Commodore Wilkes carried the flag of the United States along its ice-bound continent; and under an impulse more noble even than the love of science or the ambition of discovery, a few American philanthropists have equipped two expeditions in search of the noble Captain and his devoted companions, who may yet be living prisoners within the crystal strongholds which they scaled.

An account of the last of these expeditions, under the command of Dr. Kane, has been recently published, and though, as in that which preceded it, its main object has not been accomplished, yet from the dangers which it braved, the scenes through which it passed, the events which befell it, and the additions which it has made to our knowledge of the nomadic tribes which it encountered, our readers cannot fail to be interested in a popular abstract of its more important details. Dr. Kane's work "is not," as he himself tells us, "a record of scientific investigations." His sole object has been "to connect together the passages of his Journal that could have interest for the general reader, and to publish them, as a narrative of the adventures of his party."

After the return of the first Grinnell expedition, under Lieutenant De Haven, to which Dr. Kane had been attached as surgeon, Lady Franklin is said to have urged him to undertake a new search for her husband. Having been led, like many others, both from theory and observation, to infer the existence of an open

polar sea communicating with Baffin's Bay, Dr. Kane readily consented, and "occupied himself for some months in maturing the scheme of a renewed effort, either to rescue the missing party, or at least to resolve the mystery of their fate." As sanguine in temperament as he was intrepid in spirit, "his mind never realized the complete catastrophe—the destruction of all Franklin's crews. He pictured them to himself broken into detachments, and his mind fixed itself on one little group of some thirty, who had found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and under the teaching of an Esquimaux, or perhaps one of their own Greenland whalers, had set bravely to work, and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal and walrus and whale. I think of them," he adds, "ever with hope. I sicken not to be able to reach them." Such a man was pre-eminently fitted for the task which he undertook, and the American Government, as well as the generous individuals, who were to furnish the means for equipping the expedition, gratefully accepted of his services.

Mr. Grinnell placed at Dr. Kane's disposal the *Advance*,—the ship in which he had previously sailed; and Mr. Peabody of London, "the generous representative of many American sympathies, proffered his aid largely towards her outfit." The Geographical Society of New York,—the Smithsonian Institution,—the American Philosophical Society, and a number of scientific associations and private friends, made valuable contributions to the expedition, and Dr. Kane was thus enabled "to secure a better outfit for purposes of observation, than would otherwise have been possible to a party so limited in numbers, and absorbed in other objects."

Although Mr. Kennedy, at the head of the naval department, gave a formal sanction to the expedition, and desired to have reports of its progress and results, yet the Government did nothing more than contribute *ten* out of the *eighteen* volunteers who embarked with Dr. Kane, the rest being "engaged by private liberality, at salaries entirely & disproportioned to their services." In an expedition thus constituted, the rules for the government of nautical ships were not enjoined; but regulations, well considered and announced beforehand, were agreed to by the crew, and rigorously adhered to through all the vicissitudes of the expedition. In these regulations there was no room for ambiguity, and neither a judge nor a jury were required to administer them. Absolute subordination to the officer in command, or his delegate—abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and the habitual disuse of profane language, constituted the brief code which bound, in fraternal unity, the heroic band that courted dangers more calamitous than those of war.

The "Advance," though built for carrying heavy castings from an iron-foundry, had been afterwards strengthened with much skill and at great expense. She was a good sailer, and easily managed, and had been thoroughly tried in many encounters with the Arctic ice. With five boats, one of them a metallic life-boat, the gift of Mr. Francis the maker—several carefully-built sledges, some of them on models furnished by the kindness of the British Admiralty,—the usual stores of provisions, woollen dresses, and a full supply of knives, needles, books, and instruments, the "Advance" left New York on the 30th May 1853, escorted by several noble steamers, and saluted by the cheers and adieus of all around them. 'In eighteen days Dr. Kane reached St. John's, Newfoundland, where Governor Hamilton presented him with a noble team of Newfoundland dogs, the essential instruments of Arctic research, and without which he could neither have reached his destination nor returned to his country.

After a run of twelve days, the expedition reached Fiskernaes in South Greenland on the 5th of July, and by means of special facilities from the Danish Government, they were supplied with abundance of fresh-dried cod fish, the staple commodity of the place. Mr. Lassen, the superintendent of the Danish company, entertained them as his guests, and "hospitably proffered them everything for their accommodation." Through his influence Dr. Kane obtained an Esquimaux hunter, of the name of Hans Christian, a boy of nineteen, who was peculiarly expert with the kayak and javelin, and who had previously exhibited his prowess by spearing a bird on the wing. This "fat and good-natured youth," who performs an important part in the history of the expedition, stipulated, in addition to his moderate wages, that a couple of barrels of bread and fifty-two pounds of pork should be left with his mother; and when presented with a rifle and a new kayak, his services were not only invaluable as a caterer of food for the dogs, but as a purveyor, on many trying occasions, for the table of the expedition. After half-a-year's service, when dangers had been encountered and overcome, and Arctic darkness brooded over the ship, poor Hans became homesick, took his rifle and bundled up his clothes, to bid good-bye to his friends, yearning for a meeting with one of the softer sex whom he had left behind at Fiskernaes. Dr. Kane, however, with his usual tact, cured his nostalgia with promotion and a dose of salts. Thus honoured and purged, the lover forgot his mistress, and strutted in official and corpulent dignity as the harnesser of Dr. Kane's dogs, the builder of his traps, and the companion of his ice travels. Like other swains, however, raised above the level of their birth, he forgot his humble Delia at Fiskernaes, and left

the expedition, in the hour of its adversity, in the wake of a prettier bride whom he had encountered in his excursions.

While beating out of the fiord of Fiskernaes, Dr. Kane visited Lichtenfels, the ancient seat of the Greenland congregation, and now one of the three Moravian settlements in South Greenland;* and after being baffled with calms for nine days, he reached Sukkertop, Sugar-loaf, a wild isolated peak, 3000 feet high, shielding at its base a little colony "occupying a rocky gorge, so narrow and broken that a stairway connects the detached groups of huts, and the tide, as it rises, converts a part of the ground plot into a temporary island." This picturesque settlement is the principal depot for rein-deer skins, so valuable, from their lightness and warmth, that they form the ordinary upper clothing of both sexes. The skins of the largest males, called *bennesoak*, are used as the sleeping bags in Arctic journeys, and those of the younger animals, called *nokkak*, are prized for children's clothing.

In navigating the Greenland coast in his whale-boat, Dr. Kane made many purchases of dogs from the natives at the different settlements, and having made up his full complement, he arrived at Upernavik, in North Greenland, on the 24th July. After an hospitable reception by Governor Flaischer, he stood to the westward, and endeavoured to double Melville Bay by an outside passage. On the 29th he entered the ice, and "having a besetment," he succeeded in "fastening to an iceberg;" but before they had time to breathe, they were startled with loud crackling sounds above them. Fragments of ice like walnuts fell into the sea, and they had hardly time to cast off from the iceberg before it "fell in ruins, crashing like near artillery." Driven to the shelter of a lower berg of gigantic size, it drifted with them like a moving breakwater, but in its wake of black water they got under weigh, and bored "in excellent style through the floes." In lat. 75° 27', a spectacle, gorgeous even in the excitement of danger, arrested their attention: The mid-night sun emerged from the norther crest of the great berg, "kindling various coloured fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around them one great resplendency of gem work, blazing carbuncles, and rubies, and molten gold."

After "crunching through all this jewellery," and cutting their way with the saw and the chisel, Dr. Kane successfully accomplished the passage of Melville Bay, a process not hitherto adopted, avoiding entanglements among the broken icefields, and attaching the ship to large icebergs, while the surface floes were pressing by them to the south. By the aid of a fortunate north-

* The other two are New Herrnhut and Friedrichsthal. All the other missions are Lutheran, and administered by a Government Board.

wester, which opened a passage through the pack, they reached the *North*, or *Cape York Water*, passed the crimson cliffs of Sir John Ross on the 5th—the spire of Gneiss at Hakluyt Point, 600 feet high, and sighted Capes Alexander and Isabella, the headlands of Smith's Sound, on the 6th August,—an array of cliffs, some of which are 800 feet high, “until now the Arctic Pillars of Hercules” frowned upon the ship passing through their gloomy shadows. Littleton Island and Cape Hatherton, “the latest of Captain Inglefield's positively determined headlands,” next presented themselves, and the expedition was now “fairly inside of Smith's Sound,” the scene of their future labours and disappointments.

As the expedition was too far to the south to enable Dr. Kane to carry out his plan of search by boats and sledges, he determined to force his way to the north, as far as the elements would allow him. In case of disaster, therefore, he resolved to secure a place of retreat, and with this view, he buried Francis's metallic boat, with a supply of beef, pork, and bread, at the north-east cape of Littleton Island, and he erected a beacon on its western cape, where he deposited official despatches, and their private letters of farewell.

In these operations, they found that they were not the first human beings who had found shelter in that desolate spot. Ruined walls indicated the seat of a rude settlement; and in digging the cavern for their stores, they found the mortal remains of its former inhabitants. These memorials of extinct life had to them a sad interest—the presage of a fate that might be their own. Without any mother-earth to cover their dead, the Esquimaux place them as sitting in the attitude of repose, with the knees drawn close to the body, and enclose them in a sack of skins. The implements of the living man are grouped around him. A rude cupola of stones covers the body, and a cairn piled above is the simple memorial, which generation after generation never venture to disturb.

After a hopeless conflict with the ice, the “Advance” escaped on the 8th August into “Refuge Harbour,” a beautiful cove, landlocked from east to west, and accessible only from the north. Among the miseries which here beset them, not the least was the condition and temper of their dogs, upon whose health and strength depended the progress and success of the expedition. Out of their pack of fifty, a majority had the character of “ravening wolves.” The difficulty of feeding them was perplexing. The rifles contributed little to the canine larder. Two bears lasted the cormorants only eight days. They would not touch corn-meal and beans, on which Captain Penny's dogs fed, and salt junk would have killed them. In this emergency fifty wal-

ruses made their appearance, but the rifle balls reverberated from their hides, and they could not get within harpoon distance of them. Luckily, however, a dead narwhal, or sea-unicorn, fourteen feet long, supplied them with six hundred pounds of "good fetid wholesome flesh." This difficulty of feeding the dogs occurred on several occasions. Even when food was not scarce, their voracity was so great, that an Esquimaux skull, a bear's paw, a basket of moss, or any specimen of natural history could not be left for a moment without their making a rush at it, and swallowing it at a gulp. On one occasion they even attempted a whole feather bed, and on another, one of them devoured two entire birds' nests—"feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss—a peckful at the least." When they reach a floe or temporary harbour, they start out in a body in search of food, unrestrained by voice or lash, and are sometimes traced with difficulty to some fetid carcass. Had these animals not been recovered, they would have doubtless relapsed into the savage state, like those on an island near the Holsteinberg Fiords, where such dogs hunt the deer in packs, and are habitually shot by the natives. Yet notwithstanding this tendency, they have, in Dr. Kane's opinion, a decided affection for the society of man. When a comfortable dog-house was made for them away from the ship, they could not be induced to sleep in it, preferring the bare snow, where they could couch within the sound of voices, to a warm kennel among the rocks. This choice of residence, we think, was probably made from another motive—a love of cheeses, birds' nests, and bears' paws, which were to be found only in the vicinity of man. When not well supplied with food, they were fed upon their dead brothers, boiled into a bloody soup, and dealt out to them twice a-day. The Esquimaux dogs are "ravenous of everything below the human grade," being taught from their earliest days to respect children. They never scruple, however, to devour their own pups; and on one occasion when there was a copious litter, Dr. Kane "refreshed the mother with a daily morning puppy," reserving for his own eating the two last of the family, who, he hoped, would then be tolerably milk fed!* So well, indeed, had Dr. Kane "educated" himself for the contingencies of Arctic travel, that on setting out in search of fresh food, his diet was a stock of meat biscuit, and "a few rats chopped up and frozen into the tallow balls."

Although hydrophobia was unknown north of 70°, yet something like it occurred in the latitude of 79°, in the mother of two healthy white pups. She had either avoided water, or drank it

* Although the dogs of the Esquimaux are their main reliance for the hunt, and for escaping to new camping grounds, yet they often devour their dogs. In March 1854, only four remained out of a team of thirty, which they had eaten.

"with spasm and aversion." At last, with her mouth frothing and tumid, she snapped at Petersen and Hans, and exhibited such manifest symptoms of insanity that it was found necessary to shoot her. Dr. Kane observed, that the darkness of the long winter nights had a fatal influence upon his dogs. A disease, which he considered clearly mental, affected to such a degree the mouse-coloured leaders of his Newfoundland team, that for a fortnight they were doctored and "nursed like babies." They ate and slept well, and were strong; but an epileptic attack was followed by true lunacy. They barked frenziedly at nothing, walked anxiously in curved lines, at one time in moody silence, at another starting off howling, as if pursued, and running up and down for hours. They generally died with symptoms resembling locked-jaw, in less than thirty-six hours. *Three* splendid Newfoundlanders, and *thirty-five* Esquimaux dogs thus perished, and only *six* of the whole pack survived. At a future time, one of Dr. Kane's best dogs was seized with a similar disease, and in the delirium which followed his seizure, "he ran into the water and drowned himself, like a seilor with the horrors."

Dr. Kane has recorded many interesting facts respecting the mode of using dogs, and the feats which they accomplish. Six make a powerful travelling team, and *four* could carry Dr. Kane with his instruments a short journey. The Esquimaux dog is generally driven by a single trace,—a long thin thong of seal or walrus hide, which passes from his chest over his haunches to the sledge. The team is always driven abreast, and the traces are consequently tangling and twisting themselves up incessantly as the terrified brutes bound right or left from their allotted places. The seven, nine, or fourteen lines get often so singularly knotted, that it is frequently necessary, especially in severe frost, to cut and re-attach them. In 1854, the entanglement was such that the leader of the party was obliged to patch up his mutilated dog-lines by appropriating an undue share of his seal-skin breeches.

Great proficiency is necessary in driving a dog equipage. The indispensable whip of seal-hide must be *eighteen feet* long, with a handle of only *sixteen* inches, and the driver must be able not only to hit any particular dog out of a team of twelve, but must accompany his stroke with a resounding crack, a result loudly signalized by a howl from the sufferer. If the lash gets entangled among the dogs or lines, or entwined round lumps of ice, the driver becomes the victim, and may congratulate himself if he is not dragged head over heels into the snow. One of the feats of a good team is to leap wide cracks and chasms in the ice, and on several occasions dogs and sledge have been precipitated into the water, or have tumbled into the bottom of a crevice

sixteen feet deep. When the chasm is about four feet wide and so alarms the dogs that they refuse to take the leap, the party bridge it over by chopping down the nearest large hummock of ice with their axes, and rolling the heaviest pieces they can move into the fissure. When these are well wedged in, and the interspaces filled up with smaller pieces of ice, a rough sort of bridge is formed, over which the dogs are coaxed to pass. A fissure of this kind, with water at the bottom, takes about an hour and a half to fill up and cross. When the ice is weak and rotten, the dogs instinctively begin to tremble, and if they have got unawares upon tender ice, they will turn, and by a safer circuit reach the shore. Sometimes they are brought to go on by changing the locality a little, calling them coaxingly by their name, and inducing them to advance, crawling on their bellies. On reaching the land ice from the floe, they sometimes encounter a wall eight or nine feet high. They are then obliged to unload, toss up the packages of provisions, and climb up with the aid of the sledge converted into a ladder. The dogs are then pulled up by the lines fastened to their bodies, and the sledge drawn up upon the ice. On one occasion, in a gale, the dogs were literally blown from their harness; the travellers fell on their faces to avoid being swept away, and then availed themselves of a lull to rally round them the affrighted animals. On good ice the sledges often travel six, eight, and even twelve miles an hour.

From Refuge Harbour, where we left the expedition in fifty-five fathoms of water, they were induced to start on the 13th August, lest the rapidly advancing cold should prevent them from penetrating farther. Confiding in the strength of their vessel they resolved to follow the coast line, enter the partial openings close upon the land, and warp along them from one lump of grounded ice to another. The coast itself consisting of metamorphic rock, rose into precipitous cliffs of basaltic greenstone, from eight to twelve hundred feet high. A permanent belt of ice from three to forty yards in width, and with a mean summer thickness of eighteen feet, ran along the base of three mural cliffs, and clung to them with such extreme tenacity as to resist all the thawing influences of summer. The seaward face of this prominent belt, unlike similar formations on the south, was worn by the tidal currents* into a gnarled mural escarpment, against which the floes broke with tremendous force, but its upper surface remained comparatively level, and fitted in many parts to be a highway to the north. Outside of this belt the drifting ice or pack was utterly impenetrable: bergs recently

* The mean rise and fall of the tide was twelve feet, and its velocity 2½ knots an hour.

discharged were driving backwards and forwards with the tides, compressing the ice of the floes and raising them into hills sixty or seventy feet high. In carrying out his plan of penetrating ice of this description, Dr. Kane encountered the usual dangers. After being thrown upon the rocks by a gale, the brig took shelter at an iceberg. The wind, however, died away, and the ice closed so steadily around them, that they lost all hope of escaping from their position, unless Providence sent a smart shattering breeze to open a passage to the northward.

A strong breeze from the south, freshening into a gale, sprung up on the 17th, and on the 20th rose to a perfect hurricane, the ice driving more wildly than Dr. Kane had ever seen it. The sharp twanging snap of a cord roused him from his bed. His six-inch hawser had parted, and the brig was swinging by the two others,—the gale roaring like a lion to the southward. A second report followed in half a minute, and by the shrillness of the ring he knew it was the whale line. Their ten-inch Manilla cable, however, still held on,—“its deep *Æolian* chant swelling through all the rattle of the running gear, and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun, and in the smoke that followed their recoil, they were dragged out by the wild ice at its mercy.” After steadying and getting a good bed in the rushing drift, the brig was allowed to scud under a reefed topsail. When close upon the piling masses, their heaviest anchor was dropped, in the desperate hope of winding the ship, but it was impossible to withstand the ice torrent that pursued them. They had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip, “and thus went their best bower!” Dr. Kane had seen such ice but once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upheaved mass rose above their gunwale, smashing the bulwarks, and depositing a half-ton lump of ice upon the deck. Through this wild adventure the stanch little brig bore herself as if she had a charmed life; but a group of icebergs now threatened her existence. Planting an anchor on the slope of a low berg, and holding on to it by a whale line, this noble tow-horse hauled them bravely on, “the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice, as if in scorn.” The group of bergs advanced, and though the channel narrowed to the breadth of the vessel, they passed clear, and found themselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead, thus mercifully delivered from a wretched death. From this shelter a floe drove them, and when carried by the gale to the end of the lead, they were again entangled in the ice. After breaking their jib-boom, and losing their barricade stanchions, they suffered a series of nippings of the most dangerous kind.

In one of these the brig was driven up the inclined face of an iceberg, "as if some great steam screw power had been forcing her into a dry dock." Dr. Kane expected to see her carried bodily up its face, and tumbled over on her side. The suspense of the crew was oppressive. She rose slowly, as if with convulsive efforts, along the sloping wall. Shock after shock from the accumulating blocks of ice jarred her to her very centre. She mounted steadily on her precarious cradle, and but for the groaning of her timbers, and the heavy sough of the floes, the dropping of a pin might have been heard. By one of those "mysterious relaxations," which Dr. Kane calls the pulses of the ice, the brig settled down again into her old position, and quietly took her place among the broken rubbish. During this fearful trial of thirty-six hours, the parting of the hawsers, the loss of their anchors, the crushing of their stoven bulwarks, and the deposit of ice upon their decks, would have tried the nerves of the most experienced icemen. Many narrow escapes were made by the men. One avoided being crushed by leaping upon a floating fragment, and four were carried down by the drift, and were recovered only when the gale was over.

From the 22d of August till the 26th, the ship advanced slowly; but the indications of winter, and the little progress which they were making, induced an excellent member of the party to suggest the idea of returning southward, and abandoning the attempt to winter. In a formal council assembled by Dr. Kane this idea was adopted by all but Mr. Brooks, the first officer of the ship. Dr. Kane, however, decided otherwise, and his comrades in the most gratifying manner yielded to his decision.

The warping had no sooner begun than the ship grounded under the walls of the ice-foot, and heeled over so abruptly that they were all tumbled out of their berths; the stove of the cabin, charged with burning anthracite, was thrown down; the deck blazed smartly for a while, but by the help of a pilot-cloth coat, the flames were choked till water was procured to extinguish them. After being grounded five times in three days, Dr. Kane resolved upon an expedition to discover a proper wintering spot from which they could start on their future travel, and enter at once on the search which they had undertaken. The command of the "*Advance*" was therefore given to Mr. Ohlsen, with orders to haul her into a safe berth; and on the 29th of August Dr. Kane started with a detachment of seven of his best hands, taking along with him a whale boat and a sledge, with the necessary outfit of clothing and provisions. After being out about twenty-four hours they were beset by pack-ice in front and on one side of them, while on the other the im-

practicable ice-belt, a wall of ten feet, rose above their heads. Their boat being now useless, they were obliged to leave it, and push forward in their sledge along this singular and untrodden path. This shelf of ice, clinging to the base of the rocks that overlooked the sea, was itself overhung with cliffs of magnesian limestone, above a thousand feet high; huge angular blocks of stone, tons in weight, were scattered over its surface; long tongues of worn-down rock now and then stretched across their path, and deep, steep-sided watercourses, across which they were obliged to wade and carry their sledge, greatly embarrassed them. Their night halts were upon knolls of snow under the rocks, and on one occasion the tide overflowed their tent, and forced them to save their buffalo sleeping gear by holding it up till the water subsided. The walls of limestone at length terminated, and they reached a low fiord, across which a glacier blocked up their way. A succession of terraces of limestone-shingle, rising symmetrically, lost themselves in the distance in long parallel lines, and in "a pasty silt," where these terraced faces abutted upon the sea, Dr. Kane found seven skeletons, and numerous skulls of the musk ox, which abound in the table land and ravines of the coast.

Our travellers experienced much difficulty in crossing the glacier which stopped them. Its steep sides terminated in the sea; but by using cords, and lying at full length upon the ice, they got safely over it. A passage of three miles brought them again to the seaboard, with its frowning cliffs and rock-covered icebelt. On the 5th September their progress was arrested by a large bay—forming a grand sheet of perfectly open water, the embouchure of a noble and tumultuous river, rolling with the violence of a snow torrent over a broken bed of rocks. This river, the largest yet known in North Greenland, is about three-quarters of a mile wide at its mouth, and admitting the tide for about three miles. It issues from a glacier in numerous streams, which unite into a single current about forty miles from its mouth.* After fording this river up to the middle, and advancing seven miles, they reached, in lat. $78^{\circ} 52'$, a large cape, now known as Cape Jefferson. Beyond this, sixteen miles, they came to the headland Cape Thackeray; and eight miles more brought them to Cape Hawkes, from which Dr. Kane mounted a headland eleven hundred feet high, and saw beyond the great glacier of Humboldt, and the land now called Washington, as far as 80° , with a solid sea of ice between. Having found no

* To this river Dr. Kane gave the name of *Mary Minturn*, the sister of Mrs. Henry Grinnell; a species of nomenclature which merits reprobation. What would we think of an astronomer who should give to a new planet the name of his nurse or his grandmother!

place for a winter harbour more appropriate than that in which the "Advance" lay, the party returned, and placed their little brig in Rensselaer harbour, "which they were fated never to leave together."

Near this harbour, now to be their winter home, there was a group of rocky islets, fringed with hummocks, on one of which, about a hundred yards from the ship, called *Fern Rock*, they established their observatory. They had here facilities for procuring water and daily exercise, and were sufficiently within the influence of the tides to give them a hope of liberation in the spring. As no previous expedition had wintered in so high a latitude, the probable excess of cold, and the longer prevalence of darkness, rendered it necessary to have a warm and well-ventilated house. The deck was therefore fitted up with boards, and caulked with oakum. The cooking, ice-melting, and washing arrangements were carefully attended to; and their domestic system was organized with special reference to cleanliness, recreation, and particularly fixed routine. On Sunday they had their morning and evening prayers, and, except on trying occasions, it was observed as a day of rest.

In order to facilitate their progress northward in winter and spring, it was necessary to deposit along the coast of Greenland depots of provisions, principally pemmican, before the darkness set in about the middle of October. A party of seven men left the brig on the 20th September; each had a buffalo robe to lie upon, a bag of Mackinaw blanket to crawl into at night, and an India-rubber cloth to defend him from the snow beneath. A sledge, thirteen feet long, carried the provisions, a light India-rubber boat, and a canvas tent. This "travelling gear" was more liberal than they could afterwards afford. It was found essential to the actual comfort of future parties, to reduce their "sledging outfit" till they reached the Esquimaux simplicity of *raw meat and a fur bag!*

Among the disasters of an Arctic winter, our travellers could hardly have anticipated a calamity which, at this time, befell three of their party. Having been greatly annoyed with rats, and failed in smoking them out by a compound of brimstone, arsenic, and burnt leather, they proceeded to destroy them with carbonic acid gas. Charcoal was therefore burnt, the hatches shut down, and every fissure closed. Ignorant of what was doing, or reckless of the consequences, Schubert, the French cook, went below to season a soup. Morton saw him staggering under the influence of the gas, and seizing him with great difficulty as he fell, he was himself unable to escape. They were both hauled up in the end, the cook wholly insensible, and Morton with his strength almost gone. Dr. Kane had given

orders to inspect the fires for generating the gas, but the accident to the cook had put the watch off his guard, and made him forget to open the hatches. Upon lowering a lantern, Dr. Kane observed that the light was instantly extinguished, and he felt the smell of burning wood. Upon descending he found all right about the fires; but upon returning, near the door of the bulk-head, the gas began to affect him. His lantern went out as if quenched with water, and as he ran past the bulk-head door, he saw the deck near it a mass of glowing fire, about three feet in diameter. He became insensible at the foot of the ladder, and would have sunk had not Mr. Brooks seen him and hauled him out. Having quickly recovered, he entrusted the fearful secret to the few men around him, shut the doors of the galley to confine the rest of the crew, and in less than ten minutes succeeded in extinguishing the fire by buckets of water handed by Brooks to Dr. Kane and Ohlsen, who rushed into the burning deck. The noxious gas at first greatly oppressed them, but the steam from the first bucketful of water that was dashed on the burning coal, gave them instant relief. The fire had arisen from a barrel of charcoal, but how it had been ignited they never discovered. The exclusion of atmospheric air, and the dense carbonic acid gas round the fire, saved the ship.

Anxious about the depot party, who had been absent twenty days, and whose stock of provisions must have been low, Dr. Kane, accompanied by Mr. Blake, set out on the 10th October with a sledge and four Newfoundlanders, laden with supplies. Repeated fissures in the broken-up ice interrupted their progress. The dogs began to flag. Three times the hinder ones tumbled into fissures; and the two travellers, who had trotted along the sledge for sixteen miles, were as tired as the dogs. They therefore made for the old ice to seaward; but just as they were nearing it, the dogs failed in leaping a chasm, and sledge, dogs, and men, tumbled into the water. The traces were cut, the dogs hauled out, and the sledge, floated by the air confined in the India rubber coverings of the cooking apparatus, was after many fruitless struggles carried forward by the dogs. After a journey of five days, in which they averaged twenty miles a day, and slept in the same tent with their dogs to keep them warm,—they saw afar off a dark object in the snow, which turned out to be their friends. Though they were upon the whole in good condition, every one of them had been injured by the cold; but though noses, fingers, and toes had suffered, the hot soup, coffee and beef, which their friends had brought, speedily restored them.

During this depot journey, the party discovered the remains of five Esquimaux huts, of a larger and better kind than they

had previously seen ; and they encountered the usual difficulties of crossing fissures, wading through broken ice, and surmounting bergs, and the usual hardships of cold, hunger, thirst, and want of sleep. At one time their sledge went down through the weak ice, at another, they were obliged to divide the load, and transport half of it at a time. Now, it had to be dug out of the drifted snow ; and then, with their stockings frozen to the soles of their feet, and their legs cramped, and their fingers pinched with cold, they could hardly draw it over the increasing obstructions of the way. On the evening of the 5th October they had encamped under the lee of some large icebergs, and within hearing of the grand artillery of the great glacier of Humboldt, which they had approached ten days before. The floe on which they had pitched their tent consisted of recent ice, and the party, who were too tired to seek a safer resting-place, had hardly gone to sleep, when, with a crack like that of a gigantic whip, the ice opened directly beneath them. Thus roused, in intense darkness and biting cold, they gathered together their tent and sleeping-furs, lashed them upon the sledge, and rushed from the rocking platform which bore them, amid the repeated intonations of the bursting ice. Selecting a flat piece of ice, they placed their sledge upon it, and, with the help of tent-poles and cooking-utensils, they paddled to the old and firm ice which clung to the bases of the nearest icebergs. On an island, bearing the name of M'Gary, the second officer of the expedition, the party buried 670 lbs. of pemmican, and 140 lbs. of Borden's meat biscuits, indicating the site by a cairn, thirty paces off.

In a winter of 140 sunless days, and threatening to be one of unusual severity, it became necessary to devise schemes for beguiling its "monotonous solitude." A fancy ball, and an Arctic newspaper, called "The Iceblink," with the motto, *IN TENEBRIS SERVARE FIDEM*, and a vignette, representing a ship in full sail between two black and sunless shores, were among their measures of occupation and amusement. The articles in the "Iceblink" were composed by authors of every "nautical grade," and some of the best from the forecabin.* A more healthful sport, in the form of a fox-chase, was invented by Dr. Kane. He offered a Guernsey shirt to the man who should make the longest run as "fox," performing a given circuit between galley and capstan, all hands pursuing him, and a halt being called to blow every four minutes. Each of the crew performed the part of "fox ;" but William Godfrey, who maintained the chase for fourteen minutes, carried off the prize. We have mentioned this little incident as one in the career of

* Dr. Kane tells us that he has transferred a few of them to his Appendix, but none of them have been given.

Godfrey, whom our readers will meet again in a very different character.

The last vestige of mid-day twilight had disappeared on the 15th December. They could hardly see print, or even paper, and the fingers could not be counted a foot from the eye. Noonday and midnight were alike, and a vague glimmer along the outline of the southern hills was the only indication that the universe had a sun. The influence of this long and intense darkness was depressing to the crew; and even the dogs, though born within the Arctic circle, were unable to withstand it. When Dr. Kane stumbled upon them in the dark they would put their cold noses upon his hand, and "commence the most exuberant antics of satisfaction." They howled at any accidental light, as if it reminded them of the moon; and since neither instinct nor sensation could give them any knowledge of the passing hour, or any explanation of the long-lost light, Dr. Kane believed that the strange disease, to which we have already referred, was a mental affection originating in darkness, and therefore benevolently resolved to let them see the lanterns more frequently.

In the observatory—which was an icthouse of the coldest description—neither fires, nor buffalo robes, nor investing sail-cloth could raise its temperature to the freezing-point, and there was no snow to surround it as a non-conductor. About the middle of January the cold became very intense. On the 17th it was -49° , and on the 20th from -64° to -67° , at the observatory. On the 5th February the thermometers stood at from -60° to -75° , and on the taffrail of the ship—a "reliable instrument," indicated -65° . The reduced mean of their best standard spirit thermometers was -67° , or 99° below the freezing-point of water. At such low temperatures chloric ether became solid, and chloroform was covered with a granular pellicle. Spirit of naphtha froze at -54° , oil of sassafras at -49° , and oil of wintergreen at -64° . The exposed or partially-clad parts of the body were invested with a wreath of vapour exhaled from the skin. The inspired air was pungent, though breathed with compressed lips; but the painful sensation mentioned by Siberian travellers was not experienced. Among the other productions of the intense cold, was the new condition of the "icefoot" or icebelt, which Dr. Kane describes as "the most wonderful and unique characteristic of their high northern position." When he formerly saw it, it was an investing zone of ice coping the margin of the floe; but the diurnal accumulations by tides thirteen feet high, and by severe frosts, had turned it into a bristling wall, nearly twenty-one feet high. Thus rising and falling daily, its fragments have been tossed in every possible direction, "rearing

up, in fantastic equilibrium, surging in long inclined planes, dipping into dark valleys, and piling into contorted hills, often high above the icefoot." When the day-light enabled them to see the result of these changes, they found the icebelt sixty-five feet in mean width, twenty-four feet in solid thickness; the second, or appended ice, thirty-eight feet, and the third, thirty-four feet wide—all these three ridges consisting of immense ice-tables, "serried like the granite blocks of a rampart, and investing the rocks with a triple circumvallation."

On the 21st of February the sun had returned. Dr. Kane started off to be first to enjoy the sight. On the summit of a projecting crag "he nestled" in his beams, as if "bathing in perfumed water." On the last day of February the sun gilded their deck, and the month of March brought them back perpetual day. The great object of the expedition now occupied Dr. Kane's attention, and preparations were made for their northern journey. An advance party set off on the 19th March to deposit a relief cargo of provisions at the distance of ten days' journey from the brig. They had been out ten days, and the cold had been so severe (averaging -27°), that their return was expected with some anxiety. On the 31st, towards midnight, the noise of steps was heard, and instantly Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen entered the cabin, swollen, haggard, and hardly able to speak. They had left four of their companions on the ice, lying frozen and disabled, in order to bring back the news. A heavy gale from the north had broken upon the party, and the snow was drifting heavily around them. Tom Hickey, an Irishman, generously remained to feed and attend them. In this emergency Dr. Kane saw that every moment was precious, and, with his usual energy, set off with a relief party of nine, taking with him the almost dying Ohlsen, as the only person who could guide them to the locality of the sufferers. He was sewed up in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog skins, and strapped on a small sledge, which they dragged after them. As soon as they began to move, Ohlsen, who had been fifty hours without rest, fell asleep, and awoke with unequivocal symptoms of mental alienation. He had lost the bearing of the icebergs, and there was no longer any hope of local landmarks. The sledge was therefore abandoned, and the party dispersed in search of footprints. The fear of separation, however, brought them back into groups, and whether from shattered nerves, or the action of the cold, the men were singularly affected. Two of the strongest were seized with trembling fits and short breath, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Having been nearly eighteen hours without food or water, the appearance of a sledge track raised their hopes. Footprints at last appeared, and brought them in

view of a small American flag fluttering on a hummock: it marked the camp of their disabled companions. Dr. Kane crawled into the tent almost covered with snow, and "coming upon the darkness heard the burst of welcome gladness from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs." . . . "They had expected me: they were sure I would come."

The thermometer stood at 75° below the freezing point. They were now fifteen souls, and with a tent which could hold only eight, one half kept themselves from freezing by walking outside, while the other half slept within. After each had got two hours' sleep, they prepared for a journey of fifty hours. The sick were carefully sewed up in rein-deer skins, and placed in a half-reclining posture, on a bed of doubled-up buffalo bags. Thus embaled among skins and blankets, they were lashed to the sledge by frost-bitten fingers, and, repeating a brief prayer, the party set out on their retreat. Notwithstanding its weight of 1100 lbs., and the rough paths it had to traverse, the sledge performed its part well, and the men dragged it nobly along, till they were within nine miles of the tent which they had left the day before. At this time they were all suddenly seized with an alarming failure of their energies. Two of the stoutest begged permission to sleep; another was nearly stiff under a drift; a third stood bolt upright, with his eyes closed, and hardly able to articulate; a fourth threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. None of them complained of cold. It was in vain that Dr. Kane "wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded." It became necessary to halt. The tent was pitched: their hands could not strike a fire. Their whisky had frozen beneath all the men's coverings, and they were obliged to dispense with food or water. In this emergency the sick, and as many as it would hold, were crammed into the tent, and Dr. Kane, with William Godfrey, who volunteered to accompany him, set off to the half-way tent to thaw some ice and pemmican before the rest arrived on foot. They kept themselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; but neither of them was in his right senses, though they both remembered seeing a bear treating very unceremoniously their tent, and what it contained. On reaching it, they found their buffalo robes and pemmican in the snow; crept into their rein-deer sleeping-bags without speaking, and had an intense sleep of three hours. When Dr. Kane awoke, a mass of his beard was frozen to the buffalo skin, and Godfrey was obliged to cut him out with his jack-knife. The rest of the party having arrived, and received such refreshments as could be given, they again set out on their dreary journey. Their strength again failed them. Obligated to eat snow, their

mouths swelled, and were unable to articulate. An involuntary sleep again overtook them; they fell half sleeping on the snow. Dr. Kane made Riley wake him at the end of every three minutes, and he felt such benefit from the experiment that he timed the men in the same way. Seated on the runners of the sledge they fell asleep instantly, and were forced awake when the three minutes were expired. Invigorated by brandy, served out in table-spoonfulls, and dragging the wounded men instinctively behind them, they reached the ship in a state of debility and delirium. A generous diet, however, morphine, and friction restored several of the party. One was afflicted with blindness; two others had part of their feet amputated; and two valuable lives, those of Jefferson Baker and Peter Schubert, were sacrificed in this disastrous journey; the one from locked-jaw, and the other from erysipelas round his amputated stump.

On the 7th of April, when they were watching the death-bed of Baker, a large party of Esquimaux, with fifty-six fine dogs, visited the ship. They carried knives in their boots; but having left their lances lashed to the sledges, it was obvious that they came with pacific intentions. Dr. Kane treated them with hospitality, and kept them all night on board, eating and sleeping, and sleeping and eating, till they were satisfied. With needles, and beads, and cask staves, Dr. Kane purchased their spare walrus meat, and four of their best dogs. After they had left the ship, axes, saws, and knives were missed. They had even broken into the storehouse at Butler Island, and one of the most venerable of the party contrived to cut to pieces the India-rubber boat, and carry off every particle of the wood.

The month of April being about to close, Dr. Kane made preparations for the "crowning expedition of the campaign,"—to follow the icebelt to the great glacier of Humboldt,—to attain the Ultima Thule of the Greenland shore, and search "round the farthest circle of the ice for an outlet to the mysterious channels beyond." An advance party under M'Gary set out on the 25th April, with a few stores; and on the 27th, Dr. Kane and Godfrey followed, and overtook them. With some difficulty they nearly reached the foot of the great Humboldt glacier, but unexpected calamities here befell them. The winter's scurvy reappeared. The fatigue of working through an excessive snow deposit brought on dropsical swellings. Snow-blindness attacked three of the party, and other two were pronounced unfit for service. The bears had lifted the strong blocks which covered their pemmican, and broke into chips the iron casks which contained it, as well as the cask which contained their alcohol. To crown these disasters, Dr. Kane was attacked with a combination of

scurvy and typhoid fever, which threatened his life, and compelled him to return.

As soon as Dr. Kane was able, he matured an expedition across Smith's Straits to the north and east of the Cape Sabine of Captain Inglefield. Dr. Hayes and William Godfrey accordingly set off on the 20th May, with a good sledge, and the dogs in excellent condition, to fix the position of the Cape, and connect it with the newly-discovered coast line to the north and east. After encountering the usual hardships, they crossed the Sound, but had great difficulty in reaching the land. Dr. Hayes was attacked with snow-blindness on the 22d. Seven days' provisions out of ten were exhausted. The harness lines of the dogs were continually breaking, and to replace them they had to resort to strips cut from the waistbands and legs of their seal-skin pantaloons; and in addition to these calamities, Godfrey was seized with cramp. They surmounted, however, these difficulties, and added about two hundred miles of new coast line to the chart north of Cape Sabine. They returned on the 1st of June, after twelve days' absence, the dogs having travelled no less than 400 miles. When the food for the dogs was exhausted, Dr. Hayes cut a pair of old Esquimaux boots into strips, and mixing them with a little of the lard for his lamp, obtained for them a hearty meal.

Dr. Kane now proceeded to organize his main expedition,—“his last throw,”—about the success of which he was intensely anxious. Morton, with M'Gary and Bonsall, who were to conduct it, set out on the 4th of June, and they were joined on the 16th by Hans, with the dog-sledge. Messrs. M'Gary and Bonsall were to explore the eastern coast of Smith's Sound, and the great glacier which terminates it; and Morton was to examine the coast to the north of it, when joined by Hans. Upon arriving at the final cache, where provisions had been deposited, and on which Dr. Kane had relied so much, M'Gary and Bonsall found that the bears had appropriated them all, devouring the flag even to the staff, and tying up into hard knots the India-rubber cloth which they were unable to masticate. They found the bear tracks numerous and recent; and one night when asleep in their tent, they were suddenly surprised by a visit from a bear. M'Gary, awakened by the scratching of snow near his head, aroused his friends; but there was not a gun within reach. Walking leisurely round the tent, the bear at last thrust his head inside, and though assailed with burning matches, he refused to withdraw. M'Gary rushed out through a hole which he cut in the tent, struck him on the nose with a boat-hook, and got hold of a rifle, with which he was shot. With blistered faces, and half blind with the snow, the party reached the great glacier

on the 16th of June; but though provided with apparatus, they found it impossible to scale this stupendous mass. Icebergs, and berg ice and hummocks, prevented their approach to it, and they could only examine it from an island which was about 250 feet high,—as high as the perpendicular face of the glacier. From this point of view a sheet of ice, about twenty or thirty feet thick, seems to have covered the land in a succession of ridges and knolls. Above its vertical face it is split into parallel cracks and corresponding indentations, forming a series of steps sometimes horizontal, but generally following the inclinations of the ground, and extending back to where the glacier becomes almost level, having only an ascent of a few feet in the mile, until it attains an apparent altitude of 600 or 700 feet. The descending motion of the general mass is indicated by deep muttered sounds, and crashes resembling distant cannon or sharp thunder. In descending, it pushes forward long flakes, till their weight overcomes the tenacity of the ice, and precipitates them to its base, from which they are forced forwards by succeeding masses, till reaching a depth of water sufficient to float them, they are carried off by currents into the sea. Having executed their commission, our travellers returned on the 18th June, and reached the brig on the 26th, M'Gary being entirely blind from the snow.

Morton, who had, according to his instructions, husbanded his strength while with M'Gary and Bonsall, left them on the 18th, and, along with Hans in the dog-sledge, travelled in a line parallel with the glacier, and at a distance from it of five or six miles. On the 21st they found themselves travelling on weak and rotten ice, and in the neighbourhood of open water, and on the same day they reached Cape Andrew Jackson, and saw at the same time Cape Barrow on the opposite shore of the Sound. Beyond the Cape a low country opened to them, and enabled them to travel at the rate of six miles an hour. The ice was here entirely broken up; the channel was navigable for vessels of any size, and everywhere they found flocks of geese, eider ducks, and doves. During their journey of fifty miles on the 22d, the opposite or western shore ran apparently in a straight line, interrupted only by two bays. The channel seemed to be about thirty-five miles wide, the coast high, and the mountains, in the form of a sugar-loaf, extending far back into the interior, and set together in ranges like piles of stacked cannon-balls.

After a sharp battle with a bear, who fought nobly, but in vain, with her cub in her arms, and finding the runner of an Esquimaux sledge, skilfully worked in whalebone, they tried to reach a cape which they had seen the day before, having on the north side of it a bay, and an island opposite to it. This, however, he found to be impossible. Perpendicular cliffs, 2000 feet

high, rising from the sea, prevented him from advancing a single step; and he contented himself with ascending a knob 500 feet high, from which he saw an open sea, as far as he could discern. He could not imagine what became of the ice. He observed only narrow stripes, with open spaces of water between them, from ten to fifteen miles wide, and he concluded that the ice must either dissolve, or go to an open space in the north. The bay which he saw on the 23d, was called by Dr. Kane Lafayette's Bay. To the opposite island, which turned out to be two, he gave the names of Franklin and Crozier; and to the cape which terminated his view, he gave the name of Cape Constitution, situated in latitude $81^{\circ} 22'$. From the summit of the rocky knob he traced the opposite coast for about fifty miles, and he remarked in the farthest distance a peak, truncated at its top, like the cliffs of Magdalena Bay. It was bare at its summit, but striated vertically, with protruding ridges. Its height was estimated at between 2500 and 3000 feet. To this peak—the most distant northern land yet seen upon the globe—he gave the name of Parry, as “the great pioneer of Arctic travel.” The range of mountains with which this peak was connected, was considered by Mr. Morton to be much higher than any on the Greenland side of the bay. Dr. Kane has called them the Victoria and Albert Mountains, and to the country around them, he has given the name of Grinnell Land.

Thus terminated the northern search of the second Grinnell expedition. Mr. Morton returned on the 25th June, and reached the brig on the 5th of July. He found Dr. Kane deeply occupied with schemes of relief. The time was already past when travelling on the ice was considered practicable, and the party had neither fuel nor provisions for another Arctic winter. The dishonour of abandoning his vessel, and the difficulty of carrying along with him his sick and newly amputated men to Upernavik or Beechy Island, their only seats of refuge, induced him to remain at his post. He resolved, however, to examine the ice-field himself, and after a sixty miles' journey for this purpose, he was convinced of the impossibility of escaping in open boats at this season of the year. In this emergency he resolved to attempt a journey to Beechy Island, where he might find Sir Edward Belcher, or reach the stores of the “North Star” at Wolstenholme Islands, or meet some passing vessel, that might relieve them. His officers approved of the scheme, and on the 13th, along with five picked men, he set off in his boat, “The Forlorn Hope.” In this hazardous adventure they encountered a storm of unusual severity, and were repeatedly raised out of the water by nips from the accumulating ice. At Hakluyt Island they were obliged to rest and renew their stock of provisions,

and again spreading their canvas, they were arrested by the pack at the south point of Northumberland Island. They still persevered, however, but when they were within ten miles of Cape Parry, they encountered a solid mass of ice, stretching to the farthest horizon, and seeing no chance of accomplishing his object, Dr. Kane reluctantly gave orders for their return to the brig.

Upon reaching the brig on the 6th of August, and rejoining their shipmates, the repeated examination of the state of the ice became an interesting occupation. Hopes of liberating the ship and escaping southward were daily cherished and daily disappointed. Dr. Kane announced to his comrades his own resolution to remain another winter; but he at the same time offered to give permission to those who desired it to leave the vessel and hazard a journey to the south. Eight of the seventeen survivors resolved to remain, and the other eight, with Petersen and Godfrey at their head, supplied with one half of their stores and means of travelling, left the ship on the 28th of August. One of them, George Riley, returned in a few days, but the rest were not heard of for many weary months.

The preparations for a second winter now occupied Dr. Kane's attention. He resolved to imitate the Esquimaux in the form of their habitations, and in the peculiarities of their diet. A single apartment was "bulkheaded off amidships," as a dormitory and sitting-room for the entire party, and surrounded with an envelope of moss cut from the frozen cliffs. The deck was covered with a similar casing, and a small moss-lined tunnelled passage with curtains (the *tossut* of the Esquimaux) was constructed as an entrance from below. They burned lamps for heat, dressed in fox-skin clothing, and obtained their scanty supplies of food by means of regular hunting parties.

During Dr. Kane's attempted visit to Beechy Island, his shipmates had frequent intercourse with the Esquimaux, whose nearest winter settlement was about seventy-five miles by dog journey from the brig, but he himself had never seen them, till at the time of Petersen's departure, three of them appeared as if to examine their condition and resources. Though rather overbearing, Dr. Kane treated them kindly, but they repaid his liberality by stealing not only the copper lamp, boiler, and cooking basin which had been lent to them to cook their meal, but also one of his best dogs; and it was afterwards found that they had appropriated the buffalo robes and India-rubber cloth which had been left at the icefoot. Morton and Riley were despatched to Anatok in search of the thieves. They found the buffalo robes already tailored into kapetahs on the backs of the women, and upon searching the huts at Etah, they recovered the cook-

ing utensils, and many articles of greater or less value which had not been missed. The women were instantly stripped and tied, and after being laden with the stolen goods, and as much walrus beef from their own stores as would pay for their board, they were marched thirty miles to the brig. Within twenty-four hours from the time they left the brig with their plunder, they were prisoners in its hold, with a white man as their jailer. Myouk was despatched to their headman, Metek, with a message calling upon him to negotiate the ransom of the prisoners, who remained five long days sighing, and crying, and eating voraciously. Metek at last appeared with another chief Ootuniah, and bringing a sledge-load of knives, tin-cups, &c., pieces of wood and scraps of iron which their people had succeeded in purloining. A treaty of peace was proposed and agreed to. The Esquimaux pledged themselves to steal no more, to bring fresh meat, to sell or lend dogs, and to assist in hunting. The white men promised to visit the Esquimaux neither with death nor sorcery, to welcome them on shipboard, and to give them needles, pins, knives, awls, sewing thread, pieces of wood, and fat, in exchange for walrus and fresh meat. This treaty was never broken. A common interest united the parties: they visited each other, hunted together, and on many occasions were mutual benefactors. The departure of the white men was even mourned, and Dr. Kane tells us that he was satisfied of this when he heard from his brother John, who came to Etah with the Rescue Expedition, of his meeting with Myouk, Metek, and Ootuniah, and of the affectionate confidence with which the maimed and sick invited his professional aid as the representative of the elder "Docto Kayen."

The principal occupations of our travellers during the winter were those which were necessary to supply them with food, and the four last chapters of Dr. Kane's first volume are occupied principally with notices of the Esquimaux, accounts of bear and walrus hunts, and of the various disasters and sufferings which these occupations entailed. An event, however, of a higher interest occurred on the 7th of December; the news of five Esquimaux sledges, with teams of six dogs each, summoned Dr. Kane to the deck. They were the bearers of Petersen and Bonsall, two of the eight that had quitted the brig on the 28th of August. They had left the other five 200 miles off, without provisions, dispirited, and divided in their counsels. Supplies were immediately despatched to them by the Esquimaux escort, and little Myouk was left as a hostage to ensure the delivery of the packages. On the 12th December the cry of "Esquimaux again," roused Dr. Kane at three in the morning. Upon reaching the deck he saw a group of human figures in the hooded jumpers of

the natives; one of them grasped his hand; it was Dr. Hayes with the rest of his party. They had travelled 350 miles, and their last seventy miles from the bay near Etah was through hummocks at the appalling temperature of -50° . For more than two months they had subsisted on frozen seal and walrus meat. The Esquimaux had driven them at flying speed. Every hut welcomed them as they halted, and the women spontaneously dried and chafed their cold and exhausted guests.

In performing this act of humanity the Esquimaux had another object in view. Some of the foot-worn absentees, while resting at Kalutunah's tent, had appropriated certain fox-skins, boots, and sledges, which their condition seemed to require. The Esquimaux complained of the theft, and Dr. Kane, after a careful inquiry into the case, decided in their favour. He gave to each five needles, a file, and a stick of wood, and knives and other extras to Kalutunah and Shanghu, and after regaling them with a hearty supper, he returned the stolen goods, and tried to make them believe that his people did not steal, but *only took the articles to save their lives!* In imitation of this Arctic morality the natives, on their departure, carried off a few knives and forks, which they deemed as essential to their happiness as the fox-dresses were to the white men.

After an alarming fire on the 23d December, which had nearly destroyed the brig and everything it contained, and after a Christmas as merry as pork and beans could make it, Dr. Kane and Petersen set out next day on an expedition to the Esquimaux, to obtain food for themselves and the dogs, which had been dying in great numbers. The severe cold, after three days' exposure, baffled them in this attempt, and we have mentioned it only to record a remarkable optical phenomenon which they observed. Being desirous of obtaining a light when it was intensely dark, Dr. Kane directed Petersen to strike fire with a pocket pistol. Some delay taking place, Dr. Kane groped for the pistol himself, and in doing this touched Petersen's hand. "At that instant the pistol became distinctly visible! A pale bluish light, slightly tremulous, but not broken, covered the metallic parts of it, the barrel, lock, and trigger. The stock, too, was clearly discernible, as if by the reflected light, and to the amazement of both of us then, the thumb and two fingers with which Petersen was holding it, the creases, wrinkles, and circuit of the nails clearly defined upon the skin. The phosphorescence was not unlike the ineffectual fire of the glow-worm. As I took the pistol, my hand became illuminated also, and so did the powder-rubbed paper, when I raised it against the muzzle. Our fur clothing and the state of the atmosphere may refer this phenomenon plausibly to our electrical condition."

The winter of 1855 had now arrived in all its darkness and severity. Expeditions were sent out in different directions to procure food, but they were generally unsuccessful. Two rabbits, which yielded them a pint of raw blood, was all that they could obtain even in the first week of February. They had only one bottle of brandy left, and their store of pitch pine was so nearly exhausted, that they were obliged to use for fuel their tar-laid hemp hawsers. Disease, the offspring of cold, fatigue, and unwholesome food, added itself to their misfortunes, and towards the close of February "the sickness of a single additional man would have left them without fire." The returning sun, however, to them almost an object of worship, brought with it both food and resignation. A noble reindeer was the unexpected guest, but it furnished them only with one meal, having on the second day become uncatable from putrefaction.* In the second week of March Hans returned from the Esquimaux at Etah, with supplies of fresh walrus, but although it promised a few meals to the sick, it was but a temporary relief, which left them cheerless and despairing. They had consumed their last Mannilla hawsers, and had begun to burn the outside casing of their ship. Dr. Kane and Bonsall were now the only able men to perform the various duties of doctor, nurse, cook, scullion, and woodcutter.

In this emergency an event occurred of so serious a nature that if in one of its results it threatened evil to the expedition, in another it might have justly withdrawn from it that high protection which they daily sought. On Sunday, the 18th March, it is recorded in Dr. Kane's journal that he has on board "a couple of men (William Godfrey and John Blake) whose former history he would like to know—bad fellows both of them, but daring, energetic, and strong." He had reason to think that they contemplated a desertion and escape to the Esquimaux—an act doubtless of trivial delinquency, when we consider that these two men and six others were formerly allowed to withdraw with half the stores of the expedition, and that Dr. Kane took credit for receiving them back again, though an encumbrance to his party. Dr. Kane, however, viewed the act through the eyes of his imagination. He conjectured that the intention of the deserters was "to rob Hans of his sledge and dogs, and proceed southward." The men were watched, handcuffed, and after protestations of better behaviour, they returned to their duties.

* This change is very remarkable, at a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero. The Greenlanders consider extreme cold as favourable to putrefaction. The Esquimaux withdraw the viscera immediately after death, and fill the cavity with stones. Dr. Kane was told that the musk ox is sometimes tainted after five minutes' exposure to great cold.

An hour afterwards Godfrey escaped, and Blake remained true to his post.

Hans had now been many weeks absent, and Dr. Kane, anxious for his return, set out in search of him. Hans is found. Godfrey had urged him to drive off with him to the south, "and so to leave the expedition sledgeless;" but upon Hans's refusal, Godfrey consented to take a sledge-load of fresh meat to the brig! On the morning of the 2d April, Bonsall "reported a man about a mile from the brig, apparently lurking at the ice-foot." Dr. Kane and Bonsall went forward, and discovered their dog-sledge with a cargo of walrus meat, which was brought by Godfrey, and was "such a god-send" that Dr. Kane declares "one may forgive the man in consideration of the good which he had done them all." Godfrey advanced to meet Dr. Kane, and told him that he had resolved to spend the rest of his life with the Esquimaux, and that neither persuasion nor force would prevent him. After forcing him back to the gangway of the brig, by presenting a pistol, and leaving him under Bonsall's charge, Dr. Kane went on board for irons, but he had hardly reached the deck when Godfrey "turned to run." Bonsall discharged his pistol at him, which "failed at the cap." Dr. Kane "jumped at once to the gun-stand;" his first rifle went off in the act of cocking, and the second, aimed in haste at a long *but practicable* distance, missed the fugitive. "He made good his escape before we could lay hold of another weapon."

This attempt to take the life of William Godfrey, which no law, human or divine, can justify, was, fortunately for Dr. Kane, overruled. When, in a former Arctic expedition, its leader shot a ferocious Indian of his party, the world viewed it as an act of stern necessity and personal safety; but Godfrey was neither a madman nor an enemy. He approached the brig to intimate his resolution to live with the Esquimaux; and as if to claim a friendly acquiescence, he brought with him a load of food, without which his shipmates might have perished. Were we disposed to argue this question at the bar of our readers, we would say that the previous permission, which was offered and accepted, to withdraw with half the crew, had dissolved the original obligation; but no argument is required. Dr. Kane tells us, "that the daily work went on better in Godfrey's absence, and that the ship seemed better when purged by his desertion; but thinking the example disastrous, he resolved, cost what it might, to have him back." A month had nearly elapsed, when a report arose that Godfrey was at Etah with the Esquimaux; and the moment Dr. Kane heard it, he resolved "that he should return to the ship." He accordingly set off to Etah, caught him by a stratagem, and brought him "a prisoner to the brig." A pri-

soner, indeed ! Dr. Kane had been without food in his man-hunt of *eighty* miles ; and when the filth of the walrus steaks, offered him by an Esquimaux, "rendered it impossible for him to eat them," William Godfrey, who must then have been at large, administered to his wants by "bringing to him a handful of frozen liver-nuts." This "strong and healthy man," too, neither hand-cuffed, nor foot-cuffed, ran peaceably by his captor's chariot, and during the future toils and trials of the expedition, we find him placed in situations of trust, and performing all the duties of his place.

We have presented this singular story fully to our readers. It is pregnant with instruction ; and if it is not fitted to "adorn our tale," we may use it to "point a moral," touching a theme of duty which, however deeply engraven on the tables of Christianity, has not yet been apprehended by the Christian community. The chief of an expedition, apprehensive of inconvenience to his party from the desertion of an individual, demands the forfeit of his life. His rifles miss their victim, and the poor fugitive returns, the future benefactor and friend of his ship-mates ! Is not this the true type of what the Christian tolerates as defensive war ?—a type instructive in its individuality, and more instructive still in its results. A monarch, like an expedition chief, takes offence at an act of real or supposed aggression. He assumes that the safety of his throne demands retaliation. His armies march into the field, and his ships quit their moorings. His subjects become pirates ; and passion and self-interest, under the guise of patriotism, rush with their fiery cross into peaceful and happy communities, and hurry into eternity millions of souls unshriven, and unfit to die.

Is it not strange that the problem of settling without blood the quarrels of nations, is to be the last which human genius can solve ? That proud reason, which has conquered space, and explored the depths of earth and heaven,—has it declared the problem to be indeterminate ? The time is but brief since slavery and the duel were pronounced necessary and incurable. England has trampled both under foot ; and were Governments to offer a premium for the abolition of war, and Bishops, with spiritual gifts, to preach its necessity, and holy priests to urge it in their daily homilies, they would pluck from the penal settlements of another world the million brands who are the counsellors of war, and the tens of thousands who are its victims.

The last weeks of April 1854 were spent in hunting-parties in search of food, and in visits to the Esquimaux, whose manners and customs Dr. Kane had excellent opportunities of studying. Etah, their settlement, consists of two huts and four families, marked by two black spots upon a snow-drift inclined

about 45° to the horizon. Their habits are so filthy, that Dr. Kane cannot transfer to his pages the details which he observed. Previous to the arrival of the Lutheran and Moravian missionaries, murder, incest, infanticide, and the burial of the living, were not counted as crimes; but the labours of these good men have been so far successful, that almost all the Esquimaux are professed Christians, and the influence of sacred truth has been exhibited in a higher morality. Hospitality is universal, and the humble meal of the hunter is ever at the service of his guest. At a distance from missionary stations, the dark art is still practised by the Angekoks, the dispensers of good, and the Issiutok, or evil men, who deal in injurious spells and enchantments; and the traditionary superstitions of former times are still maintained. Justice is administered by the Angekoks, who summon the public to a court called an Imnapok, and when both parties have been heard, the question is decided.

After making preparations for their escape, converting the wood of the brig into sledges, and getting their boats ready, Dr. Kane conceived the idea of examining the shores beyond Kennedy Channel, accompanied by a party of Esquimaux. He had only four dogs, whereas the Esquimaux had thirty, sixteen of which were picketed on the ice near the brig. He accordingly set out on the 24th, with Kalutunah, Shanghu, and Tatterat, with their three sledges, accompanied by Hans and his Marston rifle. After making some progress, they were stopped by a number of bears, which dogs and drivers irresistibly pursued; but they reached the neighbourhood of the great glacier of Humboldt, which Dr. Kane examined from a high berg. He observed, and has given a drawing of, its escalated structure. The height of the ice-wall which abutted against the sea, was about 300 feet, and its frozen masses were similar in structure to the Alpine and Norwegian ice growths, indicating the motion and descent of a viscous mass, as maintained by Professor Forbes. To the Cape which flanks it on the south he gave the name of Agassiz, and to the Cape at its northern extremity that of Forbes. On the return of the party from what was more a series of bear-hunts than a journey of discovery, they landed at the lofty headland of Cape Kent, and visited in Dallas Bay a group of five Esquimaux huts, standing high upon a set of shingle-terraces. Bone-knives were found in the graves which were farther up the fiord, and also bones of the seal, walrus, and whale.

Although the time had arrived when the expedition ought to leave the brig and trust their fortune to the floes, yet Dr. Kane determined to make another attempt to visit the farther shores of the channel. Morton and he accordingly set out with the light sledge, and two borrowed dogs to their team. The course

that they prepared to take was by the middle ice, through which they struggled manfully to force their way. The only result, however, of the trip, was a series of observations, which served to verify and complete the charts. After days and nights of adventurous exposure and recurring disasters, they returned to the brig, Morton broken down, and Dr. Kane just adequate to the duty of superintending his final departure.

After laborious and very complete preparations for their escape, the details of which occupy a whole chapter, the party quitted the brig on the 20th May, with thirty-six days' provisions, for the sixteen men who composed it. The sick were obliged to rest at Anoatok, where they improved greatly in health, while Dr. Kane brought them supplies more than once from the brig. They were gradually brought down to the boats, as some of them got well enough to be useful. Although Dr. Kane had carried his collections of natural history to Anoatok, yet he was obliged to abandon them, as well as his library, and many valuable instruments, being able to preserve only the documents of the expedition.

In the first eight days, they had travelled only fifteen miles from the ship; and even when their difficulties had diminished, their real progress never exceeded seven and a half miles a day, though to accomplish this they had travelled a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. In their progress southward, they neared Littleton Island, where they lost acting-carpenter Ohlsen, whom they buried on the island opposite a cape which bears his name. From this stage of their journey till they reached open water, near Cape Alexander, they enjoyed the friendly assistance of the Etah Esquimaux, who brought them daily supplies of birds, assisted them in carrying their provisions and stores, and in the kindest manner, and with the most perfect honesty, ministered to all their necessities. The expedition parted with their friends on the 18th June, after having transported their boats over eighty-one miles of unbroken ice, and walked 316 miles in thirty-one days. The men, women, and children of Etah, had also travelled over the ice to bid them good-bye, and the parting on both sides was not without emotion. After a day's sail in open water, to a point ten miles north-west of Ilakluyt Island, they continued their journey by alternate movements over ice and water, a process so arduous, that from the 20th of June to the 6th of July they had advanced only 100 miles.

In their progress southward, they relied principally on their guns for food, sometimes suffering from the want of game, and sometimes copiously supplied with it. At Dalrymple Island, they found abundance of eggs of the eider duck; and when their

stock of provisions was nearly exhausted, at Cape Dudley Digges, they found the cliffs teeming with animal life. They therefore dried upon the rocks as much (about 200 lbs.) of the fowl which they found there, as served them during their transit of Melville Bay, till they reached Cape York on the 21st July. The coast which they had just passed seemed to Dr. Kane to have been a favourite residence of the natives—a sort of Esquimaux Eden. Wherever they encamped, they found ruins overgrown with lichens. In one of these, in lat. $76^{\circ} 20'$, which must have been an extensive village, cairns for holding their meat were arranged in long lines, six or eight to a group, and the huts, constructed with large rocks, faced each other as if disposed in a street.

As far north as Upernavik, Dr. Kane had observed proofs of the depression of the Greenland coast, and he considered it as going on here. Some of the huts were washed by the sea, or torn away by the ice that had descended with the tides. The turf, too, he remarks, a representative of very ancient growth, was cut off even with the water's edge, giving sections two feet thick, and indicating unmistakably the depression of this coast. He had observed its converse elevation to the north of Wolstenholme Sound; and he supposes that the axis of oscillation must be somewhere near the latitude of 77° .

After traversing Melville Bay, along the margin of the land ice, and following the open drift as the quickest though most hazardous course, they reached the north coast of Greenland, near Horse's Head, on the 3d of August, and following from thence the inside passage, they arrived at Upernavik on the 6th, eighty-three days after leaving the "Advance." The European news, of more than two years' growth, at once gratified and startled them. The details of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, the fate of Dr. Kane's gallant friend and comrade, M. Bellot, and the traces of the dead nearly a thousand miles south of where they were searching for them, had a peculiar interest. The intelligence of a steamer and a barque having passed up Baffin's Bay, a fortnight before, to search for themselves, was more affecting still; and when Dr. Kane heard of the Crimean War, "he thought it a sort of blunder that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church."

The Danish authorities at Upernavik received the expedition with their usual kindness. A loft was fitted up for their reception, and though personally inconvenient to themselves, owing to their own supplies coming to them annually, the Danes shared their stores with them in the most liberal manner. On the 6th

they left Upernavik, on board the Danish brig "*Marianne*," Captain Ammandsen, who promised to land them at the Shetland Isles on his way to Copenhagen, but having occasion to touch for a few days at Disco, they were met by the vessels under Captain Harstene,* that had been sent out to their rescue. "Presently," says Dr. Kane, "we were alongside. An officer, Captain Harstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt, — 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes!' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."

When Dr. Kane's friends had despaired of his return, the American Government equipped an expedition for rescuing, or affording relief to him, and with instructions to give every assistance in their power to Sir John Franklin, should they fall in with his party. The barque "*Release*," with a crew twenty-

* Captain Harstene has just left England, after delivering to the Queen, as a present from the American Government, the ship "*Resolute*," which they had purchased with this view from Captain Buddington.

This ship, which formed one of Sir Edward Belcher's Arctic squadron, was despatched in May 1853, in search of Sir John Franklin. Frozen among the icebergs in north lat. 77°, she was abandoned in May 1854 by her officers and crew, who were obliged to leave all their effects on board. After a rest of sixteen months in the ice, a thaw detached the portion of it in which she was imbedded, and at the mercy of the winds and waves she drifted 1200 miles from her winter home. Captain Buddington, the commander of an American whaler, found her in north lat. 66° 30', and west long. 64°, took possession of her, and remained on board till the ice began to soften, when he shaped his course to New London, Connecticut, where he arrived in December 1855. The ship was removed to New York, and purchased for 400,000 dollars by the Government, for the purpose of presenting her to the Queen of England.

When Captain Buddington entered the ship, there was not a living creature on board. "The ropes were as hard and inflexible as chains. The rigging was stiff, and crackled at the touch. The tanks in the hold had burst. The iron-work was rusted. The paint was discoloured with bilge-water, and the top-mast and top-gallant mast were shattered, but the hull was uninjured, and the ship was sound in every vital part. There were three or four feet of water in the hold, but she had not sprung a leak. The cordage was coiled in neat little circles on the deck, after the English fashion; and the sails were so stiffly frozen as to resemble sheets of tin. Several thousand pounds of gunpowder, somewhat deteriorated in quality, were found on board. Some of the scientific instruments were rusted, but others were in good condition.

"In order to restore the ship to the Queen in as complete a state as that in which she was abandoned, everything found on board has been carefully preserved,—the books in the captain's library, the pictures in his cabin, and musical instruments belonging to other officers. British flags were substituted for those which had rotted. The ship has been repainted from stem to stern; her sails and much of her rigging are entirely new; and her muskets, swords, telescopes, and nautical instruments, have been put in perfect order.

"When the Queen visited the ship on the 16th December, she saw the captain's cabin in the very state in which it was left, the logs of the different officers in their respective recesses in the book-shelves, and the very tea-kettle standing cold and silent on a fireless stove."

We trust our countrymen will appreciate the good feeling and the good taste of the American Government, in presenting this interesting gift to her Majesty.

five in number, and commanded by Lieutenant Harstene, and the steam-brig "Arctic," with a crew of twenty-two men, commanded by Lieutenant Simons, and having on board as assistant surgeon, a brother of Dr. Kane's, left New York early in June, and after a boisterous passage, and collisions with icebergs, they reached Disco Island on the 5th of July, and Upernavik on the 16th. At Cape Alexander, and Sutherland Island, they searched in vain for traces of their friends, but at Pelham Point Dr. J. Kane and a party found beneath a few stones a vial, with the letter K on the cork, and a rifle ball with "Dr. Kane 1853," scratched upon it. At Cape Hatherton, and Littleton Island, their search was unsuccessful; but after taking refuge at a projecting point fifteen miles north-west of Cape Alexander, they were startled by human voices, and were afterwards conducted by two Esquimaux to their settlement in a finely sheltered bay, where thirty of them were encamped in seven canvas tents. They found here abundance of articles that belonged to Dr. Kane, and learned that he and Petersen, and seventeen others, with two boats and a sledge, had been there a week after leaving their vessel in the ice, and had gone southward to Upernavik. Notwithstanding the distinctness of this information, Captain Harstene stood over to the entrance of Lancaster Sound, and attempted to reach Beechy Island, but having been beset in the field-ice, and having made nearly the whole circuit of the northern part of Baffin's Bay, he proceeded to Upernavik, and encountered, as we have already seen, Dr. Kane and his party at Disco Island. After coaling, watering, and preparing to accommodate their increased numbers, they set sail on the 18th September, and reached New York on the 11th October 1855.

In taking a general view of this Expedition and its results, we cannot but admire the activity, energy, and skill displayed by Dr. Kane in the trying circumstances under which he was so frequently placed. With the single exception which we have found it our duty to notice, his attention and kindness to his people and to the Esquimaux, and his cheerful discharge of the most menial duties, when they could not be performed by others, deserve the highest praise. As the leader of an expedition of discovery, his merits were equally conspicuous. His devotion to the cause in which he was embarked, his promptitude of action in availing himself of every opportunity of advancing northward, and his patient endurance of unexampled hardships—of cold, and hunger, and disease, and fatigue, have not been surpassed in the annals of Arctic discovery.

As the expedition was not fitted out with any special organiz-

ation for the purposes of scientific research, we are not entitled to expect any results of remarkable novelty or interest. The discovery of the great Humboldt glacier, extending in a meridional direction over nearly a whole degree of latitude;—the extension of the East coast of Baffin's Bay to within $8^{\circ} 38'$, and of the West coast to within $7^{\circ} 30'$ of the Pole, cannot fail to be regarded as important additions to the Geography of the Arctic Regions. With regard, however, to the survey of the West coast, we have not been able to discover in Dr. Kane's work how it was made. Dr. Hayes examined it only from Cape Sabine to Cape John Fraser, in latitude $79^{\circ} 43'$, and we presume that the long line of the West coast to the north of this, as far as Mount Edward Parry, has been seen only from the east side of the sound, and determined by triangulation or intersecting bearings.

The meteorological observations possess considerable interest. They were made in Rensselaer Harbour in north latitude $78^{\circ} 37'$, and longitude $70^{\circ} 40'$ west of Greenwich, in the last seven months of 1853, the whole of 1854, and the first four months of 1855. The maximum temperature was $53^{\circ}.9$, and occurred on the 4th of July 1854. The minimum temperature was $68^{\circ}.0$, and occurred on the 5th of February 1854. On the 7th of January 1855, it was $69^{\circ}.2$. The mean temperature of the year 1856 was $-5^{\circ}.01$. By taking the mean of the temperatures of the last seven months of 1853 and those of 1854, and the mean of the first four months of 1855, and the same months in 1854, the following table of mean monthly temperatures was obtained:—

Months.	Temperature of the Air.
January,	$-29^{\circ}.42$
February,	$-27^{\circ}.40$
March,	$-36^{\circ}.03$
April,	$-11^{\circ}.30$
May,	$+12^{\circ}.89$
June,	$+20^{\circ}.23$
July,	$+38^{\circ}.40$
August,	$+31^{\circ}.35$
September,	$+13^{\circ}.48$
October,	$-5^{\circ}.0$
November,	$-23^{\circ}.02$
December,	$-31^{\circ}.86$
Year,	$-3^{\circ}.22$
Spring,	$-11^{\circ}.48$
Autumn,	$-4^{\circ}.85$
Summer,	$+32^{\circ}.99$
Winter,	$-29^{\circ}.56$

Mr. Schott of the United States Coast Survey has contributed a map of the isothermal lines for each month of the year from Dr. Kane's observations, and those made at other places, based on Dove's isothermal charts. He ought to have given what would have been more instructive, the annual curves.

Although Rensselaer Harbour, where the observations were made, is nearly four degrees farther north than Melville Island, yet its distance from the cold meridian ought to have given it a greater mean temperature. The concavity of the isothermal curves of more southern localities in the same meridian justify us in expecting such a result, and we have no doubt that some sufficient cause, arising either from the spirit-of-wine thermometers, or the method of observing them, may yet be found to account for the high temperature of Rensselaer Harbour. This suspicion is confirmed by the anomalous low temperature of the month of March 1854, namely— 38° , which in the preceding table is reduced to $-36^{\circ}.03$, in consequence of using for the mean temperature $-38^{\circ}.97$ of the same month for 1855. In almost every latitude, and in that of Prince Patrick and Melville Islands, March is the first month of spring, and warmer than February, whereas in Dr. Kane's table it is the last and the coldest month of winter, a fact which we can hardly admit, in opposition to the general character of the isothermal curves.

The magnetical observations were made with an unifilar magnetometer belonging to the United States Survey, and a dip circle received from Professor Henry through the kindness of General Sabine. The following observations were made on the variation and dip of the needle:—

Variation.

June 16th, 1854, $108^{\circ} 21.5'$ west.

Dip.

Mean dip at New York,	$72^{\circ} 57'$
„ Fiskernaes,	$80 \quad 41$
„ Sukkertoppen, †	$80 \quad 50$
„ Force Bay,	$85 \quad 8$
„ Marshall Bay,	$85 \quad 26$
„ Winter Harbour,	$84 \quad 48$

The most important and interesting result of the expedition is the discovery of an open sea at the northern extremity of Smith's Sound, a phenomenon which had long before been rendered probable by the form of the isothermal lines, and by the law of temperature in the meridian which passes through the west of Europe. In Mr. Morton's northern journey, after he had been travelling over a solid area, choked with bergs and frozen fields,

he was startled by the growing weakness of the ice. It became so rotten at its surface, and the snow so wet and pulpy, that his dogs, seized with terror, refused to advance. Upon landing on a new coast, and continuing his journey, he found himself on the shores of a channel so open that a fleet of frigates might have navigated it. As he travelled southward it expanded into an "iceless area," the extent of which he estimated at upwards of 4000 square miles. Animal life burst upon them as they went. Flocks of the Brent goose, the eider, the king-duck, and the swallow, indicated a new climate, and as he advanced the Arctic petrel made its appearance. At Cape Constitution, the termination of his journey, he could not see "a speck of ice," and from an altitude of 480 feet, which commanded a horizon of nearly 40 miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of resounding waves, and of a surf dashing over the rocks at his feet and staying his further progress. "This mysterious fluidity," as Dr. Kane observes, "in the midst (or rather at the end) of vast plains of solid ice, was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order, and there was not a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lonely waters."

The discovery of the traces of Sir John Franklin and his party by Dr. Rae have led to a general belief that the whole of them have perished. Such a conclusion is certainly not justified by the facts in our possession, and we are disposed to adopt the more sanguine views of Dr. Kane. "Of the one hundred and thirty-six picked men," he remarks, "of Sir John Franklin in 1846, northern Orkney-men, Greenland whalers, so many young and hardy constitutions, with so much intelligent experience to guide them, I cannot realize that some may not yet be alive, that some small squad or squads, aided or not aided by the Esquimaux of the expedition, may not have found a hunting-ground, and laid up from summer to summer enough of fuel and food and seal-skins to brave *three or even four more* winters in succession. . . . My mind never realizes the complete catastrophe—the destruction of all Franklin's crew. I picture them to myself broken into detachments, and my mind fixes itself on one little group of some thirty who have found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and, under the teaching of an Esquimaux, or perhaps one of their own Greenland whalers, have set bravely to work, and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal, and walrus, and whale."

But even if these views are extravagant, it is the duty of a great commercial nation like ours to cling to the slightest hope

of rescue, and to ascertain the mysterious fate of men who have nobly perished in the service of their country. Science adds her voice to that of humanity, and calls upon the maritime powers of Europe, and France in particular, to imitate the noble example of the United States,—if not to search for the lost, at least to explore those remarkable regions which have hitherto defied the approach of man. The science of England will never rest till she places her foot on each Pole of the globe, and has established the laws of those physical agencies which have a peculiar development in the Arctic and Antarctic zones.

The Hudson's Bay Company, already distinguished above all other commercial institutions by their exertions in the interests of science and humanity, have equipped an expedition, to start from the Great Slave Lake, in order to visit the locality where Dr. Rae found the relics of Sir John Franklin's party; and we trust that the earnest application of the distinguished members of the Geographical and Royal Societies will induce our own Government to embark in the same noble cause.

- ART. V.—1. *Poems*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
Fourth Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 1856.
2. *Aurora Leigh*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 8vo.
1856.

THE poetical reputation of Mrs. Browning, late Miss Barrett, has been growing slowly, until it has reached a height which has never before been attained by any modern poetess, though several others have had wider circles of readers. An intellect of a very unusual order has been ripened by an education scarcely less unusual for a woman; and Mrs. Browning now honourably enjoys the title of poetess in her own right, and not merely by courtesy.

The poems before us are divisible into three tolerably distinct classes; first, the imaginative compositions, which form the bulk of *Miss Barrett's* poems, and several of which *Mrs. Browning* tells us she "would willingly have withdrawn, if it were not almost impossible to extricate what has once been caught and involved in the machinery of the press." Secondly, the poems which have immediately arisen from personal feeling and personal observation. Of these the chief are the so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and "Casa Guidi Windows." Thirdly, the novel-in-verse, or present-day epic, called "*Aurora Leigh*." Besides the poems belonging to these three classes, there are several "occasional pieces" of more or less significance.

Pieces which the authoress confesses that she "would willingly have withdrawn," are, by that confession, almost withdrawn from criticism. We imagine that the two dramas, "a Drama of Exile," and "the Seraphim," are among the number of those which Mrs. Browning, in her last edition, introduces with "a request to the generous reader that he may use their weakness, which no subsequent revision has succeeded in strengthening, less as a reproach to the writer, than as a means of marking some progress in her other attempts." We will only say concerning these and some other youthful essays, that we think the authoress mistaken in supposing that the "machinery of the press" will give them the deprecated perpetuity, unless she herself continues to reprint them; and that their value "as a means of marking some progress in her other attempts," is of a kind which her personal friends will appreciate much better than the world, for whom, we presume, she writes and publishes.

Dismissing the whole of the first volume of the "*Poems*" as containing very little that is worthy of the authoress's matured powers—although much that would be remarkable in any other

recent poetess—we come, in the early part of the second volume, to one of Mrs. Browning's most beautiful pieces, "Bertha in the Lane." It contains a most skilful and touching delineation of disappointed affection, and the workings of that feeling. This poem is not only "simple, sensuous, and passionate," as Milton said that poetry should be; but it is also very artistical in its form and contrasted details, and in the construction of the measure, which beautifully answers to the feeling. Mrs. Browning will probably be popularly remembered as much by this little poem, as by any she has written; and, excellent as it is in its present state, its value might be, at least, doubled by condensation, and a more thoroughly polished diction. No poet of Mrs. Browning's rank should condescend to the use of capital letters to give emphasis to her words, or to change an adjective into a substantive, or to the introduction of such expressions as "fever-bale," when a little trouble would have supplied others, suited to the simplicity of grief, and the laws of the English language; nor can we understand how a writer, capable of such a strain of strong and simple feeling, could mar it at the end by such an odd jumble of Christian doctrine and classical allusion as the following:—

"Jesus, Victim, comprehending
 Love's divine self-abnegation,
 Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
 And absorb the poor libation!
 Wind my thread of life up higher,
 Up, through angels' hands of fire!
 I aspire while I expire."

The piece that follows "Bertha in the Lane" is one which is a favourite, we believe, with many of Mrs. Browning's admirers. We cannot say that it is so with us; for, although it contains many noble and subtle lines, and a current of true passion runs through the whole, it appears to us to be fundamentally damaged by the social fallacy—a very common one with novelists and poets of inferior standing to that of Mrs. Browning—upon which it is built. "Lady Geraldine's Courtship; a Romance of the Age," is the story of a peasant-poet's love, told by himself. He tells us that, although he was "Quite low-born, self-educated," yet, "because he was a poet, and because the public praised him," "he could sit at rich men's tables." At these he had an opportunity of seeing, and of falling in love with, "an Earl's daughter,"—which was not wonderful, or out of course; but that she should have fallen in love with and married him is, and, we will venture to add, ought to be so. The more one knows of men and women, the less one thinks of the wisdom and possibility of happiness in a *mésalliance* of this kind; and the case is not made a whit the

better by the hero's being a poet. A woman, moreover, is not essentially the better for being an Earl's daughter; grace and goodness, as substantial, might have been found for Bertram in a sphere not wholly and hopelessly removed from his own. That which really does distinguish a Lady Geraldine from any other graceful and equally well-disposed lady in a lower sphere, is precisely what Bertram could not possibly have enjoyed, and what he would have deprived her of, namely, the *station in society*. It seems to us, that Mrs. Browning has not consulted the poet's true dignity, in making so poor and worldly an exaltation a part of the honour of which he is capable and desirous. Or, if that was not her intention, if she meant, rather, to display the nobility of the Lady, in leaving the condition in which she had passed her life, for the sake of passing it henceforward in the unsophisticated company of an uneducated poet, and his friends and relations, she ought, in order to have brought out her meaning artistically, to have shown that the Lady was not only fully aware of the sacrifice she was making, but that she was also capable of enduring it to the end, with all its trying circumstances of social contempt and dissonance of habits. But Mrs. Browning has not done either of these things; so that our feeling, on coming to the "happy conclusion" of the poem, is one of unmixed commiseration for the hero and heroine, who are putting their heads into so desperate a noose, without having the slightest notion of what they are about. This poem, however, is more than usually rich in graceful and powerful descriptions.

In this, as in all Mrs. Browning's pieces of any length, there are parts obviously not so good as Mrs. Browning might have made them had she chosen. The best that an author has written is a fair standard to try all the rest by; and it is clear that one who is capable of such subtle and finished lines as,—

"And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair;"

and several others in the same poem, should have known better than to degrade them by the proximity of such baldness as,—

"She treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air;"

and much more in the same poem.

This is not a time in which a poet can afford to do anything but the best. There are several carelessly written poems in these volumes which would bear a high polish—to say which is to commend their substance as gem-like. Great polish is an indication of the highest poetry, because none but the highest poetry will take it. With a few very great poets—in English only Shakspeare—poetry seems always to have flowed forth from the writer's heart in a condition of absolute finish. All who are really poets have pro-

bably known this wonderful mood now and then—it has produced a few rapidly written yet perfect passages or small poems; but a poet who works with a right understanding of what he is about, will aim at leaving nothing which a *reader* can point out as being less happily conceived and executed than those inspired morsels.

Mrs. Browning shines nowhere to greater advantage than in the sonnet. Her lyrical verse is seldom good. In proportion as poetry aims at lyrical character, it becomes necessary that it should possess that absolute perfection of verbal expression, which is given by vivid lyrical feeling—that rarest of all poetical qualities. To write a good sonnet demands power of a high order. It requires that some grave and novel thought should be expressed in high and pure language, and in an extremely elaborate form, the limits of which are fixed. Mrs. Browning brings to her task the industry, the thoughtfulness, and the power of language which are requisite; and accordingly she has written several sonnets which will bear comparison with the best in the language. It must be confessed, however, that Mrs. Browning gives us specimens of sonnets presenting very marked defects. It is quite wonderful into what mistakes this lady sometimes falls, particularly when she is under the impression that she is doing something remarkably good. Perhaps the most absurd line that was ever written by so good a poet is the following, concluding the sonnet to “Hiram Powers’ Greek Slave,” and adjuring her to

“Strike and shame the strong,
By thunders of white silence overthrown.”

Mrs. Browning’s worst fault is her almost constant endeavour to be “striking.” This tendency has deformed her volumes with scores of passages scarcely less offensive to true taste than the above. Such passages are not only bad in themselves, but, being as it were, the hypocrisy of art, they cast suspicion and discredit upon their context wherever they occur. They are proof positive of absence of true feeling—of the tone of mind that “voluntary moves harmonious numbers”—at the time of writing; and the only poem of Mrs. Browning’s from which they are almost entirely absent, is the series of “Sonnets from the Portuguese,” for the originals of which we fancy that we must seek in vain, unless we detect them in the personal feelings of the writer. In this series of sonnets we have unquestionably one of Mrs. Browning’s most beautiful and worthy productions. In style they are openly—indeed by the title avowedly—an imitation of the fourteenth and fifteenth century love-poetry; but to imitate this is so nearly equivalent to imitating nature of

the simplest and loftiest kind, that it is scarcely to be spoken of as a defect of originality. The forty-four sonnets constitute consecutive stanzas of what is properly speaking one poem. They are lofty, simple, and passionate—not at all the less passionate for being highly intellectual and even metaphysical. Nothing is more untrue than the common notion that deep and subtle thought is foreign to passion. On the contrary, under the influence of passion, an obtuse mind will often become witty, and a naturally subtle intellect will be made still more piercing and abundant in, what to inferior minds may seem, excessive refinements of thought and imagery. The following sonnet deserves to rank with the very best of Milton and Wordsworth.

“I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young :
And, as I mused it, in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . . .
' Guess now who holds thee ? ' ' Death ! ' I said. But there,
The silver answer rang - ' Not Death, but Love.' ”

“Casa Guidi Windows” is one of the very few things that have been lately written about the political condition of Italy in a tone with which, upon the whole, a sensible man may sympathize. Mrs. Browning says in her preface to this poem, that it “contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany, of which she was a witness. ‘From a window,’ the critic may demur. She bows to the objection in the very title of her work. No continuous narrative nor exposition of political philosophy is attempted by her. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is the intensity with which they were received, as proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country, and the sincerity with which they are related, as indicating her own good faith and freedom from partizanship.”

“Casa Guidi Windows” is, to our thinking, the happiest of its author’s performances, if not the highest. The difficulty of the metre, in which every rhyme occurs thrice, here as in the sonnet, seems to act as a restraint upon the authoress’s imagination, preventing it from indulging in that kind of flight of which boldness may be said to be the only recommendation. So difficult a metre is furthermore in itself a kind of compulsory finish

which is a great advantage to the verses of a writer evidently not much given to the drudgery of polish, where it may be shirked. It has been said of the poet, that he

"Freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them, *not bonds, but wings*."

And this is more than usually true of Mrs. Browning. Her genius nowhere rises in so spirited a style, or maintains so steady an altitude, as in those poems in which she submits herself to the heaviest fetters of external form; whereas in blank verse, and in other measures, *not sufficiently weighted with rule*, her imagination "pitches" like a kite without a tail.

Of the two parts of "Casa Guidi Windows," says Mrs. Browning, writing in 1851, "the first was written nearly three years ago," (1848,) "while the second resumes the actual situation." The first is full of hope, pardonably felt and finely expressed, for the immediate future of Italy. In this part there is little or no action. It is all aspiration, mingled, however, with moderation and shrewdness. In her preface she congratulates herself on not having caught the "epidemic enthusiasm for Pio Nono." In Part I. we find the causes which prevented the Pope from fulfilling revolutionary hopes admirably shown, and in Part II. we find no less exactly and candidly stated the causes of the people's failing in the hour of their opportunity. Our limits do not permit of lengthened extracts. We give the return of the Grand Duke Leopold, as one of Mrs. Browning's highest achievements:—

"I saw and witnessed how the Duke came back.
The regular tramp of horse and tread of men
Did smite the silence like an anvil black
And sparkless. With her wide eyes at full strain,
Our Tuscan nurse exclaim'd, 'Alack, alack,
Signora, these shall be the Aust'riana.' 'Nay,
Be still,' I answered: 'Do not wake the child!'
For so, my two-months' baby sleeping lay
In milky dreams upon the bed, and smiled,
And I thought 'he shall sleep on while he may,
Through the world's baseness. Not being yet defiled'
Why should he be disturbed by what is done?
Then, gazing, I beheld the long drawn street
Live out, from end to end, full in the sun,
With Austrian thousands, sword and bayonet,
Horse, foot, artillery, cannons rolling on,
Like blind slow storm-clouds gestant with the heat
Of undeveloped lightnings, each bestrode

By a single man, dust-white from head to heel,
 Indifferent as the dreadful thing he rode,
 Like a sculptured Fate serene and terrible.
 As some smooth river which has overflow'd
 Will slow and silent down its current wheel
 A loosened forest, all the pines erect,
 So swept, in mute significance of storm,
 The marshalled thousands, not an eye deflect
 To left or right, to catch a novel form
 Of Florence city, adorn'd by architect
 And carver, or of Beauties, live and warm,
 Scared at the casements! all, straight-forward eyes
 And faces, held as steadfast as their swords,
 And cognizant of acts not imageries.
 The key, O Tuscan, too well fits the wards!
 Ye ask'd for mimes—these bring you tragedies.
 For purple—these shall wear it as your lords."

"Casa Guidi Windows," we repeat, is the happiest of Mrs. Browning's performances, because it makes no pretensions to high artistic character, and is really "a simple story of personal impressions." The first thing that a poet, or indeed any other workman, has to do, is to find out what he is well able to do; and he should always determine to do a little less than he is able in order that his limitations may not appear. There is no knowing how much a poet may do who has done nothing he has attempted ill; and it is a great point in art, as well as in worldly prosperity, not to let your neighbours know the figure of your fortune. And this as much for their sakes as for yours. All good art is the very best thing in its way that ever was done or ever will be done; and the best, in whatever way, is related to the best in all things, and has its aspect towards the Infinite in all directions. Now, this lovely freedom on the face of art seems to be contradicted by any appearance of strain and insufficiency. A dead wall—though it were the wall of China—is a bad background for any landscape. It is the misfortune of nearly all our living poets that the dead wall of their limitations is the most conspicuous feature in their picture. This is because they take in more ground than their talents give them a title to. In "Casa Guidi Windows," and in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Mrs. Browning attempted nothing but what she was perfectly competent to perform, and therefore they were better poems than others which may contain a great deal more *poetry*.

"Aurora Leigh" is the latest, and Mrs. Browning tells us, in the dedication, "the most mature" of her works; the one into which her "highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered." It was not well judged to prejudice the reader, at the very outset, with the inevitable doubt, "Is a poem the right

place for 'highest convictions upon Life and Art?' " This poem is two thousand lines longer than "*Paradise Lost*." We do not know how to describe it better than by saying that it is a novel in verse,—a novel of the modern didactic species, written chiefly for the advocacy of distinct "convictions upon Life and Art." If poetry ought to consist only of "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers," a very large portion of this work ought unquestionably to have been in prose. But the question seems open to discussion, and we give Mrs. Browning the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps the chief misfortune for the poem is, that there may always be two opinions on all "convictions upon Life and Art." For example, we ourselves dissent altogether from certain of the views advocated. We think that "conventions," which are society's unwritten laws, are condemned in too sweeping and unexamining a style; that the importance of an ordinary education in the formation of character is too emphatically denied by the example of Marian Erle, whom we regard as an impossible person, under her circumstances; that Art is not the highest power in the world; and so forth. "*Aurora Leigh*" would assuredly have been a more *poetical* work if it had made the question, "Do you agree with it?" an absurd one, and had only allowed of the question, "Do you or do you not understand it?" The safest way of speaking of this poem, which, expressly or by implication, has so considerable a polemic element in it, is to place a simple analysis of it before our readers. Concerning the great beauty and subtlety of some of the extracts we shall give, there fortunately cannot be two opinions.

The father of *Aurora Leigh* "was an austere Englishman, who, after a dry lifetime, spent at home in college-learning, law, and parish-talk," went to Italy, and fell suddenly in love with an Italian girl who passed him in a procession.

"Her face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
And shook with silent clangours brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music."

Mr. Leigh gained the hand of the fair Florentine, and *Aurora* was born; but before the child was four years old, her mother died, having changed the nature of her husband, and made the "austere Englishman" into a man of sentiment.

"There's a verse he set
In Santa Croce to her memory :
'Weep for an infant, too young to weep much
When death removed this mother'—stops the mirth
To-day on women's faces, when they walk
With rosy children hanging on their gowns."

Mr. Leigh left Florence, and lived in almost entire solitude, with his child and one servant, "among the mountains above Pelago," and there he

"Who through love had suddenly
Thrown off the old conventions, broken loose
From chinbands of the soul, like Lazarus,"

taught his child "what he had learned best," grief and love, and, as it afterwards appears, Latin and Greek; also, "the ignorance of men," how

"A Fool will pass for such through one mistake,
While a Philosopher will pass for such
Through said mistakes being ventured in the gross,
And heaped up to a system."

So nine years passed, and Aurora Leigh thus describes herself at thirteen :—

"I am like,
They tell me, my dear father; broader brows,
Howbeit, upon a slenderer undergrowth
Of delicate features; paler, near as grave—
But then my mother's smile breaks up the whole,
And makes it sometimes better than itself."

At this time Mr. Leigh suddenly died. The child was soon torn from her nurse, now her only companion, by "a stranger with authority," from England, who conducted her to the house of her father's sister. This lady is thus described :—

"She stood straight and calm,
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight,
As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses; brown hair, pricked with grey,
By frigid use of life (she was not old,
Although my father's elder by a year);
A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines;
A close, mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,
Or, peradventure, niggardly half-truths;
Eyes of no colour, once they might have smiled,
But never, never have forgot themselves
In smiling; cheeks in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for ruth than pleasure, if past bloom.
Past smiling also.

* * * *

She, my aunt,
Had loved my father truly, as she could,
And hated, with the gall of gentle souls,
My Tuscan mother, who had fooled away

A wise man from wise courses, a good man
 From obvious duties, and, depriving her,
 His sister, of the household precedence,
 Had wronged his tenants, robbed his native land,
 And made him mad, alike by life and death,
 In love and sorrow. She had pored for years
 What sort of woman could be suitable
 To her sort of hate, to entertain it with ;
 And so, her very curiosity
 Became hate too, and all the idealism
 She ever used in life was used for hate,
 Till hate, so nourished, did exceed at last
 The love from which it grew, in strength and heat,
 And wrinkled her smooth conscience with a sense
 Of disputable virtue (say not sin)
 When Christian doctrine was enforced at church."

Miss Leigh's notions of female education differed widely from her brother's. She seems to have thought both love and grief were weeds or flowers that need no cultivating, but spring up readily enough in every woman's heart. Here is Aurora's English school programme, which, with many hundreds of lines like them, have certainly no right to be called verse :—

"I learnt the collects and the catechism,

* * * * *

And various popular synopses of
 Inhuman doctrines never taught by John,
 Because she liked instructed piety.

I learnt my complement of classic French
 (Kept pure of Balzac and neologism),
 And German also, since she liked a range
 Of liberal education,—tongues, not books.

I learnt a little algebra, a little
 Of the mathematics ; brushed with extreme flounce

The circle of the sciences, because
 She disliked women who were frivolous.

I learnt the royal genealogies
 Of Oviedo, the internal laws
 Of the Burmese empire, by how many feet
 Mount Chimborazo outsoars Himmeleh,
 What navigable river joins itself

To Lara, and what census of the year five

• Was taken at Klagenfurt."

Aurora had a cousin, Romney Leigh, the owner of the family estate, Leigh Hall. The two children saw much of each other, but were of dispositions and tastes so opposite, that their intercourse consisted chiefly of disputes. As they grew up they diverged further from one another. Romney became a philan-

thropic socialist, bent on utilitarian plans of action, and pondering on the dregs of humanity ; while Aurora grew into a poetess, for ever musing on the ideal and beautiful. She discovered, in an attic, piles of books marked with her father's name, and from this sanctuary would steal spiritual food, unknown to her aunt. She read "books good and bad;" and makes the following admirable remarks upon the perils of such a course of study:—

" You cheer him on
As if the worst could happen were to rest
Too long beside a fountain. Yet behold,
Behold!—the world of books is still the world ;
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant. For the wicked there
Are winged like angels. Every knife that strikes
Is edged from elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life. The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. Power is justified
Though armed against St. Michael.

* * * * *

True, many a prophet teaches in the roads ;
True, many a seer pulls down the flaming heavens
Upon his own head in strong martyrdom,
In order to light men a moment's space.
But stay !—who judges ?—who distinguishes ?
'Twixt Saul and Nahash justly, at first sight,
And leaves King Saul precisely at the sin,
To serve King David ? Who discerns at once
The sound of the trumpets, when the trumpets blow
For Alaric as well as Charlemagne ?
Who judges prophets, and can tell true seers
From conjurors ? "

The delineation of her mind at this period gives occasion to the following remarkable passage:—

" The cygnet finds the water, but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out blind at first, disorganized
By sin i' the blood,—his spirit-insight dull'd
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
We feel it quicken in the dark sometimes ;
Then mark, be reverent, be obedient—
For those dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity
Attesting the Hereafter. Let who says
' The soul's a clean white paper,' rather say,
A palimpsest, a prophet's holograph

Defiled, erased and covered by a monk's,—
 The Apocalypse, by a Longus! poring on
 Which obscene text, we may discern perhaps
 Some fair, fine trace of what was written once,
 Some upstroke of an alpha and omega
 Expressing the old scripture."

From reading poetry, she became a writer of it, and gives us scores of pages of "her highest convictions upon art," all more or less acute, and worth considering, but which would be more in place in a review than an epic. The development of her powers as a poetess is elaborately depicted; but as Mrs. Browning is herself almost the only modern example of such development, the story is uninteresting from its very singularity.

Aurora wrote and read on in secret, her aunt only half suspecting this development, of which she would have disapproved with all her might.

"She said, sometimes, 'Aurora, have you done
 Your task this morning—have you read that book,
 And are you ready for the crochet here?'
 As if she said, I know there's something wrong;
 I know I have not ground you down enough
 To flatten and bake you to a wholesome crust
 For household uses and proprieties."

The poetess did her work meekly, her "soul singing at a work apart," and all went on without let or hindrance, till one June morning, when Aurora arose upon her twentieth birthday. She got up early, and left the house, "brushing a green track along the grass," and finding that the world would not, or rather could not, crown her, seeing that she was a poetess only in secret, she took a sudden fancy to crown herself; and after hesitating between bay, myrtle, verbenas, and guelder roses, she turned to a wreath of ivy, and twisted it round her head. At this moment she beheld her cousin beside her,

"With a moan
 Twice graver than his eyes."

Romney had found her manuscript poems, with "Greek upon the margin." A conversation ensued on the subjects of art and philanthropy, the cousins espousing different sides. The burden of Aurora's argument was this:—

"You will not compass your poor ends
 Of barley feeding and material ease
 Without the Poet's individualism
 To work your universal. It takes a soul
 To move a body,—it takes a high-souled man

To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty:
 It takes the ideal, to blow an inch inside
 The dust of the actual: and your Fouriers failed,
 Because not poets enough to understand
 'That life develops from within.'

And, as she eloquently says, in another place:—

“the thrushes sang
 And shook my pulses and the elm's new leaves,—
 And then I turned, and held my finger up,
 And bade him mark, that howsoe'er the world
 Went ill, as he related, certainly
 The thrushes still sang in it.—At which word
 His brow would soften,—and he bore with me
 In melancholy patience, not unkind,
 While breaking into voluble ecstasy,
 I flattered all the beauteous country round,
 As poet's use . . . the skies, the clouds, the fields,
 The happy violets, hiding from the roads
 The primroses run down to, carrying gold,—
 The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
 Their tolerant horns and patient churning mouths
 'Twixt dripping ash boughs,—hedgerows all alive,
 With birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies,
 Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
 And palpitated forth upon the wind,—
 Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist;
 Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
 And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
 And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
 And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
 Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I said,
 'And see, is God not with us on the earth?
 And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
 Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile,
 Save poverty and wickedness? behold!
 And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
 And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.'”

The burden of Romney's argument was, that women write at best but such poetry as gains for highest eulogy, comparison to a man's; that poetry, unless of the very best, is frivolous work; that there is earnest work to do, for him to do, and for her to do, if she will become his helper and his wife.

The young poetess, indignant at being sought as a mere help-mate, refuses the offer. Her aunt, on hearing of Romney's offer and rejection, expresses great grief, and tells Aurora that she will inherit no money, all her father's and all her aunt's being settled on Romney, by a clause in a former deed, exclud-

ing offspring by a foreign wife. She told her further, that Romney's father had wished that the cousins should marry, in order to repair this injustice, and that her own father had known and approved the wish, all of which strengthened Aurora in her determination to adhere to her refusal.

Soon after this, the aunt was found dead by her bedside, with an unopened letter in her hand. On the reading of the will, it was found that she had left Aurora three hundred pounds, "and all other monies of which she died possessed." Romney, who, as heir, attended the funeral, told Aurora that the old lady died possessed of £30,000, of which no mention was made in the will; but Aurora, suspecting that her cousin was by some means bestowing upon her this money, insisted on seeing deeds to prove her aunt's possession of it. A little inquiry showed that Romney had presented this sum to his aunt, and that the unopened letter found in her hand, contained the deed of gift, which, though made, had never been accepted. Aurora tore the deed in shreds and went to lodgings in London.

Seven years later, we find her an established authoress, with piles of literary letters; solitary and poor, hard-worked, but uncomplaining. One day a stranger enters, and announces herself as Lady Waldemar. With little prelude, she declared herself to be a widow, and in love with Romney Leigh. She told Aurora that her cousin was on the point of espousing a beggar's daughter from St. Giles's, and asked her help in breaking off, or at any rate, postponing the marriage. Aurora ascertained that Lady Waldemar was commissioned by Romney to tell her the news, and introduce her to his bride-elect, and to get her countenance to the marriage, which marriage Lady Waldemar to him appeared to approve and promote. She would have nothing to say to this double dealing on the part of Lady Waldemar, to whom she plainly says as much, in not very courteous terms. Aurora then hastened to St. Margaret's Court to see the woman whom her cousin was to marry. "An ineffable face" met her on the threshold of a wretched room, and being soon assured by Aurora's friendly manner, its owner, Marian Erle, told her story.

She was the daughter of a drunken poaching tramper, who beat her mother, her mother turning in anger to beat her:—

"Her first cry in our strange and strangling air,
When cast in spasms out from the shuddering womb,
Was wrong against the social code, forced wrong.
What business had the baby to cry there?"

She grew up neglected and ill-used, till some ladies got her to a Sunday-school. There she learned to read and write, also to

understand the wickedness of her parents, but little else. She found, however, a more profitable school in "Heaven's high blue," which she would steal away to gaze at; and in sundry fragments of the English poets which chanced to come into her hands: thus, we are to suppose, she learned the high code of morality and virtue which she afterwards adhered to, for no one taught or spoke to her but her brutish parents, and the unprofitable Sunday teacher. When she reached early womanhood, her mother attempted to betray her to a drunken squire, from whom she fled in terror. Swooning, she was picked up and taken to an hospital. She had a long illness, and it was on her recovery that she first saw Romney Leigh, who was visiting the sick people, and on hearing that she was about to leave, inquired what her future plans were, and by degrees learned her history. "He sent her to a famous sempstress house far off in London," and there she worked well till one of her companions fell sick. Marian then left the house to nurse her, and after the death of the girl, stayed to watch and nurse the crazy mother who was now alone. Romney found her at this work. "He was not angry that she had left the house wherein he placed her." "He did not say 'twas well, yet Marian thought he did not take it ill,"—and on the day her last patient died, Romney asked her to be his helpmate and wife.

Aurora was charmed by the girl's manner, and embraced her as her future cousin. Romney came in while they were still talking, and Aurora expressed a wish that the wedding should be from her home, but her cousin refused:—

"I take my wife
Directly from the people, and she comes,
As Austria's daughter, to imperial France,
Betwixt her eagles, blinking not her race,
From Margaret's Court, at garret height, to meet
And wed me at St. James's, nor put off
Her gown of serge for that. The things we do,
We do: we'll wear no mask, as if we blushed."

The marriage-day arrived, and

"Half St. Giles in frieze
Was bidden to meet St. James in cloth of gold;
And, after contract at the altar, pass
To eat a marriage-feast on Hampstead Heath."

The congregation assembled early, and chatted long, expecting the bride, but she came not; and at the last moment, a letter is delivered to Romney in Marian's hand. In this letter, Marian states her conviction that she best shows her love to Romney by saving him the unhappiness that must follow a union with her:

"It would be dreadful for a friend of yours
To see all England thrust you out of doors,
And mock you from the windows."

She hints at there being some one else whom Romney loves :

"You might say,
Or think, (that worse,) 'There's some one in the house,
I miss and love still !' Dreadful ! "

She then goes on to say she shall go where no one can find her :—

"I never could be happy as your wife,—
I never could be harmless as your friend :
I never will look more into your face
Till God says 'Look.'—I charge you seek me not,
Nor vex yourself with lamentable thoughts,
That, peradventure, I am come to grief :
Be sure I'm well, I'm merry, I'm at ease !
But such a long way, long way, long way off,
I think you'll find me sooner in my grave."

Inexplicable as the mystery was to Romney, it was still more so to the congregated hundreds of St. Giles's who did not read the letter, and were too much exasperated at their missed triumph to listen to Romney, who wished to address them. "Pull him down, strike him, kill him !" was called out from the crowd, some of whom suggested foul play on the part of the bridegroom ; and it was not till the police were called in, that the church could be cleared, and order restored.

Romney made long search for Marian, but could find no trace of her. He then left London, and Aurora again lost sight of him. On his return to the country, Romney became more than ever engrossed in his schemes of philanthropy. He turned his family seat into a Phalanstery, and devoted himself to the reformation of the thieves and poachers, who took up their abode there.

Aurora now wrote a great poem, in which, after long feeling dissatisfied with her productions, she at last had a consciousness of having in some degree conveyed in words, the things she had thought and felt. She went soon after to a party, and refused an offer from a man of birth and fortune, and heard that Romney was engaged to Lady Waldemar. Almost immediately after this, she left her new poem with a publisher, and set out for Florence.

On her way, Aurora was detained a few days in Paris ; and walking one day in the flower market, she met Marian Erle. Marian has a child, and would gladly avoid Aurora, but Aurora persists in going to her home, and succeeds at last in learning the mystery of Marian's flight, and present condition.

Lady Waldemar had been often to her, and had contrived to

make her believe that misery would follow her marriage with Romney; that Romney had loved her, Lady Waldemar, and she him; that his offer to Marian was prompted by principle only, and would be followed up in a spirit of martyrdom. Lady Waldemar then offered to send her in the charge of a respectable person, who had formerly been her maid, to Australia. Marian gladly accepted the offer, and went with the woman, who, instead of taking her to Australia, had brought her to an infamous house in Paris, where drugs and force were used to accomplish her ruin. She had fled from this place in delirium, was taken in by a farmer's wife; obtained employment, but lost it on its appearing that she was about to become a mother; and had, since then, supported herself and her child, now a year old, by needlework.

Aurora took both mother and child to her own home; and, after long debate, wrote two letters, one to a mutual friend of her's and Romney's, telling him all, and asking him only to communicate this story to her cousin should he not be married to Lady Waldemar; and the other to that lady, reproaching her for having

"Tricked poor Marian Erle,
And set her own love digging her own grave,
Within her green hope's pretty garden ground :
Ay, sent her forth with some one of your sort,
To a wicked house in France."

She adds that, if Lady Waldemar is Romney's wife, and will

"Keep warm his heart, and clean his board, and when
He speaks, be ready with obedience," &c.

If she will attend to all this, she is "safe from Marian and Aurora;" but if she "fail a point," they will

"Open mouth,
And such a noise will follow, the last trump's
Will scarcely seem more dreadful, even to her."

These letters sent, Aurora proceeded with Marian and her child to Florence. A letter from a friend tells her that her poem has won all suffrages, and is doing the work of an evangelist; and then speaks of Romney in words which Aurora misunderstands into conveying news of his marriage with Lady Waldemar. The natural effect of the first news is counterbalanced by the second, and Aurora sinks into a state of melancholy, which lasts till the concluding scene.

On looking up one evening, as she is sitting alone in the garden, she sees Romney standing before her. By this time, it is clear to every one but Aurora herself, and perhaps to her, that she loves him deeply. She is too much agitated to notice, either

from his manner of greeting her or sitting down, that he is blind. Romney believes that she has heard of his misfortune, for it was indeed an allusion to it that she had misunderstood for a notice of his marriage; they, therefore, talk for some time at cross purposes. Romney, however, says one thing in a straightforward way:—

“ I have read your book,

* * * * *

The book is in my heart ;

Lives in me, wakes in me, and dreams with me :

My daily bread tastes of it, and my wine

Which has no smack of it, I pour it out ;

It seems unnatural drinking,”—

and refers to their old argument on Aurora's birthday, confessing himself a convert to all she then urged. He also tells her of the failure of his labours at Leigh Hall, where the people had risen up and burnt the old house to the ground; of an illness which had attacked him afterwards; and speaks so plainly, in the course of his narrative, of his unchanged love to Aurora, that she, believing him to be the husband of another woman, rebukes him. All this misunderstanding and beating about the bush, is tedious, though it gives occasion to a magnificent simile—Aurora, bidding her cousin look at the stars,—

“ I signed above, where all the stars were out,

As if an urgent heat had started there

A secret writing from a sombre page,

A blank last moment, crowded suddenly

With hurrying splendours.”

The *éclaircissement* comes at last. Aurora, mentioning Lady Waldemar as her cousin's wife,—

“ Are ye mad ?

He echoed—‘ Wife ! mine ! Lady Waldemar ! ’ ”

and this half of the mistake is rectified; and Romney gives a letter from Lady Waldemar to Aurora, in which that lady repudiates the charge of having sent Marian “ to a wicked house in France.” She explains that Marian's conductor was an old servant who had lived “ five months ” in her house, and had money for the voyage to Australia, the embezzlement of which had probably tempted her to stop short on the way. Having finished the letter, which related also how all was broken off between Romney and its writer, Aurora exclaims,—

“ Ah, not married !

‘ You mistake,’ he said,

‘ I'm married,—Is not Marian Erle my wife ?

As God sees things, I have a wife and child ;

And I, as I'm a man who honours God,
Am here to claim them as my wife and child.'

"I felt it hard to breathe, much less to speak.
Nor word of mine was needed. Some one else
Was there for answering. 'Romney,' she began,
'My great good angel, Romney.'

Then at first
I knew that Marian Erle was beautiful.
She stood there still and pallid as a saint,
Dilated, like a saint in ecstasy,
As if the floating moonshine interposed
Betwixt her foot and the earth, and raised her up,
To float upon it. 'I had left my child,
Who sleeps,' she said, 'and having drawn this way
I heard you speaking . . . friend, confirm me now.
You take this Marian, such as wicked men
Have made her, for your honourable wife?'

"The thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice!
He stretched his arms out toward the thrilling voice,
As if to draw it on to his embrace.

'I take her as God made her, and as men
Must fail to unmake her, for my honoured wife.'

"She never raised her eyes nor took a step,
But stood there in her place and spoke again—
'You take this Marian's child which is her shame,
In sight of men and women, for your child,
Of whom you will not ever feel ashamed?'

"The thrilling, tender, proud, pathetic voice!
He stepped on toward it, still with outstretched arms,
As if to quench upon his breast that voice.

'May God so father me, as I do him,
And so forsake me, as I let him feel
He's orphaned haply. Here I take the child
To share my cup, to slumber on my knee,
To play his loudest gambol at my foot,
To hold my finger in the public ways,
'Till none shall need inquire, 'Whose child is this?'
The gesture saying so tenderly, 'My own.'"

This is all Marian required. She would fain have her own consciousness of innocence ratified by such proof from the man she most revered; but sorrow has driven love from her heart; she cannot re-awaken in herself an interest for any but her child; she gratefully but firmly refuses to marry Romney, who believing his love to Aurora unreturned, is taking his leave, when on her alluding again to the stars, he tells her of his blindness, and relates how the illness which produced it, was caused by an assault from Marian Erle's father, whom Romney had endea-

voured to save from justice, at the time of the riots at Leigh Hall: he then again says, farewell, but is stopped by Aurora, who confesses her love to him; and so the story ends—considerably to the vexation, we should think, of those readers, who may be such thorough-going haters of “conventions” as to wish to have had Romney actually married to Marian Erle.

The command of imagery shown by Mrs. Browning, in this poem, is really surprising, even in this day when every poetaster seems to be endowed with a more or less startling amount of that power; but Mrs. Browning seldom goes out of her way for an image, as nearly all our other versifiers are in the habit of doing continually. There is a vital continuity, through the whole of this immensely long work, which is thus remarkably, and most favourably distinguished from the sand-weaving of so many of her contemporaries. The earnestness of the authoress is, also, plainly without affectation, and her enthusiasm for truth and beauty, as she apprehends them, unbounded. A work upon such a scale, and with such a scope, had it been faultless, would have been the greatest work of the age; but unhappily there are faults, and very serious ones, over and above those which we have already hinted. The poem has evidently been written in a very small proportion of the time which a work so very ambitiously conceived ought to have taken. The language which in passionate scenes is simple and real, in other parts becomes very turgid and unpoetical; for example:—

“What if even God
Were chiefly God by working out himself
To an individualism of the Infinite,
Eterne, intense, profuse,—still throwing up
The golden spray of multitudinous worlds
In measure to the proclive weight and rush
Of his inner nature,—the spontaneous love
Still proof and outflow of spontaneous life?”

Or, in a different style, the style, unfortunately, of hundreds of lines:—

“In those days, though, I never analyzed
Myself even: all analysis comes late.”

Or again:—

“Those faces! ’twas as if you had stirred up hell
To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost
In fiery swirls of slime,—such strangled fronts,
Such obdurate jaws were thrown up constantly.”

These, and other artistic defects, detract somewhat from the general effect of the poem; but no one who reads it, with true poetic sympathy, can withhold his tribute of admiration from a work possessing so many of the highest excellencies.

ART. VI.—*Hooker's Works.* Arranged by the Rev. JOHN
KEBLE. 3 Vols. Oxford.

THERE are few names that call up so many venerable associations as that of Hooker. Walton tells us that King James never mentioned him but with the epithet of *learned*, or *judicious*, or *reverend*, or *venerable* Mr. Hooker; and the portrait drawn by him in his well-known Life exactly answers this description. It is a quiet and ancient picture, majestic in its outlines, and grave in its features, with an air of sad and dim repose about it. We feel in perusing it, as we feel in gazing at certain old family portraits, that, while the truth of nature in her more set moments has been preserved in the noble and impressive presence before us, yet there must have been also other traits, and some intensities of meaning in the original character, of which we can gather little or nothing from that staid quietness and dignity of look.

That this is to some extent true of Walton's portrait there cannot be any doubt. Beautiful and touching as it is, and so far finely expressive of the original, it does not certainly give us the full man as he lived and laboured in those days of earnest controversy. The contemplative aspect so uniformly stamped upon it, is to some degree, although to what degree we cannot well tell, a reflection from the tranquil depths of honest Isaak's own soul. He paints here, as in all his portraits, with an unconscious touch of softening harmony, attaining unity of effect at the expense of breadth and minuteness of detail. He represents very faithfully, we may suppose, the studious calm of the happy days which Hooker passed at Oxford within the shades of Corpus Christi College—perhaps also the somewhat sordid domesticities of "Draiton Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire," and again the innocence and sanctity of his closing pastoral life in Borne; but we cannot persuade ourselves that he gives us any true and living likeness of the preacher in the Temple, the opponent of Travers, and the champion of Anglicanism. We gather this impression from a perusal of Walton's Biography itself, and still more when we turn to Fuller's Church History, and there catch in a broader, but still dim and imperfect light, the picture of the rival preachers, and of the high debate they waged in the Temple Sunday after Sunday,—epitomizing in their resolute opposition the stern conflict which then raged throughout the kingdom. But the chief evidence of the toning down of Walton's portrait, and of the too still and reclusive light in which it is set, is to be found in Hooker's own great

work. Here we see in no common measure certain elements of character, of which the Life furnishes little or no hint, but which in fact it rather contradicts. The wonderful majesty and repose, the calm elevation, the simplicity and dignity and grave earnestness with which we are familiar in the latter, are all here, and in even yet higher union than we have been led to imagine; but there are also a depth of human feeling, a power of hearty and sometimes scornful humour, and, as naturally accompanying these, a rare sense and knowledge of the world which we could scarcely guess the Hooker of Walton to have possessed. Mr. Keble has drawn attention to this,* and we have marked many traits of this broader and more genial and powerful character throughout the work.

The fact probably is, that Hooker presented in his true nature, and in his ordinary personal demeanour, that sort of contrast which we not unfrequently see in men who are great students, and who live really more in their closets and in their books than they do in the world. In the latter they are staid and formal, and but half expressive of the life that is in them; they move feebly and awkwardly, amid conventionalities which they are never at the trouble to understand, and for which they do not care; they are supposed therefore to be good and simple souls, with little fire of natural feeling in them, and no particular keenness and shrewdness of wit. But let the same men be contemplated with the spirit that is in them once fully awakened, and all the latent features of their intellectual life drawn forth and quickened into intensity of expression, and the aspect which they present to the world, and which has become stamped perhaps in social anecdote, is felt to be at the best an imperfect representation. And so the Hooker of Walton is doubtless the Hooker of common life, the lofty and unworldly student as he moved among the peasants of Drayton Beauchamp or of Borne, or even among the Temple students; but he is not at least in full length the Hooker who "writ the books of Church Polity," and who, with all his sensitiveness and tenderness, and high-souled impartiality, could impale a Puritan with the most evident relish on the horns of an argumentative dilemma, or the sharp fork of a reserved but most caustic banter. †

Hooker was born in the city of Exeter, or its near neighbourhood, about the year 1554. His native county, as Walton remarks, is conspicuous for the illustrious names which it gave to England in the 16th century; Bishop Jewell, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh, having, as well as our author, all sprung from it. The family of Hooker was well-descended, although his parents seem to have been poor; and Walton says

* Vol. i., Editor's Preface, pp. 2, 3.

† See especially Works, vol. ii. pp. 93, 94.

of them, in his quaint way, that "they were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches, as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both." His grandfather was chief magistrate of Exeter in 1529, and his great-grandfather, besides occupying the same honourable post, represented the city in Parliament, "during the several reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII."* We find, therefore, that, though the parents of Hooker were themselves unable to forward his prospects as a scholar, he did not lack relatives to help him. A rich uncle took him by the hand, induced by the strong representation of his schoolmaster, who, from his "quick apprehension of many perplexed parts of learning," was led to believe him "to have an inward blessed divine light, and, therefore, to consider him to be a little wonder." He was introduced by this uncle to the notice of Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury,† through whose influence he was removed to Oxford about the 15th year of his age. Here he was placed at Corpus Christi College, under the care of Dr. Cole. Dr. Reynolds,‡ of the same College, and one of the most learned names in the annals of Puritanism, is said to have been his tutor. If this be true, the fact is of some interest, as serving to illustrate the independence of Hooker's theological training. For Reynolds' sentiments, even at this time, were decidedly Genevan, and his theological instructions, as indicated in a letter of his own, quoted by Keble,§ drew their inspiration directly from Peter Martyr and Calvin. It is not difficult, indeed, to trace the influence of such a system of instruction under all the catholic tendencies which ultimately acquired the mastery in Hooker, and so strongly stamp his writings. His allusions to Calvin, even when a certain tone of sharpness and impatience

* Notes to Walton's Life, Keble's Ed.

† Jewell was already old, and his course nearly run. He died in 1571. Hooker appears only to have had one interview with him, on his way from College, in the year 1570 or 1571. We cannot, therefore, suppose, that the relation in which they stood to one another exercised any special influence upon Hooker. It is pleasing, however, to contemplate the connexion between those two illustrious names; and few can read, unmoved, Walton's narrative of the parting blessing and gift of his staff, with which the sainted apologist of the Church of England made glad the heart of the young student and future defender of that Church, as he travelled homewards. Of all the Reformers, none presents, at once, an intellect so exalted and a character so unstained as Jewell. The lofty wisdom, vigorous sense, and divine simplicity that distinguish his *Apology*, breathe in his life; and one can never cease to regret, that his moderate views, and loving and conciliatory temper, were not allowed more influence in the councils of the Queen and the Church, during the first years of her reign,—although, in such a case, we might never have possessed the *Books of Ecclesiastical Polity*.

‡ Dr. Reynolds was afterwards distinguished as the Puritan leader in the Hampton Court Conference. He, too, was from the same county as Hooker and Jewell,—as Fuller (*Church Hist.*, Book X. p. 47, Fol. 1566) remarks, with amazement at the genial productiveness of Devonshire, in that age, in men of learning.

§ Vol. i., Notes to Walton's Life, p. 11.

characterizes them—as in some of his notes upon the *Christian Letter* *—betray the strong hold which the Genevan Reformer's genius had exercised upon him. He could harmonize little with the temper of that genius, but he had felt its sway; and there is, in all that he says of the works and character of Calvin, that sort of respect which one great mind instinctively pays to another, however widely they may differ, and far apart as they must ever remain from each other. This is, in point of fact, only one illustration of the wide-spread influence which the name and writings of Calvin exercised, at this time, throughout Europe. Those most keenly opposed to his discipline, owned the force of his theological teaching; and Whitgift himself, as the Lambeth Articles clearly testify, was his willing pupil, and ready even to outstrip his master in the dogmatic direction which he had elaborately brought out in the *Institutes*. Here, as in other respects, the great counter-genius of our author showed itself, not so much by sympathy, as by the modifying and catholic control with which it met the Calvinistic views.

The university life of Hooker seems to have gone on evenly and happily, till it received a temporary shock from the death of the good Bishop of Salisbury. Dr. Cole, however, proved a true friend to him in the circumstances; and very soon efficient and permanent help came to him from another quarter. Sandys, at this time Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of York, was a great friend of Jewell's. United together in exile during the reign of Queen Mary,—“companions at bed and board in Germany, where they did often eat the bread of sorrow,” they maintained in more prosperous years an intimate correspondence; and Sandys having heard from his friend of the wonderful acquirements and high character of the young student, resolved to entrust to him the education of his son. Joined with young Edwin Sandys, then about eleven or twelve years of age, there was another pupil still younger, viz., George Cranmer, whose name has continued, from the narrative of Walton, closely associated with that of Hooker. He was the grand-nephew of the Archbishop, and gave considerable promise of political distinction; but he perished at an early age in one of the Irish rebellions. It was from the family of the brother of this George Cranmer, with whom he became connected by marriage, that

* Vol. i. p. 133.—“Safer to discuss all the saints of heaven than M. Calvin,”—is his retort to the insinuations of the *Christian Letter* that he had undervalued Calvin in order to exalt his own wisdom. The “*Christian Letter*” was a letter, in the name of certain English Protestants, addressed to Hooker, “requiring resolution in certain matters of doctrine, (which seems to overthrow the foundation of Christian Religion, and of the Church among us,) expressible contained in his five books of *Ecclesiastical Polity*.” The general drift of this Letter—whose covert mode of attack seems considerably to have annoyed Hooker—may be gathered from certain passages quoted by Mr. Keble in his Preface, pp. x. xi.

Walton appears to have derived the chief materials of his biography.

Between these two pupils and Hooker, there sprung up a 'sacred' friendship, exalted by the devotion of the pupils, and the love and respect of the master; "a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friendship elemented in youth, and in an university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not." Every one remembers with a strange mixture of feelings, the visit which they paid to their old tutor in Drayton Beauchamp, after his marriage; and in the prosecution of his great work he constantly sought their advice,—a tribute of respect of which both seem to have been truly worthy.

In quiet and improving intercourse with his pupils, and in studious advance, first to the dignity of scholar, and then of Fellow of his College, the happiest years of Hooker's life seem to have been spent,—years of busy seclusion and aspiring progress. "He was daily more assiduous in his studies," says Walton; "still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen; and with them, the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil; and, indeed, with such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies." Then, too, that practical love of order, and catholic spirit of content, so characteristic of his writings, appears to have grown up in him. He would often say, that "God abhors confusion, as contrary to his nature;" and as often say, that "the Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but moderation, charity, and humility, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind: of which virtues no man did ever repent himself upon his death-bed." The maintainer of Church ceremonies, and the opponent of Puritanism, already speak in such language, if it be not indeed a mythical reflection in the mind of Walton from the qualities which so obviously and strongly mark the books of Ecclesiastical Polity.

Harsher days, however, were at hand for the college recluse. After about three years' residence in his college as Fellow, he entered into sacred orders, and ere long was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross. Hither all the rising power and eloquence of the Church found their way in the sixteenth century; and many were the associations that even then consecrated a spot where Latimer's homely invective, and Hooper's flaming words, had rung in the ears of courtiers and people; where Jewell had uttered his famous challenge to Rome, as from the same spot, seven years after the time of which we write (*viz.*, in 1588),

Bancroft delivered his no less famous denunciation against the Puritans. It was no doubt something of a trial for Hooker to preach at this well-known place of resort. In any circumstances, the change from the quiet seclusion of Corpus Christi, to the *éclat* of a public appearance in London, must have strongly affected one of his temper and character; but, as it was, neither weather nor friends were propitious to him on this occasion. It was customary for the preacher from the country to stay in a particular house, called the "Shunamite's house," where "provision was made for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon." To this house, Walton tells us, in one of his quaintest passages, that "Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion than against a friend who dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier a horse, supposing the horse trotted, when he did not; and at this time, also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means, could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581."*

•A service thus inauspiciously entered upon, was still more inauspicious in its ending. His sermon was made the ground of certain exceptions which seem to have marked the very opening of his career with controversy.† But this was not the worst result of the affair. Mrs. Churchman's kindness, if Walton is to be credited, proved more fatal than his own rashness, in seeming "to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's." The plain drift of his statement is, that she laid a successful snare for entrapping Hooker into an alliance with her daughter. The whole story is a very strange one, and, indeed, all we learn of Hooker's wife is of the same strange character. It can only be told in Isaak's own language. Being persuaded by Mrs. Churchman—

" 'That he was a man of tender constitution, and 'that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him,—such an one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such an one she could and would provide for him if he thought fit to marry.' And he not considering that 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;' but, like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did

* Walton's Life, p. 22, Keble's Ed.

† This is uncertain. It is impossible to say, from the vagueness of Walton's language, whether the controversy was now or afterwards, when he became Master of the Temple.

give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with (you may read it in the book of Genesis) when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him, was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a 'dripping house;' so that the good man had no reason to 'rejoice in the wife of his youth,' but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, 'Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!'

It is difficult to say what amount of actual truth there may be in this statement; for we suppose all will admit that to some extent it must be received as gossip; the tone of it is thoroughly gossipy; and Walton himself probably meant it as a very good story, answering fitly to the traditional character of Hooker. Its main drift is probably true—that Mrs. Churchman practised some measure of guile in bringing about the marriage. We may believe this without assenting to the mythical embellishments of the story, which represent Hooker in a not very enviable light of simplicity. The fact certainly is, that he did marry within a few years Mrs. Churchman's daughter, and that this marriage did not contribute to his happiness. It drove him from the tranquillity of his college, and the life of contemplative study so congenial to him, without bringing in return the compensations of affection, and the solace of a happy home. Walton speaks very compassionately of the condition on which he now entered, in contrast to his former happiness—"the thorny wilderness of a busy world," and "those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage." The country parsonage was Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, where he settled in the end of 1584.

Walton has given us a glimpse into the home and life of Hooker at this place—a sort of companion-picture to the one we have already quoted, and more than matching it in the disagreeable aspect in which it represents Mrs. Churchman's daughter. About a year after,

"his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand (it was the Odes of Horace), he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. When his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them,

for 'Richard was called to rock the cradle;' and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till the next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry your lot has fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion after you have weaned yourself in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator has appointed for me, but labour (as, indeed, I do daily) to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.'

There is a ludicrous pathos in this picture, and yet a certain dignity and resignation to duty that stays the melancholy smile. Hooker is still Hooker while "tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field," and "while rocking the cradle."* He had chosen this life, and he gave himself to it with a patience calm and lofty in the very condescension to which it stooped.

Perhaps there is that in Hooker's character which to some extent explains his domestic unhappiness, without making his wife quite so bad as Walton paints her, although, as we shall afterwards see, her character is not to be vindicated, but must rest under a stain of extreme unamiability and want of feeling. While we must claim for him more knowledge of the world, and more enjoyment of life than these descriptions lead us to suspect, it is yet admitted that there is a certain coldness in his majesty—a certain stateliness of temper about him—not easily quickened and running over into the ordinary channels of affection. In his case, as in Milton's, we can easily imagine how a high dignity and reserve of disposition prevented his moving freely amid the more usual cares and sweet accompaniments of family life. The very grandeur and depth of the natures of both made them more difficult to stir into unison with any others. Untouched by ordinary influences, they could only have been drawn forth by the power of some lofty passion, which, meeting neither in the world of life, came to them as inspirations from the great world of mind.

The visit of Hooker's pupils, if not productive at the time of much happiness, was not without important consequences. The

* This incident recalls to Walton's biographer (Gouch), a similar domestic feature in the life of Melancthon, who was seen by one of his friends with one hand rocking the cradle of his child, with the other holding a book.

representations made by young Sandys to his father, of the uncomfortable position of his old tutor, induced the Archbishop to recommend him for the mastership of the Temple, which had then become vacant. This he did while at dinner with the Judges, Readers and Benchers of the Temple: "met with a general condolment for the death of Father Alvic," the former master. Hooker's name, therefore, must have been very early associated with the vacancy. Two other names, however, had been already mentioned, between whom, in the first instance, the appointment seemed to lie, those, to wit, of Mr. Walter Travers, afternoon preacher in the Temple, and of Dr. Bond, the Queen's chaplain. The former was the favourite with the great body of Benchers, and especially with the younger and more active portion. He was also strongly supported by the Lord Treasurer Burghley. The latter was the nominee of Whitgift, who was obstinately opposed to Travers on account of his Puritanism. The correspondence preserved in Walton's life between the Lord Treasurer and the Primate plainly shows how the matter stood. The former urges the claims of Travers as "well learned, very honest, and well allowed and loved of the generality of that house;" he represents, moreover, that Dr. Bond was not likely to have much pleasure in the appointment, "if he came not to the place with some applause of the company." The Primate replies, that Travers was well known to him—that he had formerly elected him Fellow of Trinity College, after he had been rejected by Dr. Beaumont for his "intolerable stomach," and that he had then such experience of him, that he was forced "by due punishment so to weary him, that he was fain to travel, and depart from the College to Geneva." The result was, that both names were withdrawn, and the place given to Hooker, to whom the Primate probably transferred his support, the Queen having declined to part with her chaplain. Hooker, it is said, by no means coveted the appointment; he rather accepted than desired it. He would much rather have had some better place in the country, where he could spend his days in quietness; such a place as he earnestly besought of Whitgift after some years' experience of the Temple.*

He probably foresaw, though Walton leaves us to infer otherwise, the troubles before him. He was connected through marriage with Travers; he must have known that the latter was the popular favourite for the place to which he himself had been appointed; nor could he have been ignorant of his puritanical opinions, and the zeal and activity with which he had maintained them; and, moreover, that the great body of the congregation

* See *seq.*, p. 480. Walton puts the same language into his mouth on both occasions.

strongly sympathized in those opinions. At any rate he was not long left in doubt about this. For we learn from himself in his answer to Travers' supplication to the Privy Council, that the latter waited upon him, with the view of urging him to submit to a sort of popular call before beginning his ministry in the Temple. "He advised me," says Hooker, "not to enter with a strong hand, but to change my purpose of preaching there the next day, and to stay till he had given notice of me to the congregation, that so their allowance might seal my calling. The effect of mine answer was, that as in a place where such order is, I would not break it; so here where it never was, I might not of my own head take upon me to begin it."* In these few words we seem to see into the very heart of the controversy then raging. The proposal of Travers shews how deeply the puritanical spirit had leavened the Temple congregation. And how truly does the principle laid down by Hooker correspond to his whole views and character! It breathes the very tone of many parts of the Books of Ecclesiastical Polity.

In order to enter fully into the contest between Hooker and Travers, and the important results to which it led in Hooker's case, it will be necessary to review shortly the position of the two great parties now struggling within the Church of England.

There are few men who both so warmly interest, and so strongly repel our sympathies as the early Puritans. Their history is a strange mixture of lofty endurance, inflexible courage, and persevering integrity, with narrow views, impatient zeal, and factious temper. In one point of view they can never cease to engage our admiration; as the advocates of freedom of conscience against ecclesiastical and royal oppression,—as the determined opponents of Papal superstition and the heralds of political liberty; while the pathos of their sufferings, and the undying ardour of conviction that outlived and triumphed under all, move at once our pity and our pride. We cannot think of old Miles Coverdale, the venerable translator of the Bible, neglected and suffered to fall into poverty, and finally driven from his parish by the stringent demands of the Act of Uniformity (1557); nor of Sampson, prosecuted and expelled from his Deanery in Christ's Church; nor of Fox the Martyrologist, reduced to such straits in his old age as to complain of the want of clothes; without a kindling feeling of indignation and of sympathy. And yet the ground of their resistance to the Church fails to interest us, or even, in all the circumstances of their time, to justify itself. There was no doubt a real principle of abhorrence to Popery at the bottom of their scruples, as to the vestments and ceremonies; and it was therefore both a cruel tyranny

* Vol. iii., p. 571.

and a misguided policy that insisted on enforcing them. But, if this strengthens our regard for their honesty, it does not raise our estimate of their intelligence and sober-mindedness. It argued a narrow comprehension not to be able to rise above such accidents and seize some higher point of discussion, and some nobler end of victory. It argued a weakness of judgment, and a rashness of self-complacency, to imperil the peace of the Church, and the real progress of the truth, by a mere obstinate determination in matters which suffering could not exalt nor even martyrdom dignify.

The disputes about the vestments date from the appointment of Hooper to the see of Gloucester in the reign of Edward VI. By the influence of Peter Martyr and Bucer the opening breach was then partially healed; and Hooper and Ridley, who had been keen opponents in so small a matter, testified to the unity of their faith in a common martyrdom. They had been "two in white" in the quaint but touching language of the message that passed between them in the awful moment of their fate, but they became "one in red." Yet the conduct of Hooper and the vehemence with which he denoanced the vestments, had made a strong impression on the minds of many. The Marian exile, with all its anti-ceremonial associations, greatly strengthened this impression, as well in fact as opened up the way to far deeper and more important differences between the two parties. At the first, however, even in the reign of Elizabeth, the contest did not manifest itself in any more serious form, than in relation to the "habits;" it was for "scrupling the habits" that Fox and Coverdale suffered as we have mentioned; and there cannot be any doubt that it was a most fatal obstinacy which led the Queen to meet the Puritan scruples as she did at the outset of her reign. Some limited concessions then, under the favouring circumstances of her accession to the throne, might have had the effect of allaying the troubles that were fast growing. Obstinacy in contempt was met however by obstinacy in demand; and the disputes which had been rekindled about vestments, especially in London and the University of Cambridge, gradually strengthened and settled into other and more determined forms of opposition to the existing Church system.

This more extreme puritanical movement was undoubtedly in the main of foreign origin. Its principles were not Anglican, but Genevan. It embraced all the existing elements of dissent, and carried them forward in a more confirmed manner; but it was not the mere spontaneous development of these elements. It drew all its life and strength from deeper principles of hostility than any that had yet been put forward against the old rights and usages of the Church,—principles which may

have been growing up in the minds of many in England, but which had become familiar and distinct to all who, during the reign of Mary, had sought refuge in Switzerland and the Low Countries. From this exile many able and earnest men returned, not only with their hatred of Popery deepened, but with their whole convictions as to Mediaevalism changed. Accustomed while abroad to a worship which had been purged not merely of papal doctrine, but of papal associations, this worship became identified in their minds with scriptural truth, as opposed to Romish error. Presbyterianism came to be viewed by them as the normal expression of Protestantism; and the Church of England, consequently, when they returned, seemed only half reformed. It was the aim of Puritanism, in the form which it now assumed, to complete the reformation of the English Church after the Genevan model. Setting out from a definite scheme of church polity, supposed to be revealed in Scripture, it sought to apply this scheme rigorously to the destruction of the hierarchical constitution and mediaeval ceremonies of that Church.

In the year 1572, a bold step was taken, which served to precipitate matters, and bring the conflict between the two parties to a height. Two of the Puritan leaders, Field and Wilcocks, addressed an "Admonition to the Parliament for the reformation of Church discipline." The admonition was published and presented to the House by the two leaders themselves,—a proceeding for which they were immediately committed to Newgate. This, of course, only served to quicken the rising flame. Sympathy was excited towards the sufferers; and notwithstanding vigilant efforts made to suppress the Admonition, it passed through several editions. Whitgift, who had already distinguished himself on the side of the Church party, came forth with an "Answer to the Admonition," conciliatory in its principles, and moderate in its tone of argument, but harsh and overbearing in its language. This defence drew forth a reply from one who must beyond doubt be considered the great champion of Elizabethan Puritanism.

There is no name, upon the whole, so illustrious in the Puritan annals of the time as that of Thomas Cartwright; none which represents a union of so much intellectual power, persevering courage, and noble suffering. His history gives us the idea of a very manly, if stubborn nature, of a high and even daring spirit under all its restlessness and frowardness. His fate, especially when we contrast it with that of his opponent, strongly excites our sympathy. They had been together at Cambridge, and their rivalry as disputants, dated from the period when they preached from the same pulpit before the University. Each maintained his cause with an earnestness and vigorous eloquence that

stirred a tumult among their hearers. Whitgift, however, had chosen then, as afterwards, the winning side. He succeeded first in having his opponent silenced, then degraded from his professorship, and finally expelled from the University. The whole of Cartwright's subsequent career was one of obscure but incessant activity. He retired to the Continent after his expulsion from the University, and laboured, chiefly at Antwerp, for eleven years, when his health failed him, and he again sought his native country. Here he had scarcely landed, when he was seized and imprisoned at the instigation of Aylmer, Bishop of London, whose character, amid the fierce intolerance and oppression of the period, stands out as peculiarly contemptible in the vindictive severities with which it is associated.* He was liberated at the instance of Whitgift, who, however severe himself, did not care to see his victims in the hands of others. An interview is even said to have taken place between them at this time, which left a softening impression on the minds of both; and it is undeniable that Cartwright's friend and patron, the Earl of Leicester, addressed a letter of thanks to the Prelate for his "favourable and courteous usage" of his old rival. Cartwright retired to Warwick, and settled there as master of an hospital founded by his noble patron. The vigilant eye of Whitgift, however, still watched him; and though urged to allow him to resume preaching, he declined to do so until he should be better persuaded of his conformity. He even forbade him, some time afterwards, by a very imperious exercise of authority, to proceed with an answer, which he had been requested by a great body of the clergy of London and Suffolk to prepare, to the Rhemish translation of the New Testament Vulgate.† On the death of the Earl of Leicester, Cartwright's troubles were renewed. He was summoned before the Court of High Commission, and again imprisoned, along with a number of other Puritan divines,‡ till he was finally released in 1592, and allowed to end his days in peace in his old sphere of labour in Warwick, among attached friends.

It may easily be imagined in the circumstances we have men-

* See Marsden's *History of the Early Puritans*, p. 168-9; Neale's *History of the Puritans*, vol. i, pp. 340-1, 66. We take this opportunity of expressing our high opinion of the former of these works. The spirit of fairness and moderation in which both this and Mr. Marsden's history of the later Puritans are written, is especially commendable; while their clear, well-balanced, and forcible style, rising in some cases into eloquence, and the general life and vigour of the narrative, make them very interesting and delightful reading. Neale's *History of the Puritans* is too well known to need comment. Prejudiced no doubt it is; but simple, graphic, and, upon the whole, faithful, after all the efforts of High Church critics to weaken and impugn its authority.

† See Marsden's *Hist.* p. 172.

‡ *Do.* p. 175.

tioned, that a controversy between Cartwright and Whitgift was conducted with sufficient spirit and bitterness. The tone on both sides is, in fact, rude and vituperative, descending into endless minutiae of personal attack, wearying to the reader, and making it difficult for him in many cases to catch the main drift and meaning of the argument.* On which side the advantage lay it were needless to inquire. Both contended with marked ability, and were recognised as the champions of their respective parties; Cartwright displaying, perhaps, more vigorous eloquence and rough sense in details, a more pungent wit and superior learning, as some have maintained; Whitgift more freedom, comprehensiveness, and thoughtful force in general reasoning. We will afterwards have occasion to advert to the principles on which the latter maintained his argument.

He met Cartwright's reply with a defence of his answer, which appeared in 1573; and Cartwright again entered the field some years later, with a second and more elaborate Reply.† These were the main combatants; but, of course, a swarm of minor writers took up the controversy, which raged long and hotly. The Martin Mar-Prelate pamphlets on the Puritan side, and others not a whit behind them in scurrility on the Church side,‡ attest the vehemence of the contest, and the extent to which it interested and convulsed the nation.

Things were in this agitated state when Hooker succeeded to the Mastership of the Temple. The puritanical spirit, especially among the citizens of London, has spread widely, and all the efforts of Whitgift, backed by the power of the High Court of Commission, had, at the most, only restrained its outward expressions here and there while intensifying the feelings in which it originated. These feelings appear to have been particularly strong among many in the Temple congregation, fostered as they had been under the ministry of both Father Alvie and Mr. Travers.

* The "untempered speeches," "hard words," "bitter reproaches," ("as it were sticks and coals;") by which terms Cartwright characterizes Whitgift's reasoning, are sufficiently met by the "flouts," "apprises," "slanders," and "disdainful phrases," which the latter imputed to the Puritan.—Works of Whitgift, Parker Society, vol. i. pp. 45, 46, 54.—Whitgift does not even disdain to reproach his adversary with the poverty which his own harshness had inflicted.

† This is undeniable. Cartwright's Rejoinder to Whitgift, consisting of two parts, appeared, the first part in 1575, the second in 1577, after he had fled to the Continent, although Fuller (Church Hist. B. 9, p. 103, Fol.) seems to have been ignorant of this, and says that Whitgift's "Defence kept the field, and (for ought I can find) received no solemn refutation."

‡ Such as, "A Fig for my Godson, or Crack me this Nut, that is, a sound box of the ear, for the Idiot Martin to hold his Peace;" and "An Almond for a Parrot," by Cuthbert Curry-Knave, the pseudonyme of Tom Nash, who was, says Walton, "a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen."

The latter is to be reckoned, after Cartwright, the most distinguished of the Puritan leaders. Both of them inferior in learning to Reynolds, who is said indeed to have been the most learned man of his day, there are yet no others who claim so decidedly to be considered the literary representatives of Elizabethan Puritanism. They had been associated as preachers at Antwerp, and the same principles, and the same fiery zeal in their defence, had bound them closely together. In many points, both of mind and character, they seem to have resembled each other. The same mental restlessness, the same hard and extreme dogmatism, the same ambitious, ardent, and unflinching spirit, and, what cannot be denied by their fiercest opponents, the same purity of character, and integrity and manliness under suffering, unite and distinguish their names.* Travers appears to have been the more polished and attractive preacher; Cartwright the stronger and more systematic reasoner. Upon the whole, the latter strikes us as the higher character, animated by a more living, a less captious earnestness in the work of controversy in which their lives were spent.

With such a spirit in the Temple Congregation, and such a beginning between the two preachers as we have already mentioned, little harmony was to be expected. Hooker, quiet and humble as he was in manner, was not one to yield his convictions for a moment, in deference to any opposition; and Travers, popular and self-confident, was as little likely to brook any sentiments which he considered inconsistent with the "Word and will of God." The former, consequently, had scarcely begun his ministry, when the flame of dissension broke out between them. Certain forms which Travers had introduced in the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, seem to have been among the first causes of disagreement. But they soon assailed one another's views in the pulpit, which spoke "pure Canterbury in the morning, and Geneva in the afternoon."

Any one who would understand the grounds of this controversy, memorable, it must be confessed, more in the weakness than the glory which it casts around two distinguished names, will find them fully detailed in Walton's *Life*; and, especially, in Travers' *Supplication to the Council*, on the one hand, and

* A somewhat interesting tribute to the character and learning of both, and the manner in which together they represented the cause of Puritanism, is found in Fuller's *Church History*, in the shape of a letter written by Andrew Melville, with the concurrence of the King and Scottish Estates, inviting them to accept chairs in the newly-established Divinity College of St. Mary's, in St. Andrews; an invitation, however, which they declined, either because (as Fuller in his own way explains it) "they would not leave the sun on their backs, and remove so far north, or because they were discouraged by the slenderness of the salary assigned to them."—*Church Hist.* B. ix., p. 216.

Hooker's Reply, on the other, published together in both the Oxford editions of the latter. In order to understand its full merits, and, above all, the spirit which animates the respective disputants, it is necessary to study their own statements, which are, moreover, very interesting from the view which they give us of the character of the two men, and the marked contrasts which they exhibit between the Genevan theology and that of Hooker. It were a very invidious task to say upon which of them the chief blame of the contention rested. A higher spirit of love and freedom in both, would, no doubt, have found the means of averting it; but this were to demand what the age does not entitle us to seek, even in Hooker, noble and conciliatory as was his character, and far as he rose above its temper of polemic, in the quiet and thoughtful preparation of his immortal work. On looking back upon the controversy, however, we have no hesitation in pronouncing upon whose side the highest spirit, both of theological wisdom and of ecclesiastical feeling, is to be found. In these respects, Hooker stands greatly above his rival, whose narrow and one-sided views on the doctrines of predestination and assurance, and the relations of Christian feeling allowable between the Church of England and that of Rome—the main topics which the controversy embraced—are in poor and unfavourable contrast with the comprehensive, tolerant, and enlightened sentiments of the former. We do not know, indeed, that Hooker appears greater anywhere than in the theological and Christian attitude which he was enabled to hold on such questions in his age, as we see this attitude preserved in the two sermons on "The Certainty and Perpetuity of Faith in the Elect," and on "Justification," which sprung out of this controversy. Here, as well as in his Criticisms on the Lambeth Articles, we can measure distinctly how far he rose equally above his opponents and his friends,—to what a height a truly reverent spirit and a divine philosophy carried him, beyond their hard oppositions and uncharitable dogmatisms.

As rival preachers, apart from their dogmatic differences, Travers easily maintained a popular superiority. In all personal qualities of voice and manner, as well, apparently, as in the easy handling of his subject, he had the advantage. The following are Fuller's portraits of them, respectively, in the pulpit:—

"Mr. Hooker:—his voice was low, stature little, gesture none at all, standing stone-still in the pulpit, as if the posture of his body were the emblem of his mind, immovable in his opinions. • Where his eye was left fixed at the beginning, it was found fixed at the end of his sermon; in a word, the doctrine he delivered had nothing but itself to garnish it. His style was long and pithy, driving on a whole stock of several *clauses* before he came to the *close* of a sentence. So that,

when the copiousness of his style met not with proportionable capacity in his auditors, it was unjustly censured for perplexed, tedious, and obscure. His sermons followed the inclinations of his studies, and were, for the most part, on controversies and deep points of school divinity. . . . Mr. Travers :—his utterance was graceful, gesture plausible, manner profitable, method plain, and his style carried in it *indolem pietatis, a genius of grace*, flowing from his sanctified heart." *

One can easily realize the mental and personal differences of the men, and understand how it was that the congregation "*ebbed in the forenoon, and flowed in the afternoon.*" Some, we are told, did not hesitate to ascribe the first occasion of difference between them to this cause. But all who appreciate, in any degree, the quiet wisdom and rich sense of Hooker in his writings, will not fail to concur in the pointed *dictum* of Fuller, "that he was too wise to take exception at such trifles, the rather because the most judicious is always the least part in all auditories."

The differences, however, between the rival preachers reached such a height as to require interference, or at least to give occasion for it. The archbishop interposed his power and silenced Travers. This appears to have been a harsh and injurious step, carried out in a harsh and discreditable manner. The notice of prohibition was only served upon the preacher on the Sunday afternoon, after he had entered the pulpit. The scene is so graphically described by Fuller in his grotesque fashion, that we cannot help quoting it.

"For all the congregation on a Sabbath in the afternoon were assembled together, their attention prepared, *the cloath* (as I may say) and napkins were laid, yea, the guests set, and their knives drawn for their spiritual repast, when suddenly, as Mr. Travers was going up into the pulpit, a sorry fellow served him with a letter, prohibiting him to preach any more. In obedience to authority, (the mild and constant submission whereunto won him respect with his adversaries,) Mr. Travers calmly signified the same to the congregation, and requested them quietly to depart to their chambers. Thus was our good *Zacharias struck dumb in the Temple*, but not for *infidelity*, impartial people accounting his fault at most but *indiscretion*. Mean time his auditory (pained that their pugnacious expectation to hear him preach should so publicly prove abortive, and sent sermonless home) manifested, in their variety of passion, some grieving, some frowning, some murmuring, and the wisest sort, who held their tongues, shook their heads, as disliking the managing of the matter." *

The Temple, it may be supposed, was not a very happy sphere of ministry to Hooker, notwithstanding the enforced silence of Travers. The seeds of discontent were deeply rooted in the congregation, and although countenanced and supported by the

chief Benchers,* he met with many neglects and oppositions from the friends of his opponent. He sought a refuge from the discomforts of his position in the retirements of study; and his thoughts, taking their direction from the troubles in which he had been embroiled, he now sketched out, and laid the foundations of his great work. As the idea of it grew in his mind, and his mental life became more absorbed in it, his inclinations turned to some quiet country parsonage, such as he had formerly desired, where, without disturbance, he "might meditate," and pray for God's blessing upon his labours; and in his own touching language, see that blessing "spring out of his mother earth, and eat his bread in peace and privacy."† He accordingly applied to the archbishop, who presented him, in the year 1591, to the rectory of Boscum, in the diocese of Sarum, and six miles from that city. Here he remained for four years devoted to his important task; and in 1594 appeared the first four books of the Ecclesiastical Polity. In the same year he was transferred to the living of Bishopsborne, near Canterbury, where he spent the few remaining years of his life, and gave to the world the fifth book of the Polity. Here he is said to have formed an intimate friendship with Dr. Hadrian Saravia, about that time made one of the prebends of Canterbury, a German by birth, and who had been a pastor in the Low Countries. This Saravia, whose name is now so little familiar to us, appears to have been one of the most active controversialists of his day, and to have been one of the first who espoused those High Church views, a little before this time promulgated by Bancroft. The influence of this friendship is supposed by some to be discoverable in the tone of Hooker's latter books; but after all, little can be made of this, and certainly Hooker's principles were not essentially affected by Saravia's reactionary notions; however, his natural tendency to conservatism of feeling may have been strengthened by personal intercourse with him.

We have a pleasing picture of his life at Bishopsborne. In study, preaching, and visiting, and a somewhat ascetic devotion, he consumed his days: a quiet man of modest countenance, low stature, and awkward bashfulness, yet nourishing lofty thoughts amid all his lowliness, and carrying on a noble strife of argument amid all his peaceableness.

"We are told that he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth, possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations; his use was to preach once every Sunday, and he or his curate to catechise after the second lesson in the evening prayer; his sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal, and an

* Walton's *Life*, Keble's Ed., p. 87.

† *Ibid.* p. 67.

humble voice ; his eyes always fixt on one place, to prevent his imagination from wandering, insomuch as that he seemed to study as he spake ; the design of his sermons (as indeed of all his discourses) was to show reasons for what he spake ; and with these reasons, such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade, than frighten men into piety ; studying not so much for matter (which he never wanted), as for apt illustrations to enforce and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications ; never labouring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions and subdistinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself ; but glory only to God. Which intention, he would often say, was as discernible in a preacher, as a natural from an artificial beauty. . . . The innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others (scholars especially) went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired ; and, alas ! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist, ‘ What went they out to see ? a man clothed in purple and fine linen ? ’ No, indeed, but an obscure, harmless man ; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat ; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul ; his body worn out, not with age, but study, and holy mortifications ; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his inactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour. God and nature blest him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days, his pupils might easily look him out of countenance ; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face, and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off at the same time ; and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted ; and where he fixt his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended ; and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife.”*

Such was Hooker in his retirement at Bishopsborne. The picture wants relief ; the touches are too uniformly quiet and sad ; but we have no reason to doubt its general faithfulness. Still in the prime of life, unwearied study seems to have impaired his health, and incessant thoughtfulness to have cast a shade over his spirits. Meek and pure as was his life, however, he did not escape detraction, and even something worse. The allusions of Walton to this subject, indeed, are not very intelligible ; and his gossiping propensities are clearly stamped on certain features of the story ; but it appears certain that notwithstanding the gravity and simplicity of his character, Hooker was the victim of a serious slander, which occasioned him long

* Walton’s Life, Keble’s Ed., pp. 77-79.

uneasiness, until, by the intervention of his "two dear friends," Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, the matter was cleared up, and his enemies made to confess that they had wronged him.*

About the year 1600, and in the forty-sixth year of his age, he caught cold in his passage, by water, from London to Gravesend. With his constitution already weakened, he never seems to have recovered from the effects of this cold, but gradually sunk under it. The sacrament was administered to him by Dr. Saravia the day before his death: and his last thoughts were of his sins, and the "perturbations of this world," in contrast with the sublime order and peace of heaven—"the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience."

Only five of the books of Ecclesiastical Polity were given to the world, we have seen, by Hooker himself. The history of the three remaining books is a very curious one. The story told by Walton as to their mutilation, or rather as to the destruction, of the complete copies, left by the author in his library after his death, by certain Puritan ministers, used to be considered a mere piece of credulous gossip on the part of old Isaak. It is a "blind story, a true Canterbury tale," exclaimed Coleridge; † and Hallam, in his *Constitutional History*, ‡ was obviously very much of the same opinion. The investigations of Mr. Keble, however, have established that whatever credit may be due to the allegation of Puritan intervention, in the destruction of the MSS., there can be no doubt that in the case of the sixth book especially, we no longer possess in its complete form what was left by Hooker. It will be necessary to examine briefly the evidence of this, and the story in connexion with it, both on account of the interest of the subject itself, and the renewed light which it serves to throw on the character of his wife.

Immediately following Hooker's death, inquiry was made after his papers, by friends who had been watching with interest the completion of his work. He died on the 2d of November; and "only five days afterwards, Dr. Andrews, being then at the court, wrote to Dr. Parry, who was, as it may seem, intimate with the Churchman family, and near at hand, requesting him to provide without delay for the security of the papers. He writes in a tone of

* We profess ourselves unable, from the statements of the Life (see p. 82), to understand the exact nature of the imputation preferred against Hooker; and there is no light thrown upon it from any other quarter that we have examined. Fuller says nothing of it, notwithstanding his love for such miscellaneous gossip.

† Notes on English Divines, vol. i. p. 2.

‡ *Constitutional History*, vol. i. Notes, pp. 266, 267.

the greatest anxiety, and regrets that he should be so late in giving this hint, having but just been informed of Hooker's death." *

Nothing satisfactory seems to have been elicited by this inquiry; for the next thing we learn is, that at the end of a month Whitgift sent one of his chaplains to inquire after the three remaining books,—“of which she would not, or could not, give any account.” After the lapse of some further time—three months, it is said—suspicion† having arisen, she was summoned to the Privy Council, and interrogated by the Archbishop, when she is represented as confessing,—

“That one Mr. Charke, and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her, and desired that they might go into her husband's study, and look upon some of his writings, and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her that they were writings not fit to be seen, and that she knew nothing more concerning them.” “Her lodging,” Walton adds, “was then in King-street, in Westminster, where she was found next morning dead in her bed, and her new husband suspected and questioned for it, but he was declared innocent of her death.”

Within so short a period after her husband's death, she had contracted, it appears, a second marriage, of which, however, we learn no further particulars.

So much for Mrs. Hooker. Whatever may be the truth of the story, her character comes out of it with a very base stamp; and the unintelligible tragedy of her death only deepens the unhappy perplexity of her whole life. The question suggests itself, Could she herself have been a Puritan? and did any of the unhealed bitterness of Hooker's marriage spring out of this source? It seems undeniable, from the statement of Travers, and otherwise,‡ that family relations brought him into close connexion with the Puritans; his own daughter married a Mr. Charke, conjectured to have been the same person who is mentioned in the above statement. It is simply possible that his wife, besides her natural sourness of temper and indifference to him, may have been alienated from him by the force of ecclesiastical sympathies, the intensity of which, in the peculiar circumstances of the time, we cannot well overrate. And does not such a view impart a ready meaning to the emphasis of certain statements in Hooker's Preface,§ as well as to the distrustful anxiety regarding his papers, manifested by his friends, on hearing of his death? On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the fact of his having by his will entrusted his MSS. to the charge of his wife, seems opposed to such a view. Why, as

* Keble's Preface, p. xxi.

† Works, vol. iii. p. 557.

‡ Appendix to Walton's Life, p. 91.

§ Works, vol. i. p. 153.

Coleridge pertinently asks, did he not entrust them to Dr. Saravia? We do not pretend for our part to clear up the mystery.

The satisfactory evidence that the MSS. were really interfered with, is to be found in the contrast which the sixth book, as it now stands, presents, not only to its design, as laid down by Hooker himself, but to its original course, as otherwise certified. The subject before Hooker in this book, according to his plan, was the Scriptural authority of lay eldership. To this subject, however, only the first two chapters, and the first section of the third chapter, have any relation. The remainder, being nineteen-twentieths of the whole, is devoted to the discussion of penance and absolution, as between the Church of England and that of Rome. That this absurd divergency from the proper subject of the book, to which he nowhere returns, did not characterize it as completed by the author, is shewn from a document published for the first time by Mr. Keble, bearing to be the critical notes of Cranmer and Sandys upon it, as submitted to them. It is known to have been the custom of Hooker to forward his work as he completed it, to his old pupils, for their advice and revision. The document is in their own handwriting; Cranmer's part filling twenty-four folio pages, and Sandys' part, which is more closely written, occupying six pages more. There can be no reasonable doubt of its genuineness; for who, as Mr. Keble says, would have ever thought such a paper worth forging? The collation of the existing sixth book, with this document, leaves no room for doubt as to its corruption. "First, it will be found that among all the notes there are not so many as four instances in which the *catchwords* at the beginning of the note occur in the text as it stands. Next, the whole subject-matter of the critical remarks, the scriptural and other quotations referred to, indicate an entirely different work. There is not a word about penitency, auricular confession, absolving power; but (in the third place) the frame of the whole, and each particular, as far as it can be understood, implied the authors to have had before them a work really addressing itself to the question of lay elders, and meeting all the arguments which, as we know from contemporary writers, the upholders of the Puritan platform were used to allege."*

This is the state of the case, no doubt put strongly, but resting on grounds that seem indisputable. Mr. Keble further endeavours, from the scattered hints of the notes, to sketch the several heads of the book as it must have appeared to Cranmer and Sandys; but we need not follow him into this detail, only observing, the heads correspond very well with the nature of the

* Works, Editor's Preface, pp. 27, 28.

task which Hooker had undertaken. It seems certainly to lend confirmation to the story of Puritan interference, that it is exactly that part of the three remaining books of the Polity which would have been most obnoxious to the Puritans, which have most clearly suffered mutilation. To Mr. Keble this evidence seems decisive; but we do not feel that it is entitled altogether to remove our doubts as to the fact of such interference, at least in the manner narrated by Walton.

Of the two latter books we have a more satisfactory account. The seventh book was first published in 1662 by Gauden, Bishop of Worcester, whose name is so questionably associated with the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*. The MS. of it, he alleges in his Preface, to be undoubtedly in Hooker's own handwriting throughout. He says nothing, however, as to where he got the MS., or what he did with it, and furnishes, in fact, no clue whatever whereby subsequent inquirers might determine its authority. Its authorship and value, therefore, rest entirely on the internal evidence which it bears of having come from Hooker's own hand; and Mr. Keble, from obvious reasons, considers this evidence as very complete. Upon the whole, there seems no reason to doubt that it is the genuine production of Hooker. The course of argument and flow of style clearly indicate this. But, at the same time, it must be borne in mind, that, if a real, it is at the best, as indeed Mr. Keble admits, a 'mutilated and imperfect relic;' and its special statements as to the Divine authority of Episcopacy, must accordingly be received and judged, if not with any definite qualification, which is by no means necessary, yet in the full light of the general reasoning of the first three books.

The eighth book originally appeared along with the sixth, in 1651. Additional fragments were published by Dr. Barnard in his *Clavi Trabalex*, 1661. Some of these passages were incorporated by Gauden in his edition, and the book further enlarged and compiled from apparently distinct sources; he added also a new fragment on the Limits of Obedience to Sovereigns. Such was the very imperfect state of the last book, previous to the labours of Mr. Keble. His very careful researches, founded on four different MSS., drawn from different quarters, Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth, and Dublin, have issued in a text to some extent new—in his own words, "widely at variance" with the previous texts "in very many material points; many portions being added, some few omitted, and the parts which remain transposed in such a manner as to form, on the whole, an entirely new arrangement.* The fragment added by Gauden on Civil Obedience is not incorporated with the book, as it had been by previous editors, but subjoined in an appendix.

* Works, Editor's Preface, p. 86.

Hooker's great work may be contemplated in two main points of view: in its general, philosophical, and literary character; and in its special polemical import and value. It is just its glory that it presents this twofold aspect of interest to the reader; that it remains a monument, not only of past controversy, but of the highest philosophical and literary genius. It is this latter character, alone which gives it that weighty and time-honoured renown, and that classical position so universally conceded to it. It is this which makes it a living study now, while the works to which it was opposed, as well as that of Whitgift, which preceded it, are only subjects of research to the Christian historian. Had it been a mere repertory of ecclesiastical polemics, however able, it would have long since passed into the comparative oblivion by which these have been overtaken, or rather, it would never have emerged from the predestined obscurity which awaits all merely polemical writing. But, animated by the light of a divine philosophy, and pregnant with a life of Thought, which clothes itself in the noblest forms of language, rising often into the most ripe and swelling eloquence, it at once took a rank in our literature, from which we can never conceive it displaced, however little interest may come to be attached to many of the special discussions which it embraces.

We see the influence of this higher character of Hooker's work strongly shown in the manner in which it is spoken of by Mr. Hallam.* It is the presence of a great mind dealing in the most profoundly philosophical spirit, with questions so easily narrowed by prejudice, and debased by faction, that above all interests such a critic. It is with the Treatise of Cicero, *De Legibus*, that a comparison at once occurs to him, of the English masterpiece, on the Foundation and Origin of Laws—the first book of the Polity. Upon the whole, Mr. Hallam would assign the palm to the Ciceronian Treatise, for dignity and force of language, and conciseness and rigour of reasoning, but he admits the latter to be “by no means less high-toned in sentiment, or less bright in fancy, and far more comprehensive and profound in the foundations of its philosophy.”†

Hooker's philosophical characteristics, as here indicated, are, profundity and comprehensiveness, combined with patience and calmness of reflection. He does not light up his subject by any vivid flashes of thought, nor startle by the force and quickness of insight with which he seizes hold of its deeper truth; but he never fails, in his own more elaborate way, to reach to its very ground, and lay open its foundations, and, moreover, to trace it out in all its windings, slowly, and sometimes even tediously, yet with the hand of a master, who knows it all well, and

* Lit. of Europe, vol. ii. p. 166.

† Do. Constitutional History, p. 231.

therefore is not impatient to complete his work. This largeness of handling is his one most distinguishing attribute. His mind did not work by strong and sudden impulses, leaping with irresistible force to its conclusions, but by calm and laborious processes, tending silently yet surely thereto. The meditative character of his life confirms this view, as well as both Fuller's and Walton's description of his preaching. It is not the facile and overflowing speaker that we contemplate, but the rapt and abstract student, restrained and hesitating with the weight of his subject, his eye not kindling with answering and sympathetic emotion, but fixed in dreamy introspection on the great ideal or outline of thought with which he is labouring. Hence, too, the frequent prolixity of his reasoning, in many cases returning upon itself, and only after repeated accumulations, again unfolding in linked and rolling sequences. For the clearness of his argument, and the more exact conveyance of his views, it would have been well, certainly, as Mr. Hallam observes,* using a phrase in itself very felicitous, but not strictly applicable—that we had “a little less of the expanded palm of rhetoric, and somewhat more of dialectical precision ;” but, with more definiteness, we could not have had that very amplitude of research, and exuberance of language, which constitute the chief distinction of Hooker. And even when he is most voluminous, when he most tarries, and returns upon himself in his course of exposition, or expands into his most copious statements, “rhetoric” scarcely expresses what will be found instinct with meaning in all its involutions, and touched with power even to its extremities. It must at the same time be admitted that Hooker's prolixity sometimes loses itself in confusion of ideas, and the indiscriminate use of general terms.† There are parts of his reasoning which, probably wrought out with great effort by himself—tracing a thread of living but tangled connexion in his own mind—must be very carefully, and even laboriously, examined by the reader, before they can be taken up in all their dependence and conclusive force. This is more especially the case when he is seduced into the meshes of some merely scholastic discussion.

As a writer, perhaps, even more than a thinker, Hooker marks an era in English literature. If not the creator of English prose, he was the first of its masters, as he remains to this day among the greatest of them. Four books of the Ecclesiastical Polity preceded the publication of Bacon's Essays, by a few years ; and, acknowledging to the full what had been already done by Latimer in his Sermons, and Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia*, we must accord to Hooker the prime honour of work-

* *Lit. of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 167. † *Do. Constitutional History*, vol. i. p. 234.

ing out the capacities of that language, which, with Bacon and Shakspeare, was about to reach, all at once, its consummate development. The extent of merit which here really belongs to our author, may be seen by turning from his great work to the writings of Cartwright and Whitgift, on the same subject, so immediately preceding. The comparative roughness and barrenness of their style, even when it is vigorous and animated; the want of any approach to that elevation, and dignity, and grace of movement, in which our author rejoices; stamp the progress which the language had made in his hands. In fullness and majesty, combined with pregnancy, and richness, and felicity of expression, the style of Hooker remains, indeed, unsurpassed. That of Bacon's *Essays* is more idiomatic, and terse, and intense in its meanings; but it does not move with the same swell, it does not rise to the same grandeur. It is more close and flexible, more living and expressive, throughout; but it does not carry along the same freight of eloquence, nor gather to itself the same splendour of utterance. And, certainly, in the supreme quality of harmony—at once the most subtle in its secret, and the most obvious in its presence, of all gifts of language—Hooker is singularly pre-eminent. While adding statement to statement, and clause to clause, along a series that seems extended to confusion, there will yet be found, through all, a proportion and sequence which, when well read, fall upon the ear like music. He is nowhere discordant, and but seldom confused; and now and then the chime of his many-toned sentences breaks forth into a sustained and overpowering chorus.

The *First Book of the Ecclesiastical Polity* will always remain, as it deserves to be, the most generally read and admired. Here, in the lofty region of moral inquiry, with which the book is throughout engaged, the genius of Hooker was most at home. The largeness of spirit and wide range of thought, so characteristic of him, found in this region full scope. The consciousness of the nobler elevation to which, from his whole point of view, he was carrying the wearying and often degrading, controversy of his time, brought forth to the full all his powers, and displayed them in their happiest exercise. It is the same shining and ample intellect, and the same calm and judicial wisdom, that meet us throughout the work; but here, in a congenial atmosphere, the mind of Hooker rose to its sublimest height, and expatiated with its grandest force and compass of reasoning. Nowhere, in the literature of philosophy, has ethical and political speculation essayed a profounder and more comprehensive task—sought to take, at one flight, a broader sweep; and never, we may safely say, has the harmony of the moral universe, and the inter-dependence and unity of man's spiritual

and civil life, in their multiplied relations, been more firmly seized, and more impressively expounded. The distinct character of the book, moreover, and its comparative completeness, have served to give it, by itself, a position and renown, which somewhat overshadow the others. It is a vestibule so magnificent, and here and there so richly adorned, that many, in their admiration of it, delay, or care not, to enter into the less inviting and intricate argumentative structure to which it leads.

The conception of such a plan of argument as Hooker's *First Book* embraces—a plan of argument underlying the whole structure of the work, and giving to it its pervading meaning—could only have sprung up in a mind of genuinely philosophical tendency and power. Amid all the din of controversy around him, there was no clear discernment of principles. Many talked of the truth, as he himself said, “which never sounded the depth from which it springeth.” To such a mind as his, however, there could be no rest, save on a broad and comprehensive basis of philosophy. The particular controversy as to ecclesiastical order and ceremonies, only found its true importance in connexion with the whole subject of law and order. It was only from a fundamental inquiry into the “grounds and original causes of all laws,” and carrying out the conclusions to which such an inquiry leads, that he could go forth with interest to the settlement of the special questions before him.

Beginning, therefore, from “the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain,” he inquires into the *First Law Eternal*,—“the order which God before all ages hath set down for himself to do all things by.” The ground of all being is at once Law and Life, Reason and Personality, working in most exact order, yet knowing what and why it worketh. This great Theistic principle is firmly seized and expressed by him. He holds with a fine hand the balance of truth, which has so often, on this deepest question, been allowed to swerve to the one side or the other; vindicating at once the harmonious necessity of the universe, and the living spring of personal agency that moves in it all. There is to him in all things no deeper meaning than *law*. A mere arbitrary will is wholly foreign to the essential idea of God; yet a mere blind necessity is still more foreign. This idea only attains its full illumination when apprehended as a *Personal Agent*, working “not only according to his own will, but the counsel of his own will.”

This *First Eternal Law*,—the everlasting order laid up in the bosom of God,—comes forth in diverse manifestations, adapted to the different kinds of things subject to it, and through which it is expressed. There is first of all the *Law of Nature*,—of the ever-revolving mechanism of inanimate objects. Nothing can

be finer or grander in its way than Hooker's whole conception of the vast order of nature. No positivist-poet or philosopher ever expressed a more sublime admiration of its undeviating harmony,—its silent and ceaseless march ; yet acknowledging to the full the naturalistic conception, he is not content for a moment to rest in it. It draws from him an eloquent awe ; but all this the more, that he sees in it not a direct necessity, but an articulate revelation of the Divine will. Nay, so vividly, and in its highest form, does he seize this truth, that he beholds in nature the unconscious working out of a Divine pattern or archetype ; and in the light of this idea—now scientifically verified by the genius of an Owen and a Sedgwick—the more adores the Living Presence operating in all.*

Following the law of nature comes the Celestial Law, or “ that which angels behold, and without any swerving observe ;” and here, as he rises to the full and animating thought of the harmony of heaven, he kindles again with his subject, and breaks forth into one of his richest and most swelling passages :—

“ But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the footstool to the throne of God, and leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and divine creatures. Touching angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where is nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon ; but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever, doth dwell. As in number and order they are high, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them : such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself being to set down the perfect idea of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray or wish for more than only that here it might be with us as with them it is in heaven. God which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels : for, beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excellency, they all adore him ; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably for ever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness, maketh them unweariable and even insatiable in their longing to do by all means all manner of good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men ; in the countenance of whose nature looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves ; even as upward in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled. Thus far even the Paynims have approached ; thus far they have seen into the doings of the angels of God. Orpheus confessing that the fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious angels, careful how all things are performed amongst men ;

* Works, vol. i. p. 209.

and the mirror of human wisdom plainly teaching, that God moveth angels even as that thing doth the man's heart, which is thereunto presented amiable. Angelical actions may therefore be reduced unto these three general kinds; first, most delectable love, arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only unto spirits that are pure; secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend; thirdly, imitation, bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace."*

He then enters upon the consideration of the Law of Reason,—“the binding principle of reasonable creatures in this world.” This opens up to him a wide field of ethical disquisition, in which he treats of the several functions of the will and reason in man. The will is the moral capacity in man which brings him into relation to his appropriate moral good. He has this capacity over and above the sensible capacity, common to him with the lower animals, because he is fitted for a more divine perfection, and craves therefore a higher good than what belongs to them. Reason is the director of the will,—the light of the soul. Whereas the rule of nature is simple necessity; that of beasts an instinctive judgment of sense; and that of angels an “intuitive intellectual judgment concerning the amiable beauty and high goodness of that object, which with unspeakable joy and delight doth set them on work. The rule of voluntary agents on earth is the sentence that reason giveth concerning the goodness of those things which they are to do.”† It is the office of reason, therefore, to discover the good to which man's higher nature is adapted,—the laws which at once regulate and express its activity. This it does in various ways, and by various signs or tokens, which our author discusses at length. There is some intricacy and confusion in his argument here; but its general effect is, that there are clearly discoverable by reason certain axioms or principles of morality, which are universally binding, and to which the conscience answers as its appropriate rule and life. These moral laws witness to themselves in the orderly and happy lives of those who conform to them, just as the works of nature are all “behoveful and beautiful, without superfluity or defect.” The prevailing infraction of even the principal of these laws among certain nations, is not allowed as any evidence against their universal validity, but is attributed to “lewd and wicked custom, which beginning perhaps first amongst few, afterwards spreading into greater multitudes, and so continuing from time to time, may be of force even in plain things to smother the light of natural understanding.” There is a true and substantive

* Works, vol. i. pp. 212, 213.

† Vol. i. p. 228.

moral law, therefore, according to Hooker, discoverable in the light of human reason, and binding upon human conduct; and in the relation which man bears to this the law of *his* nature, he is contradistinguished from all other creatures in the world. In his case alone is observation of law righteousness, and transgression of it sin. It is the moral reality of a living will in man that makes the difference. "Take away the will, and all acts are equal."*

The law now mentioned binds man simply as man. Its force is irrespective of society; but out of the fact of society there springs up a set of correspondent laws. The ground of domestic society is found in human wants; the ground of political government in human crimes. The natural fountain of law and authority in the former case, is the father of the family; in the latter case, lawful authority can only be exercised by consent of society itself, or by the immediate appointment of God. These are the only two genuine sources of political power which may assume different forms, but in all its forms rests *ordinarily* on the same ground, the express or implied sanction of the community. A governing power resting on any other ground, save the special one of direct Divine appointment, is most strongly repudiated by Hooker; and here, as has been often pointed out by Mr. Hallam and others, he clearly anticipated the theory of Locke. As the origin of government is thus traced to popular assent, so all laws for its regulation and control have the same rightful source, and no other. The language of Hooker on this subject is so forcible, that it well deserves quotation:—

"The lawful power of making laws to command whole politic societies of men belongeth so properly unto the same entire societies, that for any prince or potentate, of what kind soever, upon earth to exercise the same of himself, and not either by express commission immediately and personally received from God, or else by authority decreed at the first from their consent upon whose persons they impose laws, it is no better than mere tyranny. Laws they are not, therefore, which public approbation hath not made so. But approbation not only they give who personally declare their assent by vow, sign, or act, but also when others do it in their names by right originally at the least derived from them. As in parliaments, councils, and the like assemblies, although we be not personally ourselves present, notwithstanding our assent is by reason of other agents there in our behoof. And what we do by others, no reason but that it should stand as our deed, no less effectually to bind us, than if ourselves had done it in person."†

Further, as there are laws appropriate to civil societies in themselves, so there are laws appropriate to these societies in

* Cod. Justin. 968, quoted by Hooker, vol. i. p. 238.

† Works, vol. i. p. 245, 246.

their relations to one another, viz., International Laws. And the allusion to them leads him to speak of the necessity and propriety of laws of spiritual commerce between Christian nations—"laws by virtue whereof all churches may enjoy freely the use of those reverent, religious, and sacred consultations which are termed Councils-General."

Finally, there are the laws specially revealed by God in Scripture for our spiritual guidance and government—Laws Supernatural to direct and control man in the way of salvation, which he has wholly lost by nature. Under this head Hooker, according to his wont, runs into a general and elevated vein of discussion, pertaining to the true and only blessedness of man in communion with God; how man has fallen away from this blessedness through guilt, and how it is restored to him in Christ. He considers the fact of so many laws of reason being republished in Scripture, and dwells upon the advantage of this in brightening our frequently dim natural perceptions, and guiding us in circumstances of particular difficulty. He is thus led to enlarge on the benefit of traditional Divine law, and of Holy Scripture, the perfection of which—wherein nothing is superfluous amid all its variety—he extols in a rich and eloquent passage.

Here he brings to a close the course of his general reasoning, and approaches its bearing upon his special subject to which it will be found to have a very intimate relation, far away as it may seem to have begun from it. Having enumerated the various laws that obtain among men, he now enters upon the consideration of their particular force and character. In all these several kinds of laws there are sundry both *natural* and *positive*,—that is to say, both arising out of the personal and social necessities of human life, and prescribed by external authority for the guidance of that life. They are ~~in~~ error, therefore, who make those laws only to be positive that are of man's invention, attributing mutability to them and to them alone. Certain Divine laws are no less positive and mutable in their nature. The real ground of mutability or immutability in laws, is to be found; in fact, not in their origin, but in their character. They are permanent or changeable, not according as they proceed from God or man, but "according as the matter itself is concerning which they were first made. Whether God or man be the maker of them, alteration they so far forth admit as the matter doth exact." This is the point towards which Hooker has been aiming in his extended discussion:—

"Wherefore," he adds, "to end with a general rule concerning all the laws which God hath tied men unto; those laws divine that belong, whether naturally or supernaturally, either to men as men, or

to men as they live in public society, or to men as they are of that politic society which is the Church, without any further respect had unto any such variable accident as the state of men, and of societies of men, and of the Church itself in this world is subject unto; all laws that so belong unto men, they belong for ever; yea, although they be positive laws, unless being positive God himself which made them alter them. The reason is, because the subject or matter of laws in general is thus far forth constant; which matter is that for the ordering whereof laws were instituted, and being instituted are not changeable without cause, neither can they have cause of change, when that which gave them their first institution remaineth for ever one and the same. On the other side, laws that were made for men or societies or churches, in regard of their being such as they do not always continue, but may perhaps be clean otherwise a while after, and so may require to be otherwise ordered than before, the laws of God himself which are of this nature, no man endued with common sense, will ever deny to be of a different constitution from the former, in respect of the one's constancy and the mutability of the other. And this doth seem to have been the very cause why St. John doth so peculiarly term the doctrine that teacheth salvation by Jesus Christ, *Evangelium æternum*, 'an eternal Gospel,' because there can be no reason wherefore the publishing thereof should be taken away, and any other instead of it proclaimed, as long as the world doth continue; whereas the whole law of rites and ceremonies, although delivered with so great solemnity, is notwithstanding clean abrogated, inasmuch as it had but temporary cause of God's ordaining it."*

In this paragraph lie the germ and ground of the whole reasoning of the Polity. Laws are such durably, according to the matter which they concern, whether they proceed immediately from a Divine or human source. It is not the mere fact of their revelation in Scripture which determines their permanent obligation. This can only be determined by a consideration of their whole character, and those circumstances in human life which they were intended to meet.

The question of the direct origin of laws was, in fact, from Hooker's whole point of view an indifferent one. For all law was to him only such, as forming an expression of the original Law or Reason of the universe; and whether this expression was found directly in Scripture, or in human reason and life, it did not matter; its sacredness was equally the same, as springing out of the Fountain of all light and order. This unity of Nature and Life and Scripture, as all alike true, if not alike important revelations of the Divine will, is really the foundation of Hooker's whole argument, although it is more implied than distinctly asserted by him. It is this comprehensive and germinant idea underlying its entire scheme and breathing life into it—inarticu-

* Works, vol. i. p. 274, 275.

late sometimes, but not the less powerful,—that gives to it its great force and mastery. It was on this ground above all that it met Puritanism, and proved its higher spirit and strength against it.

According to what we have already seen, it was the great aim of Puritanism in the more radical form into which it passed with Cartwright and others, to enforce its plan of discipline as expressly laid down in Scripture, and alone compatible with it. Scripture was maintained to be the sole authority not only in matters of faith, but of ecclesiastical order. Its fundamental principle, as expressed in the Admonition, was that “those things only are to be placed in the Church which the Lord himself in His word commandeth.”* On this exclusive scriptural basis the Puritans took their stand, and felt themselves firm in the character of the ground on which they stood. Their persistent keenness of purpose and stubbornness of resolution, as well as impatience of zeal, took their rise greatly in the fact that they thus supposed themselves in possession of the only ground of truth and law in the matter at issue. Destitute—as the spirit of Puritanism everywhere is—of speculative breadth and comprehension, and keeping their views closely within the limits of Scripture, they got a certain clearness of vision and intensity of aim from the very narrowness of their point of observation. Whitgift had so far in his reply to Cartwright taken the right view in opposition to them. He contended that while “the substance and matter of government must indeed be taken out of the word of God,” yet “the offices in the Church whereby this government is wrought are not namely and particularly expressed in the Scriptures, but in some points left to the discretion and liberty of the Church, to be disposed according to the state of times, places, and persons.”† He met the Puritan assertion by a simple negation; his thoughtful sense and shrewdness enabled him to see beyond the narrowness of that assertion, and practically as a question of policy he had no difficulty in dealing with

* Quotation from Ad. Whitgift's Works, vol. i. p. 176.—It may be well to add the following emphatic statements from Cartwright :—“And it is no small injury which you do unto the word of God, to pin it in so narrow room, as that it should be able to direct us but in the principal points of our religion; or as though the substance of religion, or some rude and unfashioned matter of building of the Church, were uttered in them, and those things were left out that should pertain to the form and fashion of it; or as if there were in the Scriptures only to cover her nakedness, and not also chains, and bracelets, and rings, and other jewels to adorn her, and set her out.” . . . “Is it likely that he who appointed, not only the tabernacle and the temple, but their ornaments, would not only neglect the ornaments of the Church, but that without which it cannot long stand? Shall we conclude that he who remembered the bars there, hath forgotten the pillars here? Or he who there remembered the pins, here forgot the master-builders? Should he there remember the besoms, and here forget archbishops, if any had been needful? Could he there make mention of the snuffers, to purge the lights, and here pass by the lights themselves?”—*Cartwright's Reply*, pp. 14-82.

† Whitgift's Works, vol. i. p. 6.

it; he felt that thus far it was false and untenable. But he did not see further; he had no philosophic vision of any higher *principle* on which to meet the Puritans, and, while resisting their immediate purpose, to enlarge the sphere of moral and political contemplation, and carry men's minds up to a more catholic unity of truth. It remained for Hooker to do this in the whole conception of his work. He saw still more clearly than Whitgift that the question confined to the limits of the Puritan basis, could only be one of endless polemics, while not shrinking from encountering it on this basis, according to a statement that has been often quoted from him;* but not content with a mere negative attitude, he sought by the native instinct of his mind some loftier and more comprehensive position from which he could discharge new elements of truth into the controversy for its possible settlement. Granting, he virtually said, that express Divine laws are our only warrantable guides in the ordering of the Church,—admitting so far the Puritan postulate,—yet laws are Divine not merely because they are found in Scripture. All true laws are no less Divine, as springing out of and resting on the same source as those of Scripture—the eternal Divine Law. To show this, was the simple and grand object of his First Book. For this “he had turned aside from the beaten path, and chosen, though a less easy, yet a more profitable way. Lest, therefore,” he adds, in language that admits of no mistake, “any man marvel whereunto all these things tend, the drift and purpose of all is this, even to show in what manner, as every good and perfect gift, so this very gift of good and perfect laws is derived from the Father of lights; to teach men a reason why just and reasonable laws are of so great force, of so great use in the world, and to inform their minds with some method of reducing the laws whereof there is present controversy unto their first original causes, that so it may be in every particular ordinance thereby the better discerned, whether the same be reasonable, just, and righteous, or no.”† The particular laws in dispute therefore, whether or not they had the express authority of Scripture, might have a clear Divine sanction. They might have a valid authority both in their proper substance and their direct origin, viz., the consent of reason expressing itself in the national feeling and will. For the eternal Divine Law as truly if not as perfectly expresses itself in this way as in Scripture. The question then came to be in this point of view, not merely what is laid down in Scripture, but what in all respects is conformable to right and reason, and the consecrated usage of history, springing out of the exercise and development of the Christian consciousness in the Church.

* Whitgift's Works, vol. i.

† Do., vol. i. p. 277.

This vein of thought runs throughout the Ecclesiastical Polity, and alone gives it coherence. The key to its philosophy, it is moreover the only principle that connects the several links of its polemic. For having in the first book cleared the way by showing the sacredness of all true laws, whether derived immediately from Scripture or not, he proceeds in the two next books to deal with the distinct assertions of the Puritans—first, that Scripture is the only exclusive rule of human life; and, secondly, that in Scripture there must be of necessity contained a form of church polity, “the laws whereof may in no wise be altered.” It was necessary for him, in the nature of the case, to deal definitely with both of these assertions. For the first plainly met the whole course of his preliminary reasoning; and the second, leaving the general question unsettled as to the force and propriety of other laws save those given in Scripture, yet left no margin unsettled in the particular matter under discussion. If Scripture contained a definite and unalterable church polity, it was of no avail to show what force and sacredness attached to laws in general. By proving, however, that Scripture was not the exclusive rule of human action, nor yet necessarily the exclusive source of church polity, as the Puritans contended, he left full room for his opening argument to tell. The controversy expanded beyond the mere limits of Scripture, into the broad field of reason, national feeling, and historical usage. It became, in short, a question of what was behoveful and beautiful, and becoming in itself, and in all the circumstances of the case; and the remaining books are simply devoted to the elaborate proof against the several assertions of the Puritans, that the existing order of the Church of England answered to the full the conditions thus dictated by a true expediency, as well as warranted by apostolical tradition.

We have discussed at such length, and with so much care, the main trace of Hooker’s argument, not only because it is that which is most important in itself, but because it is that which has most living relation to existing Church questions. It is instructive clearly to understand the position taken up on such questions by one so profound in thought, and so reverent in spirit, as Hooker. Of what consequence some in our time have thought his opinions, has been strongly displayed by the eagerness with which they have sought for corroboration of their own in his pages. It is far from our intention to disturb the expiring embers of a controversy that has spent itself, as all wise men saw from the first it could only spend itself, in the hot flame of Romanism on the one hand, or the poor smoke of mediæval dilettantism on the other. Yet it may be necessary in contrast to the different extremes of ecclesiastical opinion, somewhat more particularly to consider the views of our author.

In questions of church government and authority it will be plain to a little examination, that there are only two fundamental views of a positive character tenable,—the one of which rests on a basis of theoretical ecclesiasticism,—and the other on a basis of practical Christian order. The former asserts that the government of the Church is a polity divinely instituted once for all, and in its form definitely revealed and established. The latter maintains that this government is no less divinely instituted, but that the grounds of its institution are found not merely in Scripture, but in the Christian reason, and the development of that reason in the history of the Church. The one, in short, upholds an exclusive *jus divinum*, the other rests on what has been called in modern language *expediency*, with which term we have no quarrel, save that it has been degraded to base meanings, quite inconsistent with what we here intend.

Theoretical ecclesiasticism may assume very different, and, in fact, opposite manifestations. In the sixteenth century its characteristic manifestation was Puritanism. The Puritans were beyond all question the church theorists of their day. They were the assertors of the *jus divinum* in church government, and the first Protestant assertors of it. Their very name still bears testimony to this, if their history throughout were not a living witness to it. Their essential belief was that they alone were in possession of the *pure* truth of God, derived from Scripture on this subject, and their persevering aim was to apply their exclusive view of this truth to the government of the Church of England. It is notorious, and admitted on all hands, that this idea of an exclusive Divine right was utterly unknown to the early defenders of the Church of England. Jewell was contented to occupy the ground of Christian expediency in his Apology; Whitgift, we have seen clearly, took up the same position against the Puritans; and Hooker, only on larger and philosophic principles, has laid down the same basis. Christian expediency became in his hands the true *jus divinum*, resting not on one-sided interpretations of Scripture, but on the broad ground of the common Christian sense, verified equally in the light of Scripture and of Christian history.

It is needless to urge in opposition to this certain special statements extracted from the mass of Hooker's work as to the Divine right of Episcopacy, and the special authority of the Christian Ministry.* To any one who really understands Hooker's position, there is no inconsistency in such statements. It is at once granted that he contends for the Divine right of bishops, as he no doubt profoundly believed in that right; but he does not contend for it on the ground that this right is expressly revealed and ex-

* Keble's Preface, p. 71, *et seq.*

clusively taught in Scripture, so as to be everywhere and at all times incumbent on the Church. Such a view is not only inconsistent with explicit statements,* but what is far more important and satisfactory to every thoughtful reader, with the whole conception of his general argument. Episcopacy was simply to him a true and proper expression of Divine order in the Church; whereas the Puritans maintained it to be a usurpation or corruption, he maintained that it rightly represented the spirit and meaning of the primitive Apostolical system, and even that all the variety and grandeur of offices in the Church of England, was only a rightful development of that system. This is a clearly rational view, resting on grounds of common sense and Christian judgment, whatever we may otherwise think of it. Such a system of ecclesiastical polity may be well founded or not; but it plainly does not claim to be of exclusive Divine institution, definitely proclaimed from Heaven, and therefore universally paramount over the conscience and Christian reason. On the contrary, it directly seeks its origin and sanction in the assent of that reason, as expressed in the "whole church visible," which is declared to be "the" true original subject of all power† within the Church.

Such a system is utterly at variance with the modern High-Church theory, whose fundamental idea is the exclusive Divine right of a three-fold ministry, without which the Church can nowhere exist. Episcopacy is with it, not merely as with Hooker a valid expression of Divine order in the Church, but truly the Church itself. Government by bishops and archbishops is not only a divinely-warranted polity, but a polity so peculiarly Divine, as to be of the very essence of the Christian revelation. Without Episcopal sanction, no rites of the Church can be validly administered; apart from such sanction they are not only deficient, but they are not at all. For all spiritual blessing and sacramental privilege are inseparably bound up in certain forms rightly dispensed, and this dispensation is only right, as it derives its authority from Episcopal ordination. Grace descends in a definite external channel, which is called apostolical succession, and beyond this channel it does not circulate, or, at least, we have no warrant for its doing so. What are called the "unconvenanted mercies of God," may prevail beyond the sphere of

* "So perfectly are these things (of faith and salvation) taught, that nothing can ever need to be added, nothing ever cease to be necessary; these (matters of ecclesiastical polity), on the contrary side, as being of a far other nature and quality, are not so strictly and everlastingly commanded in Scripture but that unto the complete form of a Church Polity much may be requisite which the Scripture teacheth not, and much which it hath taught become un requisite, because we need not use it,—some time, also, because we cannot."—Vol. i. p. 408-409; and vol. iii. p. 231.

† Vol. iii. p. 239.

Episcopal influence; but those Divine mercies, which are yea and amen in Christ, are alone to be found within the consecrated shadow of this influence. This is the pure High-Church theory, whose logical termination is everywhere Romanism; and it is of the utmost importance to discriminate between this theory and the mere assertion of Episcopacy as a rightful form of Church government. The two views are divided by the whole circumference of reason, the one representing theoretical ecclesiasticism in its most extreme shape; the other being merely one form of upholding the great truth, that the Church is divinely warranted, in the light of Scripture and of reason, to govern itself as may be most suitable to the time and circumstances in which it is placed.

This, the really catholic position, controverted by the Puritans of the sixteenth century in behalf of Presbyterianism, and earnestly maintained by all the early defenders of the Church of England, is the very same which has been controverted by the Tractarians in our own day, on behalf of Episcopacy. Already, indeed, in the age succeeding that of Hooker, principles had changed sides;* and the Anglican clergy were found fighting the battle of the Church with the weapons of Puritanism. Laud and his supporters became, in their turn, the Church theorists of their day,—so strange are the reactions of history. To this poor inheritance succeeded the late Oxford party, who marked their succession by a zeal and ability worthy of a better cause; but, once more, in the movement of thought, this extreme of ecclesiastical opinion is disappearing,—and necessarily so. Reversing, as it does, the essential nature of the Church—making it *ritual* instead of *moral*—*form* rather than *life*; resting logically only on this *πρώτου ψεύδους*, it is its inevitable destiny

* We are sensible of the inference that may be drawn from this, and has in fact, although more in an implied than a direct manner, been drawn by Mr. Keble, viz., that Hooker's work contributed not a little to the change. The same notion is favoured by the admiration which James I. and Charles I. are known to have expressed of the Ecclesiastical Polity, and the story of James II. ascribing his adoption of Roman Catholicism to the impression made upon his mind by Hooker's Preface. The inference, however, while it has such apparent support, is really destitute of foundation. The misinterpretation of Hooker's principles and reasoning—and they are easily capable of misinterpretation by those who approach their study without any of the spirit of philosophy which distinguished their author—combined with the mere tone of his language here and there, may have served to countenance the growing change of opinion which, even in his own day, we see represented by Bancroft and Saravia; but to this change the real meaning of his work, not only as it has been interpreted by us, but by all without a preconceived theory to support, is utterly opposed. The fact simply is, that Hooker, while defending such truly philosophical principles as we have described, has the appearance, as it has been well said—"owing to the vast extent of his generalizations, and his constant reference of all things to a primal law of God, of conceding a Divine origin to regal and sacerdotal power; and thus (however unintentionally) he announces a transition to the less noble and philosophical doctrines which distinguished the leading Churchmen of the next period." (Tayler's Religious Life of England, p. 64.)

to sink, with the advancing tide of human reason, into the abyss of all false theories.

But while Hooker is thus to be distinguished from one extreme of ecclesiastical opinion, he must equally be distinguished from another. If not a High-Churchman in any modern sense of these words, neither is he an Erastian, in the common acceptance of that term. While no theorist in church government, he yet profoundly believed in the distinctive reality of that government, and its Divine necessity, as a preservative of Christian blessing and privilege. It is true that he acknowledges the Sovereign to be the supreme earthly head of the Church of England, and, with a view to this, maintained, as the great argument of his concluding Book, the *identity of Church and State*; but, whereas Erastianism,* as commonly understood, makes the Church, in all things, the mere creature of the State—a mere part of its general organization—Hooker simply maintains, that there is no essential distinction between the two, so that, in a truly Christian nation, they would be practically indivisible. The one view absorbs the Church in the State; the other, more truly, absorbs the State in the Church. The one presents a pure negation of all peculiar Church life and authority; the other contains the most positive assertion of both, by identifying them with the national life and will, where these *have become thoroughly Christian*. The one, in short, says, there is no Church; Church prerogative is a mere political indulgence; Christian privilege a mere civil arrangement. The other says, the Church represents the highest social order on earth; and, therefore, in the case of a Christian nation, it is identical with the national order and government. “A commonweal is one way, and a church another way, defined, yet they are not perpetually severed;” but, on the contrary, unite, and practically become one, at their highest point of development. A view such as this, elaborately defended by our author, and associated in our own day with the illustrious name of Arnold, is certainly not to be confounded with the so-called Erastian denial of the Church as a Divine institution altogether.

And as Hooker was strongly opposed to such a mere negative view of the Church on the political side, he was no less strongly opposed to views essentially of the same negative tendency, though springing from directly contrary motives. While honouring the right of private judgment and the claims of the Christian

* No term is really more ambiguous, but the popular acceptance of it certainly implies all that we have attributed to it. The special point of Erastus' teaching, as has been often pointed out, consisted in the refusing of all right of excommunication to the Church. From this root—a vile enough one certainly—have sprung up all the deadly associations connected with Erastianism, which is properly speaking not a theory of the Church at all, but a No-Church theory.

reason, he was yet deeply at variance with whatever tends to make religion a mere personal matter, and the Church a mere arbitrary selection of individuals, seeking the evidence of their Christian fellowship rather in the conscious witness of their own internal nature, than in their participation of common Christian benefits. All such views, which have since developed into Quakerism, and other extreme forms of Dissent, and which, no less really than Erastianism, tend to destroy the Church in its corporate existence, and educative position and value,—to make it a mere collection of special voluntary organizations, adhering together under local accident and conventional impulse, overlooking those associations and influences which bind it, under whatever diversities, into a vast historical institute—a consecrated community life—all such views were utterly alien to his sympathies. No one, on the contrary, ever more vividly or sacredly realized the grandeur of such associations and influences, and the living force of Christian education, and the gathering glory of Christian blessing that reside in them.

Of Hooker as a theologian, we have scarcely left ourselves room to speak; and yet in no capacity is he greater. His mind, indeed, has been sometimes supposed to be eminently legal or political. His reputation as a Christian jurist and philosopher, has overshadowed his reputation as a theologian. But his real eminence consists not in the predominance of judicial qualities of mind, although these he possesses in high perfection, but in the combination of these qualities with depth of Christian insight and profundity of doctrinal comprehension. As a theologian, no less than as a philosopher, he is singularly comprehensive; embracing in his capacious view the double aspect of all revealed truth, and with characteristic English healthiness and ripeness of spiritual culture, always preferring a complete and living aspect of a subject to any mere dogmatic exhibition of it, however dialectically clear and well-defined.

In no respect does he appear to greater advantage, as compared with one whose illustrious name does not occur in any degree as a rival, but to whose teaching and influence his own was undeniably felt in his day, as it must be still more obviously felt in ours, to present a contrast. In mere robustness of hard intellect, in critical acuteness and logical power, and undeviating trenchant skill of argument, Calvin out-matches Hooker; while in mere truth and intensity of Christian feeling, the Genevan Reformer is by no means behind; but he is certainly far behind in the geniality of that feeling, and in the catholic freedom and elevation of his views. Recluse as both were in their habits, and ascetically laborious in their lives—too much so not to have missed some elements of happy development in their own minds,

and therefore of happy and harmonious sway over the minds of others—Hooker, in his mental and spiritual growth, yet kept closer to *life* than Calvin, and therefore closer to truth. He saw and felt more clearly, that the force of human logic, terrible and encompassing as it is, is no measure of the realities of human existence, nor yet of the possibilities of Divine grace. And, accordingly, while accepting, as all Protestant theologians of his time did, the general system of doctrine known under the name of Calvinism, he at the same time contended strongly against the rigorous following out of this system, along pathways where the intellect of man merely stumbles in darkness, and into results against which his moral instincts rise up in unconquerable rebellion. These pathways did not deter Calvin, nor these results shock him, carried along as he was by the inexorable march of a reasoning faculty which subdued all before it. But Hooker's more poetic and concrete nature, gentler temper, and really larger reason, shrunk from such cold audacities of logic; and in order to be more truly rational, he was content to be less ratiocinative.

The very first controversy in which Hooker engaged, arising out of the sermon which he preached at St. Paul's Cross, concerned the limitations which he felt impelled to place upon the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination; and the prime source of argumentative difference between him and Travers sprung out of the same doctrine. It is not worth our while now to advert to the special character of these limitations,* or to weigh their polemical value. This may be small, as for our own part we are not indisposed to admit, but they serve sufficiently to indicate Hooker's theological bias. This bias however is fully seen, and his practical and comprehensive wisdom most impressively manifested in his series of Criticisms on the Lambeth Articles.†

Hooker's views on Justification, defended at length in his discourse on this subject, which will repay careful study, shows the same tendency to reaction against the extreme doctrines of the Genevan school. There was no point perhaps which both the Swiss and German reformers were disposed to insist upon in a more one-sided manner than this, and naturally so in the first excess of the reaction against the Popish doctrine of works. There was no point certainly on which they felt more sensitive, as to any opposition offered to their opinions. This may be forcibly seen in Calvin's treatment of Osiander, in the Third Book of the Institutes;‡ where, with a singularly intense, we had almost said, savage keenness, he assails the divine of Königsberg, and his views on this subject, which, however exaggerated

* See Koble's Pref., p. 102, also Eccl. Polity, vol. ii. p. 215.

† Koble's Preface, pp. 102-106.

‡ Chap. xi.

and false in some respects, really pointed to a deeper and more comprehensive truth than that which Calvin opposed to them. Hooker, with his peculiar tendencies, was strongly alive to any Antinomian extreme that might lurk in the mode of stating the doctrine of Free Grace; and accordingly, while specially repudiating the Romish view of infused righteousness, and clearly distinguishing between justification and sanctification *in re*, he betrays great jealousy of any supposed separation between them *in tempore*. He presents very felicitously the harmony of Faith and Works—the divine circle of salvation—which in our dialectical statements we necessarily break up and analyze into its parts, but which is really *one* in life, and only in its living totality, represents the truth of God.*

Besides such special points of controversy, in the main external to his great work, Hooker enters at large, and with characteristic expansiveness on the highest Christian doctrines, in the course of his Fifth Book; and the reader who would fully appreciate his mingled learning and wisdom as a theologian, his reverence and yet his penetration, his profundity and yet his caution, must study his disquisitions on the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Sacraments. If in any respect we feel a want of sympathy with these disquisitions, it is in the excessive deference which they sometimes manifest to the mere authority of Christian antiquity—the quality which constitutes to Mr. Keble their chief charm.

Viewing him altogether, Hooker must always remain one of the greatest names of the past; great as a theologian, yet more than a theologian; illustrious in the annals of the Church of England, yet still more illustrious in the general annals of philosophy and literature. He possessed and has embalmed in his work that living soul of truth and power of lofty eloquence in its expression, which only get fresh glory as ages gather, and amid whatever changes of opinion remain strong, and admirable as ever. Throughout life, save the few years he spent in the Temple, a retired student and hard-working parish priest, he has made his name memorable in English history, and his genius one of its proudest boasts.

* Vol. iii. p. 508.

ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on Art-Unions.*

Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.—5th August 1845.

2. *Report of the Committee of Management of the Royal Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, for the year 1855-56.*
3. *Report of the Council of the Art-Union of London, for the year 1856.*
4. *Catalogue of the First Exhibition of the Art-Manufacture Association in the National Galleries.* Edinburgh, 1856.

THE trick of giving piquancy to our Articles by spicing our commonplaces afresh, and serving them up to our readers in the form of startling paradoxes, is not, we believe, one of the charges most commonly brought against the *North British Review*. Whatever our critics may have to say of us in other respects, we find that they generally give us credit for letting our opinions shift for themselves, without clearing the way for them by any great amount of this, or any other sort of rhetorical trumpet-blowing. But seeing that it is possible to run counter to received opinions not in semblance only but in substance, and seeing farther, that, the majority being almost as fallible as the minority, it is possible to do this on the side of truth as well as error, so there are paradoxes of more kinds than one, and there is one at least, the odium of which we trust we have not been slow to encounter. It was in the belief that we had this ultimate defence to fall back upon, that, with the alarming prospect of being written down as vendors of the whimsical for whimsicality's sake, plain before our eyes, we have more than once asserted, in the face of a generation by which popularity is regarded as the only conclusive test of merit,—that *whatever is HIGHEST in the productions of mind, must of necessity be unpopular*. It was by no means necessary that the converse of this proposition should be true, and that whatever was unpopular should therefore be high, for it was possible to dip below as well as to rise above the popular level, to shoot beside as well as to shoot over the common mark;—nay more, folly being commoner than wisdom and failure than success, we were free to admit that, within the domain of presumption, the odds were woefully against the wanderer from traditionary paths. Still our proposition remained unshaken in its truth, and uncircumscribed in its range, and we felt warranted in asserting it, not of mankind in one stage of progress, but of mankind in every stage of progress, so long at least as there was a stage unattained, that is to say, so

long as man continued to be man. Nor, paradoxical as it might seem, and little palatable as might be some of the consequences which it involved, did it appear to defy an explanation entirely consistent with ordinary modes of thinking :—for popularity being but another name for public sympathy, as no man can sympathize with what he does not feel at all, so no generation in the mass, can sympathize with what only the longest spiritual feelers of its foremost members have yet come in contact with.

It was in the region of speculation, abstract and concrete, and of that profounder sort of knowledge which furnishes speculation with its material, that we formerly traced out this principle, and exhibited its workings. We treated it neither as a fact to be deplored, nor as a fault to be eradicated, but as a sound and permanent condition of progressive society, and one for which, consequently, it is the duty of those who watch over our social arrangements to make provision.

But to enunciate the problem was easier than to hit upon the solution, and for our own part we felt far more confident that we had established the permanent necessity of a support for science and learning, beyond what immediate public sympathy could yield, than that we had been successful in suggesting the form in which that support could be most readily and efficiently extended. That it must spring indirectly from that very same public by whom it could not directly be supplied, was clear enough in a country where the centre of sovereignty is the general will ; and therefore it was, that, still holding to the public, we appealed from its sympathy to its faith,—from its understanding to its reason. We called to mind that, in the community as in the individual, there is, at all times, an undercurrent of perception, higher and nobler than has yet come to the surface in a conscious form, an intuitive recognition not only of the existence of problems to be solved, but a misty foreshadowing of the means of their solution, which far outstrips the operations of the understanding. Whence this involuntary foreboding of the dawn proceeds, and by what mysterious process it works its way, from the hazy regions of unconscious sentiment, into the noon-day of intellectual perception and logical enunciation, we shall never know.

“ Was von Menschen nicht gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.”

But whence this feeling came, and what was the form of its operation, were alike immaterial for our purpose. That it existed and could be acted upon was enough, for we could go to the generality and say to them, “ Surely it is not incredible that

what, though still dim and vague, is in process of becoming clear and definite to you, may be still clearer and more definite to your foremost members, seeing that, to the eye of the spirit as to that of the body, the distant is dim, and the near alone is sharply defined. If you have got the length of feeling that, in such and such directions there is truth which you know not, why not believe that others who have outstripped you in the race may have crossed the frontier of the promised land, and be already in a condition to put into your hands the heavy clusters of its spiritual grapes,—may be able to tell you the truth plainly?"

So we reasoned as regarded Learning and Philosophy. Now, when we turn to the region of Art, still keeping our attention directed to its highest forms, we find, in the documents before us, not only the most unequivocal evidence of the same want of direct sympathy, and consequently of support; but, what is far more precious, the most elaborate details of an institution by means of which it has been found possible to supply these defects, by taking advantage of that indefinite longing for the beautiful, in purer and severer forms than those in which they could as yet appreciate it fully, which in their better moments swells the great generous breast of the public at large.

"Sweet are the paths, oh! passing sweet,
By Esk's fair stream that run;
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun."

It was whilst wandering along these paths, they tell us, and sitting, and smoking perhaps the Calumet of Contemplation, under trees, beneath the shade of which poets had sat and smoked before,—in a scene as rich in pleasing memories as in present charms,—that two of our fellow-townsmen schemed out the first Art-Union that was established in Britain.

But it was not in the leafy glades of Hawthornden, nor in the heads of the gentlemen to whom we have referred, that the first idea of such an association sprang up. It originated in Paris, in the stirring and suggestive days of Napoleon I. From France it passed over to Flanders, where, nourished perhaps by the artistic traditions of the land, it seems more than anywhere else to have taken root and flourished; and latterly it had been introduced into Prussia by no less distinguished a personage than Alexander von Humboldt.

All this was no doubt known to Mr. Glassford Bell, and his companion Mr. Hill, in 1834, as well as it is known to us at present. But though the merit of invention did not belong to them, that of suggestion and adaptation was unquestionably theirs, and the still greater merit of persuading their countrymen to lay aside the suspicions with which they usually regard every institution

that has a Continental origin. Even the appeal which their scheme seemed to make to gambling propensities must have stood not a little in its way when first proposed to such a public as that of Edinburgh. But the case which they endeavoured to meet was an urgent one, and the projectors probably derived their chief aid from the already general feeling that either something new must be done for Art, or its cultivation abandoned as an impossibility in modern society. The Scottish Academy had been in existence for several years, and there was annually exhibited a supply of pictures, not very numerous or of very high quality possibly, but still vastly beyond the demand; and the most hopeless part of the whole matter was this, that as the quality of the commodity improved, the demand invariably diminished. Never more than £300, sometimes as little as £35, had been expended in the purchase of pictures exhibited by the Academy, and these trifling sums had been paid, generally, for pictures of the very lowest class. If anything was aimed at beyond a clever imitation of a familiar scene, the picture was certain to remain in the artist's possession. In such days of "moral drizzle" a far saner man than David Scott might well have caught the disease of which he died.

Nor was there hope of improvement in Edinburgh from what was taking place elsewhere. The Royal Academy of London was the oldest, the richest, and the most influential institution for the encouragement of Art in this country, and on art and artists it had conferred unquestionably many benefits. Still, even in the centre of its operations, in the metropolis itself, the position of the artist, from the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds downwards, had continued to be a struggling one. If he painted portraits decently, he was sure to derive a large and steady income from a community so vast and so wealthy. Even if he varied the monotony of copying commonplace faces by copying commonplace scenes, or representing familiar occupations or popular customs, he might still, on a more limited scale, find both encouragement and support; but as he rose in the scale of artistic endeavour, down went the sympathy and interest of his countrymen. To train him to excel in the higher walks of his profession, was in such circumstances a very questionable kindness; and still such was the professed object of the Royal Academy of London, and of the Academies which had been formed after the same model in Edinburgh and Dublin. In the latter capital, the private patronage of art was at a lower ebb than in either of the others; and what as yet was peculiar to Dublin, though perhaps it was ominous of what was about to take place elsewhere, was, that there matters were positively retrograding. Even with the advantage of the charter granted to the Royal Hibernian Academy, and an allowance made by Government of

£300 a year, so great was the apathy in Ireland with respect to all subjects connected with art, that it had for some time been in contemplation to close the doors of the Exhibition Room; and the year preceding the formation of the Art-Union, there actually was no Exhibition. What had been its value to the artists as an exposition for sale, may be gathered from another part of the evidence of the witness to whom we are indebted for the preceding facts. "Previous to the Art-Union," says Mr. Cash, "in four years, during the exhibition of the works of the Royal Hibernian Academy, thirty shillings only was expended on the patronage of Art." "Thirty shillings annually?" asked the incredulous chairman of the committee. "No," said the witness, "thirty shillings was the entire sum expended in the four years!"*

Such was the condition of the private patronage of Art in Great Britain and Ireland, when the Association for its promotion was formed in Scotland. Notwithstanding a temporary opposition on the part of some of the leading members of that very Scottish Academy, to benefit which it was intended, its success was immediate:—

"A large annual fund," says the Secretary, in his statement submitted to the Select Committee in 1845, "exclusively devoted to the purchase of Paintings and Sculpture, and to the dissemination of Engravings, was speedily realized, which, in the course of nine years, amounted to not less than £36,900. During the same period 771 paintings, 40 pieces of sculpture, and about 30,000 impressions from engraved plates, were distributed among the members of the Association, and reports and circulars, containing interesting information upon subjects connected with the Fine Arts, were circulated over the country, and in England, Ireland, and the Colonies, to the extent of more than 100,000 copies."

As may well be imagined, a very speedy change took place in the sentiments of the refractory academicians. In their Report for the year 1833, as in every preceding report, they had deplored the indifference with which the public regarded their exhibitions. In 1834 their outburst of high spirits reminds one of the jubulations at a farmers' club dinner at the commencement of a war. "Whatever has been the complaint formerly,

* The above testimony is confirmed by the following graphic picture from the lips of another witness. "When our Society commenced, the Exhibition of the Hibernian Academy had been gradually deteriorating, both in the number and the quality of the works exhibited. . . After five or six years of most praiseworthy, but unavailing exertions, it had got into difficulties, and the funds of the Exhibition did not pay or remunerate the noblemen and gentlemen who were good enough to subscribe to the getting up of the fine gallery that they had built. The premises were sold under a decree of the Court of Chancery, and ultimately became an auction-room for furniture, and a receptacle for wax-works and dwarfs from Donnybrook Fair."

we have ground to hope that a new era is receiving its date. Genius is countenanced, and emulation will follow!" Nor did their cause of rejoicing prove to be of a temporary nature. In the last Report, for the year 1855-56,

"The Committee have much pleasure in announcing that the Annual Funds are continuing steadily to increase. The amount of the subscriptions last year, which was larger than that of any previous year since 1847, has been exceeded this year by £707. The sum is £4974."

The value of this financial statement, as a proof of the stability of the Edinburgh institution, is enhanced by the fact, that such has been by no means the experience of the London Union during the past year. In another part of their Report, the Edinburgh Committee tell us, that since the foundation of the Association, funds to the extent of nearly £100,000 have been subscribed by its members; and they farther inform us, with not unnatural self-gratulation, that by the similar societies which it was the means of calling into existence, the enormous sum of upwards of a million sterling has been subscribed throughout the country, and devoted in one way or other to the encouragement of art!

Into the history of these Societies, all of them formed more or less after the model of the parent Institution in Edinburgh, it is unnecessary that we should enter. The fact which we have mentioned tells very significantly the tale of their general success, and every detail regarding them will be found in the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Art-Unions in 1845, in the evidence by which the Report is supplemented, and in the Annual Reports which are published by their respective Committees.

But of all the proofs of the success of the Unions as a means of encouraging art, the most unequivocal seems to us to be the increase which has taken place in private purchases. So far from being dried up by the substitute which had been found for it, this source has every year become more prolific. In the third year of the existence of the Association in Edinburgh, the private sales had mounted up from £300 to £1200. Our information as regards other places is not so full as we could wish on a point so important, but so far as it carries us, it seems to indicate the same result everywhere else. In London, large sums are constantly added to the prizes which are there awarded in money, in order that pictures of greater value may be secured; and in the Exhibition of the New Water-Colour Society, the private demand has also increased. In 1836, the year previous to the establishment of the Union, the amount of private purchases was £333; in 1843 it was £782.

In Dublin, though the grounds of his opinion are not given, the Secretary tells the Committee, that "decidedly there has been an increase of private patronage."

Viewed, then, as a means of affording pecuniary aid to artists, and encouragement to art, the success of the Unions was beyond all question.

The notion that the demand which they created was an artificial one,—that the laws of political economy were outraged by the whole system, and that sooner or later they would assert their supremacy,—though it seems to have clung to the mind of one of the members of the Select Committee, could have scared very few intelligent persons at any time. The fact was that the demand was there, otherwise it is very unlikely that the Unions would ever have succeeded at all; but it was there to a small extent on the part of the many, rather than to a large extent on the part of the few; and what the Unions did was to render the supply accessible to the demand in the form in which it existed. Many persons were wealthy and liberal enough to expend a guinea, it might be two or three guineas, on art, but few were either able or willing to expend two or three hundred pounds on the purchase of a picture. But the value of two or three hundred pounds from two or three hundred persons, was not only as great, but, as the evidence of a wider interest, it was greater, as an encouragement to art, than the same sums when expended by single individuals; and thus it was that for art, as for so many other objects, it was found possible to effect by combination what, without combination, was altogether hopeless. The purchase of a picture by an Art-Union no more created an artificial demand for pictures, than the purchase of an estate by an Insurance Company creates an artificial demand for landed property. But, moreover, to a certain extent, the principle involved in Art-Unions was independent of the ordinary laws of trade. The chief object aimed at by the subscribers was not to secure an adequate return for their money, but to obtain the benefits which artistic taste and knowledge are supposed to confer on a community, without involving individuals in any sensible pecuniary loss. The question, therefore, as to whether the sum paid for the commodity was extravagant or not, was not answered by ascertaining whether or not it would sell for the same price again. The sum was paid, not for the commodity simply, but for the *est*, the whole habit and mode of being, on the part both of the artist and the public, as the result of which the commodity was produced.

All this, of course, was reversed in an instant, when the London printsellers attempted to do, for the benefit of their own pockets, what the Unions did for the encouragement of art. In order that their schemes might succeed, they chose, of course,

not the high class of artistic works which it was desirable to encourage, but the low class which was already popular; and their sole object being gain, a distribution of such works by lot, in their hands, became a lottery in the strictest sense. To distinguish between such practices and the legitimate action of the Art-Unions, the Legislature most properly interfered, and the whole subject, as regards the laws both of political economy and public morality, seems now to stand on as sound a basis as could be desired.

But grave questions remained behind regarding the principles on which the Unions ought to be conducted, with a view to the attainment of what they all professed to have for their ultimate end, namely, the encouragement of what in England is called "high," but what we shall here take the liberty, in common with the practice of the rest of Europe, of characterizing as ideal art.* Under this is included, properly speaking, neither more nor less than art altogether, for whatever does not aim at giving expression to the fundamental, generic conception, with greater force and clearness than it is reflected in the specific or individual variety in common life, is not art at all, but mere imitation. In fixing the principle of encouragement then, it was not necessary to commence by limiting the range of subjects, and setting apart one class as alone suitable for the higher artistic treatment. Some, it was true, offered a vastly wider scope than others, and in this respect the feeling of those who had been educated in the classic schools of art, in favour of religious and historical subjects, was thoroughly well founded. Still all subjects which did not absolutely exclude the element of the beautiful, were legitimate subjects of artistic treatment, the only indispensable requisite towards their becoming works of art being, that they should be treated artistically. In order to encourage art then, and to elevate public taste, it was not necessary that the public should all at once be deprived of those representations of familiar scenes in which they had hitherto rejoiced; but what was absolutely and entirely indispensable was that the mode of dealing with such subjects should be raised. While this was not effected or even attempted, a large sum might indeed be brought together, the painting of pictures might be encouraged, and existing artists might be enriched, but the public would receive no benefit, beyond perhaps a little harmless amusement; and the artist, in place of being recognised as one of its guides and leaders, would of necessity continue to pander to its whims, and to depend for his subsistence on a support scarcely more dignified, and not at all more secure, than eleemosynary bounty.

Now two modes of distributing the funds of the Unions were suggested, both of them we must presume having the encourage-

* In their last Report (1856) the Council speak of "refined art." (1)

ment of art, in the sense which we have mentioned, ultimately in view. First,—there was the Edinburgh plan of putting the whole fund collected for each year into the hands of a committee of gentlemen, chosen for their supposed artistic knowledge and impartial character, and allowing them to select the pictures and other works of art, afterwards to be distributed to the subscribers by lot; and, second,—there was the London plan of distributing the money itself by lot in the first instance, and then permitting, or rather compelling, the prizeholders to go into the exhibition and purchase such pictures as their own taste and judgment might dictate, the value being in no case less than the prize, but the prizeholder being permitted to add to it whatever sum he might choose, in order to procure a picture of greater value. The first method was that of the Continental Unions, after which that of Edinburgh was modelled, and it was adopted by the Art-Union of Dublin; by numerous similar institutions which speedily sprang up in America; and latterly, we believe, by one of the most flourishing of them all in point of funds, that of Glasgow. The second seems to have originated with the Art-Union of London; and in this, as in every other respect, its example was followed by the provincial unions of England, most of which have since been again absorbed into the parent spirit.

At first sight it seems as if not a word could be said in favour of the English system without reversing the principle which we enunciated at the commencement of our discussion; and asserting not only that what is highest in art is also most popular, but that this is true even in a community where the public taste, *ex hypothesi*, is low. If the chief, if not the sole object of corporate interference, be to raise art above the prevailing taste, and by this means to drag the public taste up after it, it seems difficult to imagine how this is to be effected, unless a purer and severer criticism is brought into play than that of the very taste which is thus to be raised. To found Art-Unions for the elevation of taste, and then to entrust the existing taste with the duty of determining the class of works to be encouraged, is to suppose this taste to be at once capable and incapable, low and high. But if the metropolitan public is not always very clear in its views, or lofty in its aspirations, it is always ingenious in defending what it holds to belong to the 'theoretical inconsistencies by which the great practical results of English life are worked out;' and here is a specimen of reasoning which, in point of substance, would do no discredit to the *Times*. It had come out in the course of the examination of the Secretary of the Art-Union, that the Committee, or Council of that body, selects both the picture to be engraved, and the artist who is to engrave it; and the chairman very naturally asks him, "On what principle, then, do you conceive that the

Art-Union Council should not be empowered also to select the paintings, or other works of art, which they consider are deserving of the highest prizes, instead of leaving it to the choice of the subscribers at large?"—"In the one case," he answers, "we are choosing for the body, and seek to satisfy the majority; in the other we should be choosing for an individual. A prizewinner who might gain a sea piece, might desire an historical picture, and care nothing about the sea piece, and so *vice versâ*. We find for this reason our plan is much more generally liked, and the subscription is larger than it would be if the committee were to choose. But the committee, I think, in adopting this plan themselves, have been actuated by a higher feeling than anything of that kind. They consider that a man who selects a picture, by the selection of that picture is induced to take an interest in the subject; he seeks the opinions of his friends; he goes into picture galleries, where it is known in many cases he had never been before: and if persons should, in some instances, choose inferior pictures to those which would have been obtained for them, that is an evil which will cure itself. It is speedily pointed out to a man by his friends, and if he does not improve this year he will the next; and so the public generally become in some degree educated. Each man is the centre of a circle, and the knowledge which he gains in this manner spreads throughout that circle."

The first part of this answer is honest and straightforward, and in every way worthy of an ordinary Englishman. Money represented the means, Art the end,—and, seen through the medium of such equivalents, it was not wonderful that for a time the means should exclude the end from his view. But in the latter part of his reply he takes refuge in a fallacy of which, if we are not mistaken, he was himself half conscious. He assumes that the same man is to be a prizewinner year after year. Now, if that were the case, it is possible that the artistic education of that individual and his friends might make some little progress; though on the hypothesis that he commences at least by selecting a bad picture, even then his progress might not impossibly be in the wrong direction; for we entirely concur with the council when they say, in their last Report, that "every ugly carpet laid down, every ill-proportioned and unsightly building set up, aids in *preventing* the acquirement of a pure taste, and is an injury to the community at large." But what sort of artistic training is to result from a series of practical lessons, commenced, we shall say, by a ship-chandler at Wapping, prosecuted by a green grocer in Covent Garden, and completed by a perfumer in Regent Street or a pastry-cook in Piccadilly? The perfumer or the pastry-cook from the aristocratic west would disdain to converse, even on æsthetic subjects, with either

of their fellow-pupils; and the ship-chandler and the green grocer would not be more likely to encounter each other than any other two of the million units that compose the population of London. But it is farther forgotten that it is not the taste of the public alone, but of the artists, as the leaders of that taste, that the Art-Union professes to form by means so inadequate. Now, this is a task which we should think would be felt to be both a delicate and a difficult one, even for a committee of accomplished critics of art, and surely it is one with which the chance prizelolders must be altogether unable to cope. Still, by the London system, it is forced upon them, for they must select by such light as they possess, that of a rude and uncultivated nature being, we should fancy, the only one commonly at their command, and according as they select the artists must paint, or,—die. To say that the prizelolders call in the aid and counsel of friends more skilful than themselves, is but another ingenious mode of parrying the difficulty. The man who has such friends, in a population so little trained to artistic criticism as that of London, is, we feel sure, the rarest exception; whilst he is also, for the most part, precisely the man who will stand least in need of their aid.

But it is unnecessary to speculate on the abstract merits and demerits of two rival systems, which have been before the public for upwards of twenty years. The Select Committee, in 1845, directed their special attention to the effects actually produced, and we refer both to their Report, and to the evidence on which it is founded, in confirmation of the views we have stated. Speaking of the formation of the Dublin Union, Mr. Blacket tells us,—

“We had the example of the London Society, and also the Scotch Society, which was worked by way of a Committee; and it was after deliberate inquiry into the advantages and disadvantages of both methods of proceeding, particularly as concerned the state of art, and the education of the public mind with regard to art in Ireland, we came to the resolution to adopt the system of selection by a competent Committee. . . . We tested it ourselves to a certain degree in our first exhibition. Some members of the Committee, myself in particular, took friends or acquaintances in different classes of society, and we asked them, ‘Supposing prizes of certain sums of money fell to your shares, how would you expend them in this exhibition?’ And we found that some of the choices were of a kind that would not do much credit to the Society.”

Guided by this and similar testimony, offered by the vast majority of all the witnesses examined, with the partial exception of the officials of the London Union itself, the Select Committee recommend for future Art-Unions the constitution of the Edinburgh Association, with two slight modifications, the advantages of which appear to us, we confess, more than questionable.

Their first proposal is, to throw the election of the council open to the whole body of subscribers, and then, as regards the more important matter of the Committee, they say,—

“From the whole body of the council a Committee of selection of three members to be chosen, with power to aggregate as assessors one artist and one amateur, and to be entrusted with the duty of choosing from the annual exhibitions the prizes intended for distribution. This Committee to change annually one-third of its members.”

The chief points of difference between this recommendation and the existing constitution of the Association, are, first, the smaller numbers of the Committee recommended, which is to consist but of three, whereas in Edinburgh it consists of fifteen members; and, second, in the recommendation that one artist and one amateur shall be consulted, whereas artists are excluded in Edinburgh altogether, and it is taken for granted that the Committee itself will contain at all times the most eminent amateurs that the Society of the place affords. Now, it seems to us that the only serious charge that has ever been brought against the Committee, that, namely, of favouring particular artists, would be rather increased than diminished, were both or either of these suggestions adopted. Suppose that in so small a body as three, any particular artist had either an intimate friend, or an open or secret enemy, is it not obvious that the public, in the one case, would suspect that he was favoured, and that he himself, in the other, would believe that he was injured, by every resolution which they arrived at with reference to his work? Again, the services of the committee being rendered altogether gratuitously, would it not always be difficult, often impossible, to find three gentlemen willing to undertake the amount of labour which must, and of odium which might, attach to such an office? Then, as to the assessors,—if the amateur was not both eminent and impartial, his advice would be either worthless or dangerous, and if he possessed both of these qualities, why should he not be a member of the committee with a vote, in place of an assessor without one? Whilst as regarded the artist, however high might be his qualifications in every respect, we fear his impartiality would never be above suspicion. For these reasons we believe that the Association, as it stands, is equal to any scheme that has been suggested as a substitute for it. Though charges of partiality are no doubt mentioned by some of the witnesses, we do not find that any were brought home to it by the investigations of the Select Committee, and even the allegations did not approach, in their pernicious and demoralizing tendencies, to the gross collusion which in London was proved to have taken place between the prizetholders and the artists. Of these “dodges,” two were brought to light, so ingenious that we shall mention them for the amusement of those of our readers who delight in

the records of acuteness. The holder of a prize of £150 goes to an artist who has a picture worth £50, and makes to him the following proposal :—" If you will grant me a receipt for £150, which I can shew to the Union, I will pay you the price you ask for your picture, and what is more, I will leave you the picture besides." By this means the prizholder pockets £100, the artist pockets £50, in addition to which he retains the picture, and " high art" goes to the wall. A second arrangement, not quite so satisfactory, is this :—An artist goes to the holder of a £150 prize, and says to him, " Here is my picture, which is well worth £150, but in order to induce you to take it in preference to the others for which the same sum is asked, I will give you this other picture to the bargain." The prizholder, whose artistic education is just at the stage that enables him to value pictures as articles of ornamental furniture, is delighted with the prospect of having two for one ; and the artist chuckles secretly at having got £150 for two pictures that he knows ought never to have sold for anything,—" high art," as before, being the only sufferer. Now these are not imaginary but real cases, and we are bold to say, that anything as nefarious has never been laid to the charge of any committee of selection whatever. The chief, if not the only reasonable objection that was made to Art-Unions, and which still we fear attaches to all of them more or less, is, that they tempt, by the prospect of moderate remuneration, many persons to betake themselves to artistic occupations, who are altogether destitute of artistic gifts ; and that, by the number of small prizes which they offer, they stimulate the production of careless pictures on popular subjects, even by those who are capable of better things ; in short, that they encourage a low style of art, which, whilst it drags down the artists, effectually prevents the public from rising. Now, to obviate these objections entirely can be no easy task, even for an intelligent committee, for the pecuniary interests of the Association must be attended to ; and these seem, in the first instance, inevitably to depress it artistically, though the fact that the Edinburgh Association has prospered more evenly than the London Union, and is now advancing in funds whilst its southern rival is retrograding, proves that, ultimately, even financial stability will result from adopting the safer system. That on the other hand the committee does much to keep the patronage of the Association in the higher regions of art, is shown conclusively by the greatly higher prices given for pictures in Edinburgh than in London. In London, for the year 1856, the highest prize was £200, the second £150, and the following three £100 each. In Edinburgh, for the same year, the highest was £400, the next £250, the third £150, the following three £120, and the seventh £100 ; and, taking the lists from the

other end, there were in London twenty-seven prizes of £10, thirty of £15, twenty-four of £20, and thirty of £25, making in all 111 prizes, at or under £25, whereas in Edinburgh there were only 17 pictures in all purchased by the committee at that price or under it! We regard these facts as in the highest degree creditable to the Edinburgh Committee, and as entirely decisive in favour of the system under which they act. If we might presume to offer advice to gentlemen who know their duties so well, we should say, carry out still farther the principle by which you are at present guided. Do not fear that you will injure the funds of the Association by adopting the only line of conduct which can secure the end for which it was instituted; but, on the contrary, be assured that public interest and support will grow, year by year, as the conviction that you are in the right path grows stronger and stronger. It is no doubt necessary that the prizes should be sufficiently numerous to open to all artists of real eminence or promise—all, in short, who ought to live by the profession—some remuneration for their labour; for we could scarcely be said to encourage a school of art if we collected the whole of the funds annually into one glittering heap, and presented it to the dazzled eyes of one happy artist. No one man would be likely to surpass his competitors so far as to merit so signal a preference, and if he did, it would scarcely be prudent to launch our whole artistic fortunes in the frail bark of one human life. But, short of committing this error, we believe the committee can scarcely keep the prizes too high; and we are persuaded that, in the meantime, the Edinburgh Association is far more mindful than the London Union of the advice of the Select Committee:—"The Art Union must remember that its province is not to secure the accumulation of a large fund in order to gratify a large number of subscribers, but to encourage and direct art, as far as it may be enabled."

But the most conclusive argument in favour of the system of patronage adopted by the Association, is derived from the success which has attended the labours of the Scottish Academy since its formation, and the present condition of that School of Art which these institutions were in common designed to foster. In every department of art we find Scottish artists, at the present moment, holding an honourable, and in several, among British artists at least, a confessedly pre-eminent place. In the very highest of all, we believe, we are within the limits of the strictest justice, when we say that Harvey is without an equal in this country, and with very few superiors in Europe at all. In entire mastery of the subjects which he chooses it is true Landseer surpasses him; but how different the subjects! Whilst Landseer may be said to have exhausted the poetry of lower animal life, and from that very feeling, perhaps, is occasionally tempted to

step over into a higher region, the tasks which Harvey assigns to himself remain incomplete, because the poetry of human life is exhaustless. If the fact, so ably dwelt upon by one of the most active members of the Committee in proposing the health of the Scottish Historical Painters on a recent occasion, be kept in view, and the delineation of such national characteristics and customs as have powerfully influenced the current of national events, be recognised as falling within the province of the historical painter, not less legitimately than the events themselves, then the school which has produced "the Rent Day," "the Village Politicians," "the Curlers," and the like, is an historical school, and Harvey, with his "Preachings," "Baptisms," and "Communions," stands at the top of it, as it at present exists. After Harvey, perhaps, comes Noel Paton, just issuing forth into the world of reality from that dream-land which the exuberant fancy of his youth had peopled so charmingly. Then there are the brothers Faed, one still resident in Edinburgh, the other in London, but both in the strictest sense pupils of the Edinburgh school; there is Erskine Nicol, who rents a summer-house in Connemara, and has gone beyond the Irish themselves in appreciation of their national character; the brothers Lauder, whose artistic training would do honour to any school; and D. O. Hill, the gifted illustrator of the land of Burns, whom we have already mentioned as one of the founders of the Association. Of the younger sort are such names as Herdman, Archer, Burr, Gavin, and a crowd of others destined yet to be better known. In portrait, we have the President of the Academy, Sir John Watson Gordon, whose "Renowned Provost of Peterhead" was acknowledged to be the best portrait exhibited in Paris. We have Graham Gilbert of Glasgow, who in vigour of drawing, and truth and warmth of colouring, is, we think justly, reputed to have outstripped the President himself; and we have Colvin Smith, John Faed, and Macnee, all still resident in Scotland; whilst in London our country is represented by Thorburn, Grant, Ross, Swinton, and Philip, who, were he to devote himself to portrait painting, would soon, we believe, surpass the whole of his metropolitan competitors. In recent times we have had Raeburn, and Duncan, and Wilkie, the latter of whom we are almost unwilling to mention in this category; though even as a portrait painter, we believe it would be difficult to find an English name that merited to be placed against his, without going back to the days of Reynolds and Gainsborough. In landscape, it will surprise many of our readers to be told that we by no means appear to the same advantage; and the names of Macculloch amongst the living, and Thomson of Duddingston among the dead, (unless we reckon Harvey as an occasional contributor), are the only ones that we can at all venture to

place over against those of Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, Turner, and Constable. But it is in the region of pure form that the most unequivocal test of artistic ability is afforded; and this test we have stood in a manner which leaves no further question as to the capabilities of our countrymen. In Gibson we claim the greatest of all European sculptors since Thorwaldsen's death, or at any rate we contest the palm with the best of the Germans, such as Rauch and Kiss, and between him and Laurence Macdonald it is doubtful whether Tenerani can be named. Both Gibson and Macdonald, as everybody knows, have been resident in Rome so long as almost to be claimed as Romans; in London, however, we have Calder Marshall, Monro, Scoullar; and in Edinburgh, Steell and Brodie.

But though the names which we have here thrown hastily together, when taken in conjunction with the limited resources of Scotland, may well be read with honest pride, we are very far from putting the claims of Scottish art very high absolutely, or even comparatively, if the comparison is to range beyond the existing schools of modern Europe. Our opinion of it, when measured by higher standards, we expressed in these pages very fully several years ago;* and to some of the suggestions, and not a few of the strictures which we then ventured to put forth, we cannot but think that the attention of many of our artists might still be directed with advantage. But it is by no means our intention to recur at present to this wide and endlessly interesting field of discussion. Our object is to do justice to what we may denominate an æsthetico-economical institution, with the constitution and merits of which we were then very imperfectly acquainted. If art is to flourish at all in this country it must be by means of an organized system of patronage, which, springing from the people, is dispensed by a criticism higher than that of popular taste; and we have no hesitation in commending to the warmest sympathies of our countrymen, an institution by means of which this object has already been attained in a very remarkable degree. Holding such opinions as regards the influence of the Association on painting and sculpture, we cannot but rejoice to see its principles extended to the patronage of art in its application to manufactures. He who can add the *dulce* to the *utile* in the meanest object which we see or handle, contributes towards the civilization and humanization of mankind, and he who encourages and heartens another to do so, shall assuredly not go unrewarded. That to such reward those gentlemen who have founded the Art-Manufacture Association are entitled, no civilised man will doubt who has spent half an hour in the Exhibition, or ten minutes over the interesting catalogue by which it is illustrated.

* The Fine Arts in Edinburgh, 1851.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Copy of a Minute by the Marquis of Dalhousie, dated the 28th day of February 1856, reviewing his Administration in India from January 1848 to March 1856.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th May 1856.
2. *The Opium Trade; including a Sketch of its History, Extent, Effects, &c., as carried on in India and China.* By NATHAN ALLEN, M.D. Second Edition. Lowell, (U.S.,) 1853.
3. *The Rise and Progress of the British Opium Smuggling: The Illegality of the East India Company's Monopoly of the Drug; and its Injurious Effects upon India, China, and the Commerce of Great Britain. Five Letters addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury.* By MAJOR-GENERAL R. ALEXANDER, Madras Army. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 1856.
4. *A Word about Opium.* (Published by the Society for Suppressing Opium Smuggling.)
5. *The Friend of India.* No. for December 21, 1854.
6. *The Calcutta Gazette.* December 13, 1854.
7. *The Chinese Missionary Gleaner.* December 1856.
8. *Seven Letters on the Opium Trade.* (From the "British Banner.")
9. *The Opium Monopoly.* (From the "Times," August 14, 1855.)
10. *Second Annual Report of the China Mission at Amoy.* Edinburgh, December 1856.
11. *Occasional Paper of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, dated July 1856, and the Paper dated January 1857.*
12. *The Spectator*, (quoted in the "Manchester Examiner and Times" of December 18, 1856.) *Why does not India produce more Cotton?*

ONCE and again, during the last twenty-five years, the attention of the British public has been loudly challenged in regard to the painful and perplexing subject now before us, namely, the trade in opium, and particularly the bearing of that trade upon the welfare of the people of China. There are specific reasons just now for repeating this challenge, and for endeavouring to bring the facts thereto belonging under the eye of all thoughtful and humane persons. This, therefore, is what we are proposing to do within our own sphere—the circle of the readers of this journal.

The feeling with many such persons has been, and is still, that the opium traffic of the East India Company—a contraband

traffic—with China, is a subject not more deplorable and humiliating than it is hopeless, as to any possible alteration for the better. There are many, and they are considerate persons too, who, when asked to give an ear to any suggestions on this subject, turn away with the apathy of despair ;—“ Oh, well, it is a sad affair, but nothing can be done ; these Orientals *will* get their opium somehow ; and, moreover, the trade, with its vast profits, is an absolutely indispensable item of Indian revenue : it must not be touched. We can only comfort ourselves with the thought that, if we are destroying the millions of China, we are saving the millions of India, with the money.”

This is what one hears ; but neither the statement of the case, nor the inference thence derived, has a good sound—we distaste both ; and more than this, we have convinced ourselves, by means of a careful examination of the evidence, *first*, that the facts are not as is here supposed ; and *secondly*, that they do not sustain any such conclusion as has been hastily drawn from them. With all possible brevity and simplicity we shall convey to the reader the result of our inquiries, as well as the grounds of the inference which we think they warrantably support.

No good purpose, just now, would be secured by our endeavouring to weigh one mass of human misery against another mass, so as to be able to affirm that the ruin and the woe attendant upon the trade in opium is as great as that which has made the African slave trade an object of execration to all nations. Whether it be a greater evil or a less, the traffic now in view is burdened with a weight which cannot be duly estimated ; and the contemplation of which should press as an intolerable load upon the minds of all men, and upon the consciences of those more immediately concerned.

In entering upon the case we put far from us the thought of decorating an argument so as to beguile the reader, and to touch his feelings or warp his judgment. The bare facts need no dressing up : the inferences ensue without any skill in the reasoning. But we are well entitled to the reader's most careful attention ; and we demand it in the name of humanity, and in the name of Christian consistency. Although some may believe that they are already familiar with the details of the subject—a subject which has repeatedly been brought forward in a variety of modes, we shall think it needful, in the present instance, to state the facts anew, and to do so as if they were not very distinctly apprehended by those to whom we address ourselves.

We confine ourselves at this time to so much of the general subject as relates to the East India Opium Trade with CHINA ; and, as thus limited, the foremost fact, a true knowledge of which is essential to a comprehension of the problem, is—the

physical, moral, and social characteristics of our victims—the Chinese people; and then the actual, and very peculiar circumstances of this vast aggregate of human beings at this present critical moment. When, as now, we speak of the people of China as our *victims*, we do not assume, as if it were already proved, the guiltiness of any who may stand forward as the immediate authors of the wrongs that are inflicted upon them; or we assume only that sort of general blame-worthiness which may rest upon all of us, and upon each, if, after being informed of the facts, we fail to do what might be possible to us for rescuing the sufferers from their miserable fate.

The vast plains of China are occupied by mingled races, aboriginal and immigrative, distinguished very broadly by their physical and moral characteristics, with which, however, we are not just now concerned. We restrict ourselves again by speaking of the genuine Chinese, not of the Tartar. What the man of China may have been in remote ages, and what he has done, we do not authentically know, and we need not now inquire. Such as we find him at this time, he is our equal in many of the arts of life;—in some of these arts he is our master, and has long been our superior:—he possesses every needful aptitude for general business, and for the ordering and administering of those interests which bear upon social, municipal, and political order. He is astute, apprehensive, and intelligent; but he wants the philosophic, or the intellectually abstractive *tendency*, even if he be not altogether deficient in the inherent faculty. He is the practical man; and thus far he has the European characteristic, more than the Asiatic. But there is a want in his constitution which allies him more nearly to the Asiatic than to the European families. He is alive to the moral sentiments—the domestic eminently; but these sentiments in him are rather the immemorial form of the national mind, than the form and the personal property of the individual man:—the moral sentiments are the colour and the mould of a soft mass, that of the universal Chinese soul:—they escape our grasp when, on this side of human nature, we are endeavouring to get a firm hold of the individual man. In the Chinese individual man the moral sentiment does not fill its due place as the solid nucleus of the character;—it slips away when one would seize it;—the man is infirm in purpose;—he is loosely regardful of truth;—he is vaguely alive to responsibilities, if they be at all remote in their issues. Slightly, therefore, and superficially, and ritually only, is he a religious man. As the sensuous and animal elements are fully developed in him, and the relish of momentary pleasure is very keen, he is the creature of immediate impulses—he is the victim almost always of temptation. In every community, it is true,

that those who have acquired the fatal habitudo of indulgence, are, as we here say, the ready victims of temptation; and so are the infirm by constitution; but these are exceptive cases in a moralized community. In China the exceptions are very few with whom reason, prudence, or moral consistency hold sway, giving to the individual man a consciousness of power, and a degree of self-respect:—the Chinese people, if they are to be thought of as occupying a place among civilized nations, are, in mass, the prompt victims of every sensuous momentary indulgence. They are the very people, to coerce or to seduce whom should seem a wrong of the deepest atrocity.

That very same infirmity of the moral nature, whether it be the primeval characteristic of the race, or the consequence of ages of religious darkness, exposes them in another way to every ill influence. The Imperial Government has, on many occasions, and especially in relation to the opium-plague, shown an anxiety unquestionably sincere, to protect the people from what it has known to be working their ruin. It has enacted laws—it has submitted to very costly compromises of its fiscal interests—it has inflicted the severest punishments upon its agents; yet it has always failed to effect its purpose to any appreciable extent: it has so failed because its officials, the men in its employ, are, almost without an exception, venal: they fulfil their trust when they are not tempted to betray it; but they betray it as often as they are offered a bribe. An administration, outstretched as it is over so vast an area, even if at the centre there were seated the highest energy and wisdom, could scarcely carry out its purposes for the wellbeing of the people—the people being such as they are—even if public opinion, well directed, were universally diffused, and were instantaneous in its appliance, and were at its command. How then should it realize any such purposes, wholly destitute as it is of these auxiliary means? On this ground again, therefore, and every way, the Chinese people are our victims;—the people, by their inherent moral laxity;—the nation, by the powerlessness of the Government; for when it would do good, evil, only evil, is present with it, in its agents. As a Government, even if it have some vitality in itself, it has to do only with a putrifying carcase. And so it is that, if for our own vicious purposes we are seeking to make a prey of hundreds of millions of people, we have, in the people of China, a victim quite ready to our hand.

But this is not the whole of the case with which we have just now to do. A victim is at our mercy—and at this moment this victim is torn, spoiled, and bleeding. The means of information which are within reach of Europeans, concerning the present insurrectionary movement in China, are too slender and dubious

to afford ground even for a statement of the actual facts which might be relied upon ; much less for forming any anticipation of the probable issue of this widely-spread civil war. Thus far, however, there can be no room for doubt : the imperial government is hard pressed upon, and is in a state of the utmost alarm, as to its very existence. What term should be applied to its assailants is not clear : are they rebels ?—are they the rightful claimants of a position from which they have been ejected ?—are they reformers, regenerators, and the armed propagators of a better religious belief, and a better morality, and a more liberal polity ? Toward which side should the sympathies and wishes of the European nations go over ? If aid were afforded to either party—to which party should it be given ? We imagine that to not one of these questions can a satisfactory answer be given at this moment ; and it may be long before we—that is, Europeans, can come to know the state of facts, or the rights of the conflict. Meanwhile these things are out of question—that, in a country so extensive as China, so thickly peopled, so sadly wanting in moral energies and public virtue, and so much accustomed to spectacles of sanguinary atrocity, a civil war—or a war of any kind, when once it has got ahead, will be of long continuance—will draw in its course all conceivable and inconceivable miseries—slaughters, pestilences, famines, and these, and each of them, on a scale vastly outmeasuring the proportions of similar devastations taking place in a European kingdom.

Such being the facts—and it being also certain that an armed interference on the part either of Great Britain or America, which are the two potent spectators of the conflict, would be far more likely to aggravate the mischief, than to bring it to an end—nothing remains for us, and for all who profess the common sympathies of humanity, and who call themselves Christians—nothing but to stand aloof, not indeed with indifference, but with feeling—careful, on our own part, of taking any course through heedlessness, through arrogance, or from nefarious motives, the effect of which should be to render still more intense the sufferings of the people ; or to put a cruel advantage into the hands of the one party, which will not fail to be used and abused by it, without compunction, against the other.

From the statements which we have yet to make, it will appear, beyond question, that the fast-spreading ruin of the Chinese people, consequent upon their infatuated taste for opium, brings peculiar aggravations with it, *at this present time*, when internal war, with its violences and confusions, are threatening to break down all those restraints of social order, which, through so many ages, have secured to the people of China a large measure of material wellbeing. The evils which are likely, for a long time to

come, to afflict the empire, are of a kind that must aggravate each other—as thus ;—that enervation—mind and body, of the male population which opium-smoking is rapidly producing, rendering millions of the people—the men—incapable either of self-defence, or of any prudential course of action for the preservation of order, invites the violence and rapacity of that portion of the people which is learning to live by brigandage. Thus, on the other hand, the miseries, the destitution, and the many forms of suffering which attend civil war, have the direct tendency (so it is with all modes of intoxication) to drive men to seek that fatal temporary oblivion and excitement which opium so readily affords. All the world over—and we may see it in every street of our crowded towns—as it is drunkenness which produces wretchedness, so again it is this very wretchedness which leads to, and which promotes drunkenness. The two destructive forces are always adding intensity, each to the other. In China, at this time—we are speaking especially of those districts in which the insurrection is raging—so long as the miserable people, driven from their industrial courses, can find yet another silver coin, they will carry it, in utter despair, to the smoking shop, that they may there lose, for a season, the consciousness of their load of woe. This is a course of things—it is an interaction of cause and effect, which must go on with rapid acceleration, until the last stage of social dissolution shall have been reached by the mass of the people.

A principal element in the gloomy subject which we have now in view is the recentness, comparatively, of the evil. If the fact were this, that the use of opium as an intoxicating drug had been an immemorial practice, under the influence of which the people of China had, from the remotest times, some way, contrived to float forward—such as they have always been, and in the main, as well to do as other imperfectly civilized races, we might think that the mischiefs attending it, whatever they may be, do meet their corrective in some unknown manner; and, at any rate, that an ancient and inveterate practice, however bad it may be, is quite beyond our control; and that it must be thought of only as one among the many sources of evil which afflict humanity at large. But such is far from being the fact. It may not be possible to trace, to its actual rise, the practice in question, as an ordinary usage of Chinese life—say, among the wealthy and luxurious; but it is quite certain that, as a usage affecting extensively the masses of the people, it is quite recent; and equally certain that its spread among the millions is going on at so rapid a rate of increase that each year shows an enormous excess in the consumption of the drug, over that of the preceding year. The evil, as a source of national

misery, is comparatively new ; and it is swelling every moment as a flood ; and it is now in full course to cover the surface of this vast region, from a seaboard of a thousand miles, and inward, a thousand miles deep.

It appears, and the evidence is of the most authentic kind, that whereas previously to the year 1767, the export of opium from India to China had not usually exceeded 200 chests annually—the time when a new impulse was given to the trade by the Company—it has, from that time to this, gone on increasing, with variations, from year to year, until the present time (or a time dated three years back) when not less than fifty or sixty thousand chests are, every year, landed upon the coast of China, at a cost to the people of many millions sterling, and at a profit to the Indian Government of not less than five millions. For many years past

“ a fleet of fast-sailing vessels, or steamers, fitted out in the most complete manner, and fully armed, is constantly traversing the eastern seas, laden with this drug, each vessel carrying seven or eight thousand chests ; while large receiving ships, moored at various points along the coast of China, constitute so many floating warehouses, to which the Chinese smugglers have recourse, openly and constantly, and in defiance of the Government—its own officers conniving at the traffic.”

At a time within the memory of men now living, the opium-pipe in China was the luxury of the opulent only ; and the indulgence, well known to be of dangerous tendency, was kept within bounds, by all but a few ; but in consequence of the endeavours made of late years to extend a trade which has been found to be more lucrative than any other, the drug has been placed within the reach of the middle and lower classes.

“ Smoking-shops have been opened, and the needful smoking appliances have been brought within the means of the poorest, so as that at this time, and for some years past, the less wealthy gentry, the official class, tradesmen, mechanics of all kinds, labourers, and women, have very generally become habitual opium-smokers. Although calculations in cases of this sort can be little more than approximately correct, they are quite as likely to fall short of the truth, as to exceed it. It has been assumed as a basis of such a calculation, that an habitual opium-smoker consumes about seventeen grains daily ; reckoning at this rate, 10,000 chests would supply one million of such smokers for a year ; but of course a much larger number, if we include those who do, or who are compelled to allow themselves a smaller quantity daily. But lately 50,000 chests have been imported annually into China ; and this quantity, distributed according to a probable supposition, over those districts within which opium hitherto has been freely offered to the mass of the people, will show

that a large *percentage* of the adult population has become the victim of the poison."

But whether this proportion* be larger or smaller, it is a proportion that is always on the increase; and at the same time the area over which it prevails is always extending.

When we say that the average daily consumption is seventeen grains, there are many who use a much larger quantity; and as to the cost of the indulgence, men of the labouring class, questioned indiscriminately by Dr. Smith (bishop of Victoria) acknowledged that their opium smoking took from them two-thirds of their daily earnings.

But now for the purpose of bringing the principal facts of the case in due perspective before the reader, we must go back a few steps, and trace the course of things from its origin in India; and show what is the relation of the opium trade to the interests of the East India Company.

The poppy, as we all know, flourishes within a wide isothermal belt: it gives a flaunty gaiety to our cottage gardens; and in the painter's eye, it relieves, in a happy manner, the monochrome of the ripening wheat-field. In every land, almost, it draws the eye to itself, and speaks its power to assuage pain: the milky exudation of the seed-vessel, when the petals have just fallen, comes into the hand of the pharmaceutical chemist as perhaps the most extensively useful, and the most urgently needed, of all the remedies he prepares, as the means of alleviating sufferings. But this plant, although it thus offers itself to the service of man, in almost every land, yet loves the warmest climates; and, to be available in a commercial sense, for the production of opium, it is scarcely cultivated further north than the fortieth, or thirty-fourth degree of latitude, on this side the equator. It is grown, as an article of commerce, in Turkey, and on some fertile and well-watered plains of Asia Minor, and Persia; but nowhere with so much advantage as on the plains of central India. It is there, and under a careful system of culture, that the poppy luxuriates, and that it yields its juice in the greatest abundance, and of the best quality. It is calculated that 100,000 acres of the richest lands watered by the Ganges, and in the plains of central India, are given to the poppy.

A very laborious husbandry is required to render the lands devoted to this growth remunerative; constant weeding and irrigation are needed. When the flower falls, and the unripe capsule is exposed, a knife, formed for the purpose, is used to make an oblique incision around it, from which exudes a milky juice, that becomes inspissate by the heat of the sun; and the next day is removed, and collected as a dark brown tenacious semi-solid. The many processes which this matter undergoes,

first in India, and afterwards in China, to refine it, and to fit it for its different applications, it would be beside our purpose to describe. It is enough just to say that, when compacted into cakes or balls, it is packed in chests—each weighing from a hundred and twenty, to a hundred and forty pounds; and when carried to China, the chest is worth about £150, or £160 sterling. It is as thus made up in chests, for exportation, that we have to speak of it on the present occasion.

As to the culture of the poppy in Hindoostan, if it were left to take its course along with other congenial products of the soil — such as sugar, indigo, cotton, and corn, it would not be very extensively admitted—the labour being comparatively great, and the chances, dependent upon the season, being many of a failure; for one untimely storm of wind and rain may destroy a crop. The growth of the poppy, if not interfered with, would be confined to the most favourable spots; and in that case it would adjust itself to the demand for medicinal purposes. But this is not the state of the case; nor has it been for many years past. In all those parts of British India the soil and climate of which are at all favourable to opium farming, the occupier of the soil—the ryot, holds his land under a stringent obligation to produce a certain quantity of opium, yearly, which he is bound to sell to the agents of the Government at a price fixed by them. Regulations the most severe have been devised, and are rigorously enforced, for the purpose of keeping up the supply, and of securing a constant increase of it, such as shall furnish the opium markets at Calcutta and Bombay *monthly* with not less than 3000 chests for the one, and a third of that quantity for the other.

It is, to a great extent, by means of advances from the Government that the ryot—the native cultivator—is enabled to carry on the culture round the year; his condition, therefore, is always that of a debtor to the party to whom he is compelled to sell his produce.

The opium which reaches Bombay is produced chiefly in countries that are not under the control of the Indian Government, and the conditions of the culture are there different.

This particular produce having been thus forced up to its actual state, by a direct interference on the part of the Indian Government—a Government absolute and irresistible—its relation to other kinds of produce is altogether artificial; so that at any moment, if, by any means, this interference were to be withdrawn, and at the same time the efforts of the Chinese Government to exclude the drug, were to become effective, the poppy growth of India would fall into its proper relative insignificance, and the same lands would, with advantage to India

and to the world, give themselves to husbandries that need no such forcing.

But how shall any such desirable change be brought about? An answer to this question may be difficult. The revenue derived by the East India Company from their monopoly of the opium trade has gradually come to constitute a large part of its revenues, and it is a part upon the regularity of which, and upon its constancy of increase, the Indian Government can, with the most confidence, rely. To such an extent is this the fact, that the question has presented itself in this form :—

“ How is the Government to go on at all, and how is the British Empire in the East to be maintained, if it be deprived of the opium revenue; if the forced production in India, and the forced introduction of opium into China, should in any way cease, or even if it should reach a limit, and in any degree decline ? ”

So long as ten years ago the East India Company received, in one year, a net revenue of three millions sterling from its monopoly, and from that time to this, with variations arising from the seasons, and from the political and commercial condition of China, the trade has been augmenting at a rapid rate. The average cost of a chest of opium, up to the time when it is sold at Calcutta, at the monthly auction, and when it passes into the hands of the merchants who ship it for China, is about thirty-five pounds. The price obtained at these sales varies considerably, but an average may be £105; often it rises much above this amount. Looking back twenty years, the profits hence derived by the company have steadily increased, and are in course of augmentation. These profits arise, not merely from its own dealings directly, as producers of opium, but from the duty levied, as pass-duty, upon every chest which reaches Bombay from the districts that are not under its control. This duty has amounted to forty or forty-five pounds upon the chest. On the whole, the revenue derived from this source is so considerable, as we have stated above, that the opium question has come to be one which has been thought to touch, perhaps we might say, the existence of the British supremacy in the East; and if, without admitting any considerations of a moral kind into our calculations, we were thinking simply and coldly of the stability of that power, it must be with some anxiety, nay, a deep anxiety, that we come to understand the precariousness of a trade, upon the continuance and the increase of which everything seems to depend.

At this point we turn to Lord Dalhousie's Minute, named at the head of this Article—a splendid record as it is of his term of office! Nothing of the kind, perhaps, has lately appeared which better deserves perusal, or which suggests so many reflections,

touching the wellbeing of hundreds of millions of the human family. But we keep to our immediate purpose. In Articles 19 and 20 of this Minute, the noble Marquis reports the revenue of the Indian empire for the year 1854-55.

"By the several territorial acquisitions which have just been enumerated, a revenue of not less than four millions sterling has been added to the annual income of the Indian Empire. Stated in general terms, the revenue of India has increased from £26,000,000 in 1847-48, to £30,000,000 in 1854-55; and the income of the present year, exclusive of Oude, has been estimated at the same amount of £30,000,000 sterling. Without entering into any close detail, it may be stated that the main sources of revenue are not less productive than before; while the revenue derived from opium has increased from £2,730,000 in 1847-48, to £4,700,000 in 1854-55, and is estimated at upwards of £5,000,000 for the present year."—*Minute, Art. 20.*

From this statement it appears that the traffic in opium, which is mainly with China, yields as much as one-sixth part of the entire revenue of the Indian Empire.

If, then, this source of revenue—the opium trade with China—be, as we think it must be granted that it is, of a precarious kind, then a due and prudent regard to the stability of the British rule in the East will give urgency to the question—whether provision should not be made—timely provision—for supplying a probable deficiency from sources that are less remote from British control? This question steers clear entirely of all moral considerations; it is political or economic purely. The possible failure or decline of the opium trade with China, may arise in several different ways, which it may be well briefly to mention.

It is not to be imagined as at all a probable event, that the Chinese Government should be able to effectuate its earnest endeavours to exclude the drug, and to suppress the smuggling trade. Hitherto, and in the present distracted state of the empire, these endeavours are still less likely to succeed; thus far they have utterly failed. The opium war—that dark passage of British history—has taught the Chinese Government and the people, that to any extent, inland, to which European armaments may penetrate, resistance to our military power is vain. The feebleness of the race, and the less perfect civilisation, must take law—right or wrong—from the stronger, and the more knowing. But even this consciousness of its weakness may lead the Government, or those separate Governments that may result from the present conflict, to defend themselves, commercially, at least, in another manner. The annual drainage of silver from China, on this account alone, is such as to drag it downward toward ruin;

and a far-seeing Government, understanding its commercial interests, would come to the conclusion—that, if now to deny opium to the people be a hopeless matter, it would at the least be better for China to grow the poppy at home, than to pay five times its cost to foreigners. Extensive districts within the limits of the empire are as well adapted to this culture as are the plains of Hindoostan: labour is cheaper in China than in India: the entire profits of the East India Company, the profits of the merchants concerned, and the costs of the transit, may be saved; and it scarcely admits of a question that opium agriculture in China might be so carried on as would enable the native dealer very far to undersell the importer of this drug. It is not easy to see why a change of this sort may not be introduced, clearly as it is indicated by the facts of the case, if only they be understood in China. Even the present disturbed state of the empire may lead to it; for whereas, while the Imperial authority was everywhere recognised, and, as to the interior of the country, was effective, the culture of the poppy might not be possible—easy as it would be for the Government to come in upon all who should attempt it, it may now be the fact, or it may ere long come to be the fact, that districts favourable to this culture may have ceased to yield obedience to the Imperial authority, and that the occupiers of the soil in those districts may find themselves at liberty to pursue their own interests. When it is considered that every chest of opium paid for on the coast of China costs at least five times what it would cost if the poppy were grown, and the opium were manufactured by the Chinese people for themselves, it must be felt that, if once the prohibitive measures of the Government were removed, or were in any way to cease to take effect, the Indian opium trade would become dependent entirely, or to a great extent, upon the continued ignorance of the Chinese people as to their own interests; or, if not so, upon their utter want of capital, as well as of the spirit of enterprise.

If at one and the same moment the facts concerning the opium trade were to break in upon the Chinese mind, and the Imperial authority were to be weakened, and the present strain upon the monetary resources of China were to reach a crisis, the result, as affecting the Indian trade, would seem to be inevitable, or nearly so:—

“ Fifty or sixty thousand chests of opium, at the cost of a hundred and thirty pounds sterling per chest, are annually paid for by China, either in hard silver, or in goods, equal to silver in relation to the resources of the country. This drain has gone on always increasing, until the disturbing and ruinous effect of it has reached a point where it threatens a wide-spread calamity: the mass of the people is in

course of becoming indigent to a degree which cannot be exceeded. It is only as the opium plague spreads further and further inwards, over the empire, that the funds upon which it draws can be maintained. But these funds are not inexhaustible. The tea and the silk which China brings in her hands, in part payment of the chest of opium, do not suffice for this purpose. For a long course of years the deficiency has been made up each year by something like fifteen millions of dollars, paid in hard silver. This drain has deranged the monetary condition of the empire to an extent which cripples its industry, and which has spread so much discontent among the people, as to have aggravated, if it have not originated, the intestine commotions by which, at present, it is torn. The silver mines of China have been very productive, but it is affirmed that the richest of them have long been exhausted, and that the Government has sent its agents in search of new veins. How far this search may have been successful, is not known; but this is certain, that the exhausted condition of the empire at large has not been relieved."

On such grounds as these, let it be for a moment admitted as probable, that China should cease, whether gradually or suddenly, to be willing, or to be able to take at our hands the opium of India. If this cessation should imply the abandonment of the pernicious practice of opium smoking to a great extent, all humane persons must rejoice, and rejoice, too, whatever might become of Indian revenue. But let us suppose nothing more than this, that China resolves to save itself the three or four hundred *per cent.* of artificial cost, and to raise and prepare its own opium. In that event, it is true, humanity has gained nothing; but, at the least, the British conscience stands relieved from a heavy burden. China continues to destroy herself with this poison; but we no longer are the receivers of the pieces of silver which hitherto the suicide has brought into our hands.

But now, in such an imagined case, which implies nothing very improbable, what course would the Indian Government, or the "Honourable Court" at home, adopt and pursue? In attempting a reply, we turn again to Lord Dalhousie's Minute. This record of an eight years' administration may well be read with amazement by our European neighbours—north and south, and by us with a consciousness—let it not be in the world's vain dialect, "a proud consciousness" of a domination to which nothing in history is comparable—a domination so wide, so various in the national elements it embraces—so vast in its resources, and exercised, on the whole, in a manner so beneficial to the peoples—many—that are subject to it. We have no space for historical comparisons, but may assume it as certain, that no well-informed Englishman, who is not perverted by malign and unpatriotic prejudices, would attempt to deny that the British domination in the East—the object as it is of wonder and

admiration to the world,—is a good, incalculably great, to the nations of India; or that the overthrow of it would be a calamity, the depth of which none could estimate.

To treat any question touching the stability of the Indian Empire with indifference, must be an affectation. We hold this to be certain; nor should we give heed for a moment to any argument relating to the opium trade, the ground of which was this, that humanity at large has no concernment with the maintenance and perpetuation of that empire. It is with a feeling altogether of a contrary sort that we go about to inquire whether the Indian revenue is, in fact, so dependent upon this one source of income as has been, and is, usually assumed.

Lord Dalhousie's report of his eight years' administration brings under view, within the compass of a few pages, the territorial acquisitions which have taken place during these eight years, and the consequent augmentation of the revenue to the amount of not less than four millions sterling. The income for the present year is estimated at thirty millions sterling. We must abstain from going into details, any further than these may touch our conclusion in the question before us. During these eight years, "the tonnage which sought the port of Calcutta has more than doubled in amount." At the same time, internal trade, as well as those means which so vastly facilitate the measures of Government, have received incalculable aids by the completion of a thousand miles or more of railway—by the extension and improvement of canals; and, not least, by the extension of the electric telegraph through four thousand miles of country.*

But as to these territorial acquisitions, the direct increase accruing to the revenue is far from being the most important part of the advantage thence arising—or likely to arise.

"An extensive trade is springing up in Pegu, and when the deficient population of the country shall have been supplied—as it will be under the firm British rule—the province of Pegu will equal Bengal in fertility of production, and will surpass it in every other respect."—*Minute*, Art. 26.

The acquisitions of the Company in Berar and Nagpore have brought under its immediate control those districts which are most favourable to the culture of cotton. Nothing connected with the British Empire in the East, and with its bearing upon our manufacturing supremacy, can be more important than is the increase of the cotton culture in India: a large supply of cotton from that quarter, free-grown, if it were equal in quality, and on a level as to price with that of the slave States of Ame-

* While writing, we see that the Company has just now authorized the further extension of this system over more than three thousand miles of its territory.

rica, is in every sense intensely to be desired. An increase, in this article alone, might quickly make good a deficiency in the revenue that is now drawn from the opium traffic. Some districts in the kingdom of Pegu are likely also to be devoted to the cotton culture.

"The cultivation of tea in Assam," we are here told, *Minute, Art. 79*, "has prospered in a remarkable degree. The plant has also been largely introduced into the upper districts of the north-west provinces; and, some years ago, plantations were established in the Deyrah Dhoon, and in Kumaon and Gurhwal. More recently Mr. Fortune has been employed to bring plants and seeds in large quantities from China, and to engage Chinese workmen for the manufacture of the tea. The cultivation has extended along the Himalayas. Extensive plantations are now growing up on the heights toward Kangra; and an experimental plantation has been formed on the Murree Hills, above Rawul Pindee. Further to the eastward, in Kumaon and Gurhwal, the Zemindars have adopted the cultivation of the plant themselves. Very large quantities of tea are now manufactured every year. It sells readily at a high price. There is every reason to believe that the cultivation of the tea plant will be very widely spread in future years, and that the trade in tea produced in India will become considerable in extent."—*Minute, Art. 80*.

The growth of flax, of silk, the rearing of sheep in Pegu, and of horses—the preservation and renewal of forests (especially in the kingdom of Oude) "will now be carefully regulated and preserved." An extensive survey of districts likely to contain mineral treasures—coal and iron especially, has been carrying forward for some time, and promises to be productive to an important extent.

"On the ground of these encouraging facts, fair hopes may be built that the present most urgent want of India, in connexion with her material improvement, namely, an ample supply of good iron, within her own bounds, may at no distant date be abundantly supplied."—*Minute, Art. 85*.

But this exposition of the resources of India touches our present purpose at yet another point.

In India canal navigation is usually, if not in every case, a double-handed blessing:—it is the pathway of trade—the cheapest and the surest; and it is the source of irrigation over wide levels—provinces, through which it passes. So it has already opened the interior to European manufactures, and at the same time has—may we not say so?—secured India to a great extent against those visitations of famine which have not failed to decimate the people periodically. At once to facilitate and extend trade, and to exempt the people from these devastations, is to augment the resources of the empire incalculably. On this subject we must cite the Governor-General again:—

"Of all the works of public improvement which can be applied to an Indian province, works of irrigation are the happiest in their effects upon the physical condition of the people. And foremost among all the works of irrigation that the world has as yet ever seen, stands the Ganges canal, whose main stream was for the first time opened on the 8th April 1854. . . . Within eight years the main lines of the Ganges canal, applicable to the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, have been designed, executed, and opened. Extending over 525 miles in length, measuring in its greatest depth 10 feet, and in its extreme breadth 170 feet, the main irrigation line of the Ganges canal is justly described as a work which stands unequalled in its class and character among the efforts of civilized nations."—*Minute*, Art. 87.

This Report then goes on to mention, in their order, as many as twenty-six public works connected with inland navigation, with irrigation, and with maritime security, which have either been completed within the same term of years, or which are now in progress. To canals succeed roads—almost novelties in India;—then railways, and the electric telegraph; in which last class of improvements India seems to be taking the lead in all the world:—but we must refrain, and answer the question—How do these magnificent undertakings—magnificent because beneficent, how do they touch our present subject—the opium revenue of India?

They touch this subject in two ways distinctly. In the first place, they spread before us a prospect not unsubstantial, or in any sense visionary, of such a development of the vast natural resources of India, and of such an expansion of its internal trade, and of its commerce, as may warrant a sure calculation of the gradual, and probably the rapid increase of the revenue. It is true that wars may consume any such augmentations; but if peace be maintained, and if successive Governors-General shall be as wise and as able as the one who now lays down the reins, such an increase can scarcely fail to be the fruit of these new means of national wealth.

But, in the second place, they touch our immediate argument on another side; and to place it in the view of our readers, we ask their attention to another extract from Lord Dalhousie's *Minute*: speaking of the revenue of the Indian Government generally, he says—

"During the years 1847-48, and 1848-49, the annual deficiency which had long existed, still continued to appear in the accounts. But in each of the four following years the deficiency was converted into a surplus, varying from £360,000, to nearly £580,000. During the years 1853-54, and 1854-55, there has again been a heavy deficiency, and the deficiency of the present year is estimated at not less than £1,850,000. But these apparent deficiencies are caused by the

enormous expenditure which the Government is now actually making upon public works, designed for the general improvement of the several provinces of the Indian empire. Wherefore, a large annual deficiency must and will continue to appear, unless the Government shall unhappily change its present policy, and abandon the duty which I humbly conceive it owes to the territories entrusted to its charge. The ordinary revenues of the Indian empire are amply sufficient, and more than sufficient, to meet all its ordinary charges; but they are not sufficient to provide for the innumerable and gigantic works which are necessary to its due improvement. It is impracticable to effect, and absurd to attempt, the material improvement of a great empire by an expenditure which shall not exceed the limits of its ordinary annual income."—*Minute, Art. 23.*

That the Indian Government should, from whatever cause, find itself compelled to abandon the hopeful and enlightened course of "gigantic improvements" indicated in this Minute, would be a subject of profound regret to those among us at home, who, the most fervently, desire the welfare of our eastern fellow-subjects. But now, if we were to go through the details of the Report before us, we should bring our readers to the belief that there is a class of the great works which are now projected, or in progress, that are of inferior importance, and which are less certain than others, as to any beneficial result. Clearly a distinction of this sort there is room for; or, to come to the point, if there were a necessity for limiting these operations, there is a field where retrenchment might have place without the risk of visibly, or appreciably, bringing to a stand the material improvement of the people, or the commercial advancement of the empire. The civil-engineering work in India has, we assume, a margin, whereupon curtailment, if it were unavoidable, might be effected, and yet no great damage be sustained.

Let it then be imagined, as we have already supposed, that, from whatever cause, the opium trade with China should come to be on the decline, and that even a total cessation of it should be in prospect;—what course in such a case would be adopted and pursued by the Indian Government, or by the Court of Directors? This question seems to admit of a reply that is not very far to fetch.

The revenue, we are here told, namely, thirty millions sterling, is "more than sufficient to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government." Loans are contracted only to give effect to "gigantic improvements." This being the fact, a falling off in any one branch of the public income would not imperil the Government, or render the maintenance of the army precarious. The only effect would be, *first*, to bring to a close, for a time, some of the less urgently needed, or more remote schemes of improvement; and, *secondly* (if this were needed), to increase,

by a little, the loan requisite for carrying forward those public works which have the strongest claim on the ground of their immediate utility.

But it is by no means certain that either of these courses would, under the circumstances now supposed, be found unavoidable. If those who are conversant with fiscal and financial calculations, and who, moreover, are already pretty well acquainted with Indian affairs, will give close attention to the multifarious statements which are condensed within the five and forty pages of the Parliamentary paper above cited, they will, as we think, soon convince themselves, that, if years of peace in India should ensue, and if no unusual calamity should fall upon the Eastern empire, the revenue, which is now in a course of augmentation, will, from year to year go on to increase, and with rapidity too, when those public works of which the Minute makes mention, shall have come fully to bear upon the agricultural and commercial resources of the country; we should say, of these many kingdoms.

The opium culture, as we have seen, is sustained by means of large advances made to the Zemindars and the Ryots, occupying the soil in the districts favourable to it. Let it be imagined that the same outlay takes other channels, and is sent into the several districts above named, in which silk, cotton, and tea are produced with advantage. Assuming, as we ought, Lord Dalhousie's statements to be authentic, then it must be regarded as a very reasonable expectation that (if indeed *any aid* be needed in these instances) the amount of aid which is now afforded to the opium growth and manufacture, would yield a return not less remunerative than is yielded by this one pernicious drug.

In all this we are far from taking a position on the ground of romantic philanthropy, or supposing that the "Honourable Court" will spontaneously come forward, and will risk its revenue by throwing away the opium trade, and will give its mind to other supposable sources of income. What we are thinking of is this, that it may be compelled to do so, as the result of some movements in China, that are not highly improbable, which may at once dry up this source, or greatly diminish it. We then say that the energy, the intelligence, and the vast means always at the command of the Indian Government, would very quickly make up the deficiency, and would probably realize, after a year or two, a much larger return. Let so much as this be granted us, for argument sake, and we then go on to ask, in what way would a change of this sort affect the commercial and the manufacturing interests of the British empire at large? How would it touch us here, near at home, in the manufacturing districts of England?

At the conclusion of what we must call the "Opium war" (1842), and when the five ports were opened to European commerce, large expectations were entertained as to the demands of the millions of China for British manufactures. With the hope of meeting and of stimulating these demands, speculation ran before orders. But the actual demand fell far short of these bright surmises. The Chinese millions did not absorb the glut of goods provided for them at any such rate as had been supposed likely to be called for. From that time to this our Chinese customers have failed to realize even very moderate and reasonable expectations. Various causes for this disappointment have been alleged; and foremost among them is the distracted state of the empire, and the spread of insurrection from province to province, over a very large area of this vast surface. This, and other alleged reasons of the small demand for British goods, are no doubt valid; but there is one in relation to which there can be little room for difference of opinion. In fact, there is a remarkable concurrence of the evidence of all the best informed witnesses who have lately given their testimony on subjects connected with the trade with China. The enormous amount annually paid by China for opium is a drain which exhausts the means of the population as purchasers of manufactured goods. The opium smoker has, for the most part, brought himself into a condition of poverty, or even of abject indigence—so that if he purchases daily his grains of opium, and with it the barest subsistence, it is all he can do. Higher up in the scale there is still the wasteful expenditure on this same luxury, limiting the means of the middle and upper classes; and there pervades the upper and lower classes alike, that listlessness, indifference, apathy, which slackens the desire for the comforts and indulgences of life. Opium fumes dull the appetite for those articles with which the British manufacturer would tempt the Chinese people—tempt them at once by the excellence of the article and by its extreme cheapness. If Manchester goods hang on hand at Shanghai, and elsewhere, it is because millions of the people are spending their all upon opium. This, on the ground of abundant evidence, we believe to be the state of the case.

But shall we be warranted in looking for a favourable change on this ground? That there is any reason to expect a spontaneous moral reform among the Chinese people, as to the habit of opium intoxication, is far more than we dare venture to affirm. If it were to take place, humanity would indeed have gained a triumph—a triumph most signal! The Indian revenue would have sustained a temporary check, which it would speedily recover; and, of this there is no reasonable doubt, the trade with China in articles of British manufacture would immediately feel

the impulse; and if once, to some large extent, a desire for such articles were to spring up among the people, a field—which in a sense is boundless—would be opened on which British enterprise, and industry, and skill would be free to enter.

But we must be content at present to take a lower ground for our calculations of what may be probable. We have already advanced the supposition that the Chinese people may come to see their interests just so far as this:—That inasmuch as opium is and will be sought for, and will, in some way, be obtained by the mass of the people, the wiser course would be to grow and manufacture it for themselves. The imperial government hitherto has shown its determination to the contrary; but either it may come over to another mind, or, in the present distracted state of the empire, its interdictions may be everywhere set at nought. Should a change of this kind come about, then, as we have said, the Indian revenue fails in that one item; but the Chinese people, obtaining what they *will* have, at a fifth of its present cost, save themselves this ruinous drain, and, *so far*, they come into a condition for dealing with us in other and better articles; that is to say, for the produce of the mills of Lancashire, and the shops of Sheffield and Birmingham. So far it would be well, and there might be ground for hope that, if we could fairly stimulate and provide for a healthier taste among the people, some counteraction of the worse taste would be brought into play.

In either case the opium question, as affecting ourselves, is a question between the Indian revenue in one of its elements, and the incalculably larger interests of British commerce and manufacture.

But let us now understand what this opium smoking is, as prevalent in China. We shall condense the great body of evidence before us on this point within the compass of a page or two. It is to be collected from various quarters, but it is substantially accordant. In this country, those who have fallen into a state of deplorable dependence upon the excitement of opium are opium *eaters*. We do not know that opium *smoking* is to any extent practised among us. But the people of China have found, or they believe it to be so, that the delirium which they seek is produced more readily, and much more effectively, by smoking it; that is, by burning a grain or two in the bowl of a pipe, and, with a long inspiration, filling the lungs, and retaining the fumes as long as possible. Two or three whiffs, so taken, are enough for most smokers. The fumes, brought immediately into contact with the blood, as it is undergoing oxidation, affect the nervous system and the brain, more quickly and more thoroughly, it is said; than when the drug passes into

the system from the stomach. And if this mode of assimilation be more complete, and if it be quicker in its operation than the other, so is it believed to be far more pernicious in its consequences, as affecting the human constitution.

"The opium pipe consists of a pipe of heavy wood, furnished at the head with a cup, which serves to collect the residuum or ashes, left after combustion: this cup is usually a small cavity at the end of the pipe, and serves to elevate the bowl to a level with the lamp. The bowl of the pipe is made of earthenware, of an ellipsoid shape, and fits upon the hole, itself having a rimmed orifice on the flat side. . . . The opium-smoker, lying upon a couch, holds the pipe, aptly called by the Chinese *yen tsiang* (*smoking pistol*) so near to the lamp that the bowl can be brought up to it without his stirring himself. A little piece of opium, of the size of a pea, being taken on the end of a spoon-headed needle, is put upon the hole of the bowl, and set on fire at the lamp, and inhaled at one whiff, so that none of the smoke shall be lost. Old smokers will retain the breath a long time, filling the lungs, and exhaling the fumes through the nose. When the pipe has burned out, the smoker lies somewhat listless for a moment, while the fumes are dissipating, and then repeats the process until he has spent all his purchase, or taken his prescribed dose."

Opium shops, adapted to the means and habits of the poorest classes, abound in the towns and cities of China. These shops are represented as the most wretched and miserable places imaginable.

"They are kept open day and night, each being furnished with a greater or less number of bedsteads, constructed of bamboo-spars, and covered with dirty mats and rattans. A narrow wooden stool is placed at the head of the bed, which answers for a pillow or bolster, and in the centre of each shop there is a small lamp, which diffuses a cheerless light through this gloomy abode of vice and misery." "Never, perhaps," says Mr. Squire, a Church missionary, "was there a nearer approach to hell upon earth than within the precincts of these vile hovels, where gaming is likewise carried on to a great extent. Here every gradation of excitement and depression may be witnessed."

Mr. Pohlman, an American missionary, who resided several years at Amoy, states, that "there are as many as one thousand opium shops in that city alone, where the drug can be obtained, and facilities are furnished for smoking."

Opium smoking, so it is affirmed, destroys its victim in about ten years, reckoning from the time when the practice has become habitual. Opium

"holds its victim by a tighter grasp than does any kind of intoxicating liquid: the drunkard sometimes breaks his chain and escapes, the opium-eater or smoker scarcely ever. When the habit is formed,

he has entered a cavern with a steep descent, and which allows of no turn." "There is no slavery on earth to be compared with the bondage into which opium casts its victim. There is scarcely one known instance of escape from its toils, when once they have fairly enveloped a man. The practice quickly destroys the appetite and the digestion, vitiates the blood, weakens the command of the mind over the voluntary muscles, as well as its command over itself, and ends in helpless insanity and death."

A Chinese in authority says:—

"When the habit becomes inveterate, it is necessary to smoke at certain fixed hours. . . . Men can no longer live without this poison. The symptoms are, difficulty of breathing, chalky paleness, discoloured teeth, and a withered skin.— People perceive that it hurries them to destruction, but it leaves them without spirit to desist."

"It is," says another Chinese, "a fearful, desolating pestilence, pervading all classes of the people, wasting their property, enfeebling their mental faculties, ruining their bodies, and shortening their lives." A medical writer, long resident at Penang, says,—

"The hospitals and poorhouses are chiefly filled with opium smokers. In one that I had the charge of, the inmates averaged sixty daily, five-sixths of whom were smokers of chandoo. The baneful effects of this habit on the human constitution are conspicuously displayed by stupor, forgetfulness, general deterioration of all the mental faculties, emaciation, debility, sallow complexion, lividness of lips and eyelids, languor, and lack-lustre of eye; appetite either destroyed or depraved. In the morning these creatures have a most wretched appearance, evincing no symptoms of being refreshed or invigorated by sleep, however profound. There is a remarkable dryness or burning in the throat, which urges them to repeat the opium smoking. If the dose be not taken at the usual time, there is great prostration, vertigo, torpor, and discharge of water from the eyes. If the privation be complete, a still more formidable train of phenomena takes place: coldness is felt over the whole body, with aching pains in all parts. Diarrhœa occurs; the most horrid feelings of wretchedness come on; and, if the poison be withheld, death terminates the victim's sufferings." The opium smoker may be known "by his inflamed eyes and haggard countenance,—by his lank and shrivelled limbs, tottering gait, sallow visage, feeble voice, and the death-boding glance of his eye. He seems the most forlorn creature that treads the earth."

Dr. Smith, bishop of Hong-Kong, Lord Jocelyn, Mr. R. W. Martin, and Sir John Davis, late Governor of Hong-Kong, give evidence to the same effect, and so Dr. Ball, many years resident in China. He expresses his belief that the practice of opium smoking has extended itself along the sea-coast, and up the course of the large rivers; that is to say, just so far as the

drug has been brought within reach of the people by the smugglers. Throughout these districts, and in all the towns, may be seen—

“Walking skeletons,—families, wretched and beggared by drugged fathers and husbands,—multitudes who have lost house and home, dying in the streets, in the fields, on the banks of the river, without even a stranger to care for them while alive, and when dead, left exposed to view till they become offensive masses.”

Much more to the same effect might be cited ; but it cannot be needful. All the evidence bearing upon the subject is nearly of the same complexion ; nor is there room to doubt that the fatal infatuation which opium produces is, at this time, spreading itself, year by year, over the vast regions occupied by the Chinese people ; and is in course, at a rapid rate, of bringing about their perdition.

The Chinese Government has long been well aware of these deplorable facts, and alive to its duty to stop the plague by all means in its power. No man of any humanity can read without a deep and very painful feeling what has been reported of the grief, the dismay, the indignation of men in authority, and of the Emperor, when finding that their utmost efforts to save their people were defeated by the craft and the superior maritime force of the European dealers, and by the venality of their own official persons, on the coast. From the first year of the present century to this present time, the Chinese Government has continued to remonstrate, to protest, to plead, and, as to its own people, to enact severe laws, and to punish where it could, those concerned in the importation of the drug, and in its distribution among the people, as well as those who indulged in the practice. Small success had attended any of these endeavours. At length, in the year 1839, the Imperial Commissioner LIN, a man of distinguished ability and accomplishments, was sent to Canton to attempt the “utter annihilation of the opium trade.” It is reported that the Emperor wept in delivering to this officer his instructions to this effect. The sad history of this endeavour—so humiliating in its issue to England—is only too well known. The Canton merchants were compelled to give up the opium in their possession—20,283 chests—which, in the sight of spectators, were destroyed—the opium macerated, and turned into the river. From the sale of these chests the Chinese Government might have realized an amount of not less than twenty millions of rupees. The consequence of this strong measure was—the Opium War ; and the issue of it, among the other severe conditions of the treaty which ended it, was, to compel the Chinese Government to refund to the British merchants the full amount of the loss they had sustained. But let us stop short at this

point. England used the customary argument of the strong against the weak, and gained her end. The wronged "barbarians"—these "pagans"—were wronged still further—they were taught a hard lesson;—they were plundered, and abandoned without remorse to the ruin which this trade has brought upon them! So it has been and is, up to this present time.

The Chinese people, our inferiors as they are in the higher elements of civilisation, find themselves always the weaker party in a quarrel—if a quarrel ends in blows; but they are fully our equals in shrewdness, and in that sort of prompt reasoning which interprets men's principles by their conduct. The more intelligent among them draw a sure conclusion from the part we have acted toward them these fifty years past, in this matter of the Opium Trade—as to the quality of the religion which some of us are labouring to propagate among them. These inferences, how wrong soever they may be, if the entire facts are known and allowed for—are perfectly warrantable on the part of the Chinese people. It would be inequitable to expect from them any other judgment, either as to the religion which we offer them, or as to the motives which impel us to send them books and missionaries. They must be left to look at the *whole* of the European—the British, scheme of intercourse with themselves, as *one* scheme. A Chinese must have been resident for many years in England, he must have acquired our language, and read our books, and have come to understand much of the social system among us, before he could be asked to set off the opium traffic from Exeter Hall. But then it would be vain for him to attempt, on his return, to convey to his countrymen any measure of his own better convictions concerning us. They must still be left to look at missionary stations, and at Bibles, as seen over that mountain of opium chests which is set down, furtively, every year upon their coasts:—"black dirt," they call it, and the fumes of this blackness darken all the objects that are seen through it.

"Almost the first word," says Dr. Medhurst, "uttered by a Chinese, when anything is said concerning the excellence of Christianity, is, 'Why do Christians bring us opium, and bring it directly in defiance of our laws? The vile drug has destroyed my son, has ruined my brother, and well-nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot wish me well, or be in possession of a religion better than my own. Go first and persuade your own countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic; and give me a prescription to correct this vile habit, and then I will listen to your exhortations on the subject of Christianity.'"

This kind of evidence has been frequently laid before English readers, and has been repeated on platforms very often, but it

must, in brief, continue to be brought forward. The bishop of Hong-Kong says:—

“If those who profess to doubt the magnitude of this obstacle to the progress of Christianity in China, could hear the more patriotic of the Chinese, frequently with a sarcastic smile, ask the missionaries if they were connected with those who brought them poison, which so many of their countrymen ate, and perished, they would perceive it is vain—I will not say it is vain—but it is certainly inconsistent in us as a nation, to send the Bible to China. The same breeze that wafts the missionary to that benighted land, brings on its wings the elements of moral destruction in that illegal traffic, which stamps with inconsistency the country of Christian missions.”

Testimonies to the same effect might be adduced in abundance, did our space permit of it.

A bare outline of the facts of the case we have now placed before our readers, many of whom are probably masters of the whole subject. What is it then that remains to be said? We might fill pages, warrantably, with expostulations, denunciations, pleadings, appeals to principles and to consciences:—there might be room for announcing Heaven’s coming judgment upon Britain. But nothing of this sort would touch the point at issue, in a practical sense, or, in fact, would reach those whose reason and conscience need to be reached; for, as to the humane—the right-minded—what we have already stated, or what they themselves have long known is enough, and more than enough, to move them to act if there were any course of action before them. We propose therefore, very briefly to state the case as it seems to be borne upon by reasons and motives of a lower sort, and the operations of which may be matter of calculation.

The light in which the subject will be looked at by practical men, by financiers, statesmen, members of the legislature, is this:—They will grant you, perhaps, that the evils which are now in our view are incalculably great; but they will deny that it can come within either the province, or the means, of the Indian Government, or of the British Government, or of Parliament, to find a remedy; or, if a remedy were found, to apply it. It will be said—this is simply a question of trade, and trade cannot be interfered with; a demand *will* get itself supplied, by fair means, or by foul means; and when it comes to this that millions of people are earnestly coveting an article—a means of indulgence, for which they are ready to lay down their last penny, no laws, no restrictions, will avail to keep it from them. We may, if we please, throw away our own benefit, large as it is; but the trade, with its train of evils, and all the miseries it inflicts, will flourish as before; or perhaps will be doubled, after a brief interruption.

If there were no substance or reason in these allegations, the whole question might speedily be brought to a conclusion ; for we hold it for certain, as we have already said, in the first place—That the Indian revenue would quickly recover itself, and more than make good the defalcation arising from the diminution, or the entire failure of, the opium trade with China. We believe that if a better direction were given to agriculture and trade throughout India, it would quickly overtake any temporary deficiency. We assume it to be certain, in the second place—That the Indian government, and the imperial government of China, if the two were in accordance, and if they were so minded, might with ease prevent the importation of opium along the coast of China. At present a fully armed marine force, on a large scale, is employed in defending and maintaining the importation, being as it is contraband. It needs only a good understanding between the Indian and the Chinese governments to render the smuggling trade dangerous and difficult to such an extent as would bring it to an end, or nearly so. A lawful and a profitable trade with China would well pay the cost of a force in the Eastern seas sufficient to keep them clear both of pirates and of smugglers.

But assuming these things as certain, the question has still its difficulties—some of them apparent only, and some real. It is well understood that measures of prohibition, or of restriction, are much more easily devised than carried out and made effective. Often have even the strongest and the most despotic governments been compelled, after undergoing a series of mortifying defeats, to leave things to take their course. Effectively to exclude anything from a country by high duties is to offer a premium to the smuggler :—to limit the consumption of it when already *in* the country, is an endeavour impracticable ; or quite impracticable in a free country :—sumptuary laws and domiciliary intrusions upon the privacies of life are out of the question, or ought now to be thought so. Nevertheless there are exceptional cases—there are instances on behalf of which a special course may reasonably be pleaded for, and must in fact be allowed. The promiscuous sale of the more active poisons is an instance of this kind ; the difficulty attaching to which is precisely this—that the restriction which is sought for must be made to bear upon a very large number of the articles that are kept for popular use in every druggist's shop. It may be asked, which *are* the poisons ? If arsenic and strychnine are to be shut off from popular use, there are a dozen pernicious drugs out of which the suicide or the murderer may make his choice, though they may not be quite so convenient in the application.

But no such difficulty or ambiguity attaches to the article

with which now we are concerned. In a singular degree (and we think it stands quite alone on this ground) opium, as available for purposes of transient delirium, is a substance *sui generis* : it is not one of a class of drugs amongst which a substitute might easily be found. If this one drug—opium, can be kept out of the reach of the mass of the people, the evils it entails meet at once an effective remedy. Opium—invaluable, indispensable, as a means in the hands of the medical practitioner, has a use which is so limited, and which is so well defined, that, even if it may still remain within reach of the few, it may easily be placed on a high shelf, where none but the long arms of the wealthy can lay their hands upon it.

Then as to the production of this drug, the same kind of singularity attaches to it. It is not one of a class of products, to repress or forbid the whole of which would clearly be impossible. As an agricultural product, the poppy-field stands out with a broad and glaring individuality among the cereals, and the grasses, and the legumens, just as the single poppy in flower declares itself in the midst of a field of wheat. Every way, poppy farming is marked off from every other produce. It demands, if cultivated on a large scale for commerce—it demands especial conditions of soil, and of temperature: it needs atmospheric steadiness; and the nearness of cheap labour, for the husbandry of it is costly. Poppy farming is not within reach of every occupier of land under a tropical sun: it has its chosen spots. Then the opium manufacture must adjoin the poppy field. Opium is not like whisky, which if you give it only its share out of every stack-yard may be made to run a perennial stream from a kettle, in any hovel deep hid among the mountains. The poppy is, in a literal sense, and in a figurative sense too, the creature of the sun—it cannot be hid; the opium manufacture in India could no more be put under a bushel, than could hay-making be so served in England.

What is the inference? Just this, that opium culture offers itself as an exceptive product of agricultural labour, which more readily, perhaps, than any other that could be named, might be brought under control, and be made to confine itself within prescribed limits, and which, without inflicting any damage or disadvantage either upon the occupancy of land, or upon any vested interests, might be hedged in by statutes or regulations, easily and certainly enforced. If a man may say to his gardener, "Don't put in any more parsnips this year, they are not wholesome," so may a government—if, indeed, it can do anything—if it can enforce any sort of restrictive rule, it may say, "No more poppy farms—so many acres in such a district may be given to this plant; but no more."

But it is said, if the opium manufacture were abandoned, or were only restricted in India, a stimulus would be given to the culture elsewhere: the people of China *will* destroy themselves in this way, and the Indian government may as well profit by their infatuation. This is the old plea for all kinds of abominations. It is, or it was, the argument of the slave-trader: it is the plea of those who live and fatten upon detestable practices—it is the plea of all who live by the crimes and vices of others—it is the pretext of the receiver of stolen goods—it is, and ever has been, the legend upon the rogue's escutcheon, all the world over—"I don't *make* the wickedness, I only live by it." It would be a great wrong to suppose that such a doctrine should be taken up and used, either in Leadenhall Street, or the Government House, Calcutta.

The time is passed, or it is passing away, in which courses of conduct on the part of governments or corporations, which the individual man would abhor, may be palliated, connived at, and left to weigh upon the soul of the automaton whose business it is to sign official documents. That which is false and wrong, and cruel and ruinous to the weak and the ignorant, is coming to be scouted as a mistake in political economy, as well as a crime.

The opium traffic of the East India Company with China has come down to us along with many other evil things and great mistakes from times when atrocities and political errors hugged each other complacently, and were seldom called to give an account of themselves. But the opium traffic, along with other mischievous usages, must now be prepared to show cause why it should not be condemned, not only as a source, and the direct cause of incalculable miseries, but as an enormous error in international polity. That it is, in fact, *a mutual mischief* might be demonstrated in detail, and placed beyond the reach of doubt. An exact and copious statement of the results and the course of European and American trade with China would show this. At present we can only make an appeal to common sense on more general grounds.

Let it be imagined now, for a moment, that a future Governor-General of India—right-minded as a man and a Christian, and well-informed in the principles of commerce, and also, by structure of mind, holding in due contempt the small wisdom which so often flourishes and prevails in public offices; that such a man is offended and alarmed by what he learns concerning the opium trade. He finds that it is carried on in violation of the admitted principles of international law; that what may fitly be called the *perpetration* of this trade is consigned to the hands of buccaneers—men who would be hanged by dozens if their ser-

vices were not in this case needed; and that the use of opium in China is attended with miseries deeper and more widely spread than those which sprang from the slave trade. This alarm, and this revulsion of feeling, leads such a man—to whom the care of the eastern world has been committed—to make inquiry concerning the traffic, on the common grounds of commercial policy, and to ask, Are we really doing ourselves any good by this infernal trade? Or can it be true that a barter which destroys the buyer and the consumer, and which stains with blood the hands of the seller, is a good trade on the whole? Such a man will soon convince himself that it is not so.

A good bargain is defined to be a transaction which is advantageous to both the parties; and it should be *equally* advantageous to both, all things allowed for. It may be good for a man, in certain cases, to give a diamond ring for a threepenny loaf; but this is not trade. Lately it was not understood, but now it is perfectly understood, that trade is at its best when both parties are flourishing, and are making money in the exchange. Lately it was not understood, but now it is well understood—thanks to the establishment of free-trade principles—that nations do not prosper in an inverse ratio to the prosperity of their neighbours; but, on the contrary, directly by means of their mutual prosperity. Need these things be demonstrated at this time? Surely not.

We may imagine a future Governor-General to be not merely a man of enlarged views, but one who is full of English feeling; that he is more than an able administrator of Indian affairs;—let him be a statesman, and he will then govern India, thinking of it as part and parcel of the British Empire; he will be fixed in his resolution to look at China as it stands related to the commercial prosperity of the British Empire—not as it chances to relate to the Indian revenue. Thus regarded, the question of the opium traffic would quickly resolve itself, and be determined in a sense consonant with the dictates of humanity, and of international justice. He would see, that national interests, largely understood, are not in this instance, any more than in any other instance, at variance with the eternal principles of justice and humanity. It is nothing more than an imaginary necessity which, in this case, stands in the way of our perceiving, that the enormous wrong we are doing, for the sake of an immediate gain, is even now avenging the injured people upon ourselves, and is sure to make thorough work with us in the end, with a full measure of disastrous results.

The Chinese people, whether they number, as is said, three hundred and forty millions, or some millions more or fewer—it does not signify to our argument—are just in that state of im-

perfectly developed civilisation which, under conditions we shall specify, might render them customers for British manufactures, to an extent that is incalculable. Their modes of life and their tastes embrace as large an *assortment* of the products of the mechanic arts as is required for what we may call the "outfit" of more highly advanced western nations. Their own imitative ingenuity, the traditionary perfection of some of the arts among them, and their eminent handiwork skill, their domestic habits, their love of decoration, their needs, as occupants of a region inclusive of great inequalities of temperature;—all these influences bring them before us, if we speak now as traders, as the buyers to a large extent of what we have to sell. It is true that native skill and industry, and cheap labour, have hitherto sufficed, and will long suffice, for meeting the demand in certain of the industrial arts, especially in those in carrying forward which hand-labour has its advantages, as compared with the products of machinery. In the ceramic manufactures, and especially in the decorative branch of it, the Chinese potter and painter will be able to hold his own against the men of the Staffordshire potteries. Whoever has walked through the potteries, with an eye fixed upon China, will have seen that the antiquated processes which are there adhered to, especially in the decorative department, are so many premiums put into the hand of the Chinese potter. Then, again, it is not likely that we should ever manufacture paper here in England, or be able to print books upon such paper advantageously, for the Chinese reading public. On various points this ingenious people possesses an advantage which we must be content to leave in their hands.

But it is otherwise in almost every one of those industrial arts in which the command of boundless capital and the application of machinery on the largest scale serve at once to secure the highest excellence in the work, and cheapness too, in a degree which goes far beyond the limit of hand-labour, however cheap it may be, and with whatever ingenuity it may be employed. We should far exceed our limits if we were to descend to the details on this ground. Let the reader, who would properly understand the subject now referred to, *first* acquaint himself with all that can be known of the processes and the means of the industrial arts in China; and then let him pass at leisure through those vast structures—the spinning "sheds," the "mills," the "shops" of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and of the manufacturing districts of Scotland; let him inform himself of the lowering of prices in various articles, looking back ten years. These reductions of price having been brought about almost entirely by the improvements and the extension of machinery, and by various perfectionments in the modes of applying it. The result of such an

exploration must be the conviction, that the staple British manufactures may, for long years to come, and probably for ever, undersell the industry of China, even when charged with freightage and the profits of merchants.

But it must be well understood that the enjoyment of this advantage, in any but a very limited degree, is not a matter of course; for it is dependent upon certain conditions. We have already learned this to our cost. To make up cargoes for Canton and Shanghai may be easy, but to obtain a ready sale for these consignments on remunerative terms, is another matter, and is not so easy. The conditions of an extensive and ever-enlarging and remunerative trade with China are several—some of which are beyond our present subject, but some bear upon it directly.

There is ground for believing that, although the absolutely indigent and destitute class in China may not be a larger proportion of the entire population than in some European countries, the class of those who subsist upon almost the minimum of the means of life is very large. What can we look for from these millions of barely-clad rice-eaters as customers for British manufactures? Very little in their actual condition, but much gradually, if only we can reach them extensively. In a mechanical sense the masses of China are now accessible:—their system of inland navigation is such that if these water-courses were opened to European means of transit, these vast regions would at once spread themselves out before our enterprise; and to us, as a trading and manufacturing people, a nation of hundreds of millions would, in this sense, be born to us in a day. Not that the masses of the people, even if we had unrestricted access to them, would immediately, or soon be buyers of all we could send them. But it is a sure principle that the feeling, the taste, the coveting for conveniences and decorations, the factitious need to have, and to enjoy what has been presented to the eye, and has lodged itself in the imagination—these tendencies, so deep-seated as they are in human nature, require to be stimulated and to be cultured, and then they are sure to grow. When stimulated to a certain extent, and when they have become habitudes, they bring with them, or they actually create, the very means of further expansion. Those races especially that are constitutionally *industrial*, are peculiarly apt to admit this kind of stimulus. It is by help of the taste for conveniences and for decorations—it is the desire for things which lie a little way beyond the border of primary necessity, that individuals and that communities are lifted out of the slough of physical wretchedness, and are urged to labour, to patient endurance, frugality, enterprise. Human nature does better when led than when driven. Drive

him by the lash, or by the imminent dread of hunger and nakedness, and man remains a savage. Lead and tempt him forward by the prospect of comforts, and of a better condition of his home, and of an attire which shall allow him to maintain self-respect, and then his energies wake up, and you see what is in him.

If in the course of whatever changes in the internal condition of the Chinese empire—its breaking up, for instance, we should gain free access to the masses of the people—let us wisely use such an opportunity for promoting their domestic and industrial habits by tempting them to buy what we can sell them—a good article and cheap. Open before the people of China your packages of printed goods from Lancashire;—shew them your Sheffield cutlery;—offer them all those goods and wares which may be seen welling forth daily as a torrent from the vast machineries of manufacturing England and Scotland.

But it is just at this point that we reach the difficult, and, in truth, the afflictive stage of our present argument. The opium chest is a block of adamant in the way, stopping the course of British industry and enterprise, as toward the vast regions, and the many islands that lie east of the Straits of Malacca. We need not revert to the facts to which already we have made a cursory reference. These facts are, for the most part, out of question: they are established by the concurrence of almost all testimonies, and they leave us no room to doubt that the opium chest, landed upon the whole line of Continental China, and rapidly making its way inland upon the rivers and canals, is not merely draining the country of its means as a customer for our goods, but is actually destroying our customer himself, by thousands, or by millions; or it is bringing him down from a condition which is improvable, to a condition of desperate and irrecoverable wretchedness.

If the British commercial policy were to be thought of as *a whole*—as a devised scheme of national enterprise, what we are doing, described in its naked reality, is just this, we are drugging to the death the man whom we are hoping to see enter our shop daily, purse in hand!

It is true that, within the encyclopedia of commerce, and as related to fiscal questions, there are instances analogous to this of the opium traffic: there are instances, we admit, which a determined controvertist might bring forward and insist upon, in bar of the conclusion to which we would come. There are instances *resembling* this of the trade in opium; but, we confidently say it, there is no instance strictly parallel to it;—there is no instance so unambiguous, none so little complicated by admixture with impracticable exceptions:—there is no instance in

the round of international intercourse which might so easily be dealt with, or in dealing with which so vast an amount of evil might be mitigated, or wholly excluded, at so small a cost. Our limits forbid that we should go into any of these comparisons. Rather than do so let it be granted that the principles which we should apply to the trade in opium ought, in consistency, to be applied to other similar cases. We do not, in fact, allow it to be so; but allow it for the moment, and then return to the instance in question.

Opium is not one of a class of products, some of which, or many perhaps, it would be impossible to exclude or prohibit. It is *one drug*, having a well-defined, and easily-marked, and conspicuous individuality. There is not, either in its legitimate quality as a medicine, or as a means of vicious indulgence, a substitute at hand. If the poppy were altogether to fail, the medical practitioner would be hopeless of supplying its place:—if the poppy culture were to be reduced within the limits of the demand for it on the part of the pharmaceutical chemist, the opium smoker must resign himself to the misery of wanting his dose. Opium eating and smoking may, alas! come in the place of intoxicating liquors; and this fatal substitution has, it is to be feared, extensively taken place in consequence of the ill-considered attempt to reform drunkards by a vow. But while neither gin nor rum will bring about the opium delirium, opium more than meets the cravings of the dram-drinker.

This clearly-defined simplicity, attaching, as it does, to the instance before us, there is solid ground for the inquiry—What would happen if, induced by considerations of whatever class, whether moral, or political, or fiscal, the Honorable the East India Company should resolve to make up its revenue from other sources, and to wash its hands of the trade in opium? Already, in the course of this article, we have affirmed it as certain that a system of prohibition, if it is to be effective, must be made to rest upon a compact between the Company and the ruling power in China—either the present imperial, or its vanquisher; the cordial intention of which compact would be, to prevent the importation of opium into China. And, moreover, as the Chinese official persons along the coast are utterly venal and untrustworthy, it must be understood that the opium trade has been denounced as piracy; and that it must be followed and hunted out, along the coasts, and in all the eastern waters, as the slave trade has been in the Atlantic. On any conditions short of these, other trading nations—we will not say the Americans—would step into the place we had vacated, and the mischief would be scarcely checked.

But it is not to be supposed that the consumption of opium

in China could be absolutely and universally brought to an end. To attempt an issue of this kind would be to fail, and perhaps to aggravate the evil. Instead of doing this, the Chinese Government might safely legalize the culture of the poppy, and hold it under limitations. Grant it that measures of this sort would be difficult in the execution: we are not called upon to consider or to devise the means for obviating such difficulties. What we have to do with, are the results of such a course as affecting ourselves; and yet, before we pass on, we may observe, that it must be a far easier task on the part of a government to make a fence around a poppy-farm, and to say to the occupiers—"these acres, and no more for this plant"—than to keep a look-out, night and day, along a thousand miles of indented and dangerous coast, so as to intercept the armed smuggler: this latter is a means of keeping opium out of the reach of the people, which the Chinese government, if unassisted, could never make effective: the former is at least supposable, and might be found easy.

As affecting ourselves, we mean British interests at large, inclusive of those of our empire in the East, the consequences of a relinquishment of the trade in opium with China would be, in the first instance, an earnest endeavour to develop, in a fuller degree, the several elements of national wealth throughout the Peninsular—from the Punjab to Pegu, and from the temperate flanks of the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. In five years, or less time, the Indian revenue would have recovered itself, and far more than recovered the momentary defalcation. But the second of these results of such a course would be, a gradual and indefinite enlargement of the British commerce with China, and the Eastern Islands. China, even if it continued to consume opium, would obtain it at a fraction of the present cost; and its twenty millions of silver would be annually available for the purchase of commodities which, instead of paralyzing the national industry, stimulate and feed it, and open before it new fields of gainful enterprise. Instances many and various in illustration of this assumption might be adduced: take one;—any one who may chance to have seen those samples of Chinese dyed woven fabrics, which at different times have been exhibited in Manchester, will have gathered from these specimens two inferences; *first*, that from whatever causes, whether of climate or of chemical intelligence, or of manipulative skill, the Chinese dyer is likely to beat us, perhaps always, in bringing out brilliant and deep-toned colours, the blues, the purples, the crimsons. But then the woven tissue to which these rich dyes are imparted are far outdone in evenness of thread and beauty of texture by the looms of Lancashire: our machinery does its office, both as spinner and as weaver, in a manner which defies rivalry. And

although we do not reach the splendour of Chinese colours (not in woven fabrics any more than in decorated potteries) we are able, and on terms of the extremest cheapness, to print what we weave: the printed goods of Lancashire will please the people of China, if only we first send to China for the pattern, and then faithfully copy it. On this ground then—it is one among many instances—there is a division of labour instituted between nations on the opposite sides of the planet:—it is a distribution of tasks which is founded upon the nature of things within the two countries respectively; and it is therefore likely to be permanent; nor is it out of reason to imagine that cotton, grown on the flats of the Mississippi, and spun and woven in England, should be sent to China to be dyed, in whole colours, and then returned to the shops of London and Paris, taking a place, and commanding a price as goods not to be matched, and as evidences of what may be done when Europe, America, and Asia join hands and work upon a system—a system which nature has chalked out for them. Only take the poppy out of this world-wide field and we shall all fare the better—China, India, England, and America.

It is highly desirable that this subject of the opium trade should be temperately and quietly considered;—viewed on the open ground of commercial policy, and of international right. It is, while taking our stand *on this lower ground*, that we advert to a connected subject, which the readers of the *North British Review*, for the most part, are little accustomed to think of otherwise than in connection with reasons and motives of a far loftier range. But let them give us a few minutes' indulgence. We need not offend the sacred associations of any sound mind.

The Jesuit missions in India, in Japan, and upon the South American Continent, met their deserved ruin on this ground, when, abusing the opportunity which their mission had given them, they laid a greedy hand upon trade, and made “a gain,” a vast gain, “of godliness,” or of its shams. A repetition of this fatal error is not likely to be risked in these times. Any such mistake would quickly be noised at home, and would meet a loud condemnation; this, we think, is certain. •

Equally certain are two correlative principles, which have come to be recognised in a sort of spontaneous manner as the common results of the modern missionary enterprises of the Christian commonwealth. The first of these laws of international intercourse is this—that Christianity, while on some lines it follows in the wake of trade, on other lines it is the fore-runner, the pioneer of trade, and has proved itself to be the most simple and the most auspicious means of making an inroad upon regions which could have been opened before us in no other way.

Now this beneficial reciprocity, if it is to maintain itself in

vigour, and if it is to be *real*, must be carefully held clear of any designed relationship, or any explicit compact ;—at least it must do so on *one* side, if not on both. Let the merchant recollect himself as a Christian man, and do his duty as such when he has opportunity to send out the Gospel as well as his bales. But the Christian missionary plunges himself into an abyss wherein souls are lost, if he allows himself, even in the most remote manner, *to be used* as a tool for opening the door of commerce. All this we take to be immovably and universally certain.

Meantime, the law above named stands good—that Christian missions (whether we intend it or not) have it in their nature to do, unconsciously, that which they should abhor to do wittingly, or of set purpose ; they will, if not hindered, macadamize the wastes of the world, in preparation for the advances of trade. How does this hold as to China ? No question just now can be of more urgent significance than this. From the Company's dealings in opium with China, thus far, have sprung sideways a useful result of this sort :—A flagrant and shocking inconsistency has presented itself in the view of the more intelligent and shrewd among the Chinese people, when the nation which, for the sake of gain, is seducing and destroying helpless millions among them, comes to propound to them, and to entreat their acceptance of, a religion—a religion which, so far as appears, authorizes and prompts to the most flagitious conduct. The Christian missionary, alive as he is to the mortifying imputations to which he is open on this ground, has been driven to seek exculpation by marking off the ground on which he stands, by a broad border, from that occupied by his countrymen, the dealers in opium. To some extent he may have succeeded in clearing himself of the stain ; and so far as he has done this, so far as he has persuaded the people to whom he addresses himself that he disallows the acts of these traders, and would put a bar to them if he could, *so far* he has set missions and trade clear the one of the other. If this needful preliminary work be done, or done to some extent, then things are in the most favourable position for giving *legitimate* effect to the reciprocity of Christian missions and of trade in China, if only this one stone of stumbling, the opium chest, were taken out of the way. We do not know that any course of things could be imagined more propitious than this, that the Christian missionary should find himself at liberty to address his hearers by the way-side in this manner :—“ We told you that *we* had no connection with the opium trade, but abhorred it ; our countrymen at home disapprove and disallow it too ; and at length those who have made their gain in this way have been persuaded to abandon it, and to betake themselves to lawful and useful lines of trade ; hence-

forward, therefore, they will deal with you in those articles only, the exchange of which is beneficial on both sides!" It will be an era in missions to China when the missionary shall be allowed thus to lift up his head, and when he may boldly say as much as this.

But a new era in missions is not *just now* our theme. To the British merchant we say, and we would say it if we had access to the "Honourable Court"—Put no obstacle in the way of Christianity in China. Be glad if you see the zeal of the missionary carrying him far inland; where the trader has not yet been, or would not venture to go. Christianity, with its inherent expansive forces—with its proper dynamics, its solvents, its soul, its fire, its martyr resolution—its readiness to suffer and to die, so that it may win souls—Christianity will at length open China to Europe—will soften the mass—will split the rock—will mellow and leaven the lump. Christianity will interpret China to Europe, and Europe to China. Its electric fire will bring these countless millions of men into near correspondence with western industry. Are you asking how shall you get at the people of China? The Gospel shall show you the way. But on what condition shall it do so? This is the one condition, namely—the opium chest must be taken out of the way of the missionary.

To bring about so desirable a result, the British people must stand ready to do their part in this, as in many similar well-remembered instances. They must inform themselves on the subject;—they must convince themselves of the urgency of the case, and of the intimate connexion of the smuggling trade in opium with, at once, the welfare, the very existence of the people of China—with the spread of Christianity, and with the extension of British commerce in the Eastern world. When thus convinced and informed, the English public must sustain the efforts that are now making to press the subject upon the attention of Government. For unless it be known in Parliament that there is a strong feeling to that effect in the country, nothing will be done beyond the appointment of a Committee. Whether at this time any progress beyond this of "getting rid of the question," shall be made, depends, we might say, entirely upon the strength of the conviction which pervades the thoughtful portion of the public. A day, however, will come when the people of England—slow as they are to move, but irresistible when they have come to be of one mind—shall condemn this wickedness as no longer tolerable, and shall give judgment accordingly. To carry out such a righteous decision will be found a far easier work than in most cases is the removal of extensive wrongs.

The papers and pamphlets named at the head of this article are, most of them, easily procurable; and they will be sought for by those who shall feel it a duty to inform themselves authentically and thoroughly upon the opium traffic question. They will read General R. Alexander's clear and very temperate pamphlet, "The Rise and Progress of British Opium Smuggling," &c., of which an enlarged and revised edition has just now appeared. From this able statement of the question, we might have made large extracts; but would rather so speak of it as shall induce every reader who professes Christian humanity to read it for himself. The author, General Alexander, who is honorary secretary of the Society for Suppressing Opium Smuggling, is not only perfectly master of the question, but he is a master also of himself;—we mean, that he writes with feeling indeed, but entirely without vehemence, or undue excitement; and this is a commendation not always merited by the humane when they undertake the task of bringing enormous wrongs into notice, and under reprehension.

We cannot come to a close without directing the attention of our readers to the "Occasional Paper" of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society—the paper last named at the head of this article. It contains a letter by a medical missionary at Canton; and while it exhibits a personal acquaintance with the subject—the opium trade, and opium smoking in China—it gives evidence also of the writer's freedom from that excitement, and that tendency to exaggeration, which too often betray themselves in the style of benevolent men, when they are endeavouring to "write down" an evil of any kind. This medical writer, from whom we should quote if our space allowed, advances opinions as to the effects of opium smoking which do not quite accord with the evidence we have cited from other writers. Nevertheless, he strongly urges the adoption of measures adapted to the diminution of the practice, which he admits to be extensively prevalent, and to be in the last degree injurious. We do not attempt to adjudge the question of fact as between this writer and others, whose testimony we have cited above. Let the truth in this instance be known—the truth, nothing less, and nothing more. Let the facts, as far as they can be ascertained, be perseveringly brought before the British public; and the issue, sooner or later, will be, the extinction of the British opium trade with China. The recent events at Canton give a deep meaning to the Opium Trade question; the explanations which will forthwith be heard in Parliament will show how deep that meaning is.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Crime against Kansas*. Speech of Hon. CHARLES SUMNER, of Massachusetts, in the Senate of the United States, May 19, 1856.
2. *A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States, from the Declaration of Independence to the Present Day*. By HORACE GREELEY. New York, 1856.
3. *The Republican Campaign Songster*. New York, 1856.
4. *Smith's Handbook for Travellers through the United States of America*. New York, 1856.
5. *American Slavery*: a Reprint of an Article on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which a portion was inserted in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 206); and of Mr. SUMNER's Speech of the 19th and 20th May 1856; with a Notice of the events that followed that Speech. London, Longman and Co., 1856.

THERE are certain things which custom cannot stale and which we never cease to wonder at. We catch ourselves almost every day reverting in our own despite to the miracles effected within living memory by steam and electricity. A journey from London to Edinburgh in ten hours is seldom if ever made without the familiar expression of self-congratulation and surprise to our fellow-travellers; and a telegraphic message from Berlin or Vienna still almost infallibly elicits an ejaculation of astonishment. The fabulous rise and portentous greatness of the New World belong to the same range of topics. We are never tired of speculating on the past, present, and future of the American continent. Yet nearly an entire century has rolled away since Burke's famous apostrophe was placed in the mouth of Lord Bathurst's angel: "Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, shew itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements, in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life. If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day!"

The subsequent progress of the United States has been little less astounding; and if the angel were to reappear and address

an inhabitant of Boston or New York, the celestial visitor might conclude with the same felicitation and the same warning. According to the last Report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, the agricultural and manufacturing productions of the Union had more than doubled in fifteen years. Or, to give an individual instance of fabulous increase, let us take Chicago, on the Lake Michigan, in Illinois. In 1830 it consisted of less than twenty houses: it now contains sixty churches and seven banks, besides all other public buildings appertaining to a large city. The population in 1849 was 23,047; in 1855, 83,509.* That the population of the New World will go on increasing till the whole of its vast territory shall be occupied by the same bustling and active race, hardly admits of a doubt; but the same law of nature which enjoins them to go on and multiply, will eventually compel them to break abroad, and separate into as many distinct and independent communities, with contrasted and conflicting forms of government, as the kingdoms and republics of Europe. Projects of universal empire, to be attained by a combination of two or three hundred millions of freemen, actuated by one will from a common centre, are simply preposterous; and a very superficial knowledge of geography may suffice to dissipate the delusion that Great Britain must prepare to surrender her boasted dominion of the seas. The American seaboard is obviously ill calculated for the formation of sailors, although, when the coasts alone were occupied by the colonists, the marine part of the population necessarily bore a large proportion to those who lived farther inland. When the whole interior shall be filled up, the maritime character will no more preponderate in the American than on the European continent; and it is a remarkable fact, that during our last war with the United States, several thousand British seamen were serving in their navy. They were unable to man even their limited number of vessels of war from their own homebred and native stock of sailors.

So much for their dreams of conquest and supremacy on this side of the Atlantic; and quite independently of these natural and obvious limits to extension, they seem likely to have quite enough to occupy them at home for some time to come. If ever a people were destined to atone for the crimes or errors of their forefathers, it is the people of the United States; and clear-sighted must be the statesman who can point out any practicable or available mode of relieving them from the corroding cancer, the plague-spot, the blight, the curse, of slavery. We are not speaking of its unchristian character, nor of its palpable sin, but of the singular complication of causes which render it fatal to

* See Captain Douglas Galton's masterly Report on the Railways of the United States.

concord, good government, and national morality within the limits of the Federation, and of the apparent impossibility of getting rid of it without a civil or a servile war (perhaps both) of a thoroughly internecine kind. The feature which so fatally distinguishes it from the analogous institution amongst the ancients, has been placed in the most striking light by M. de Tocqueville. The Greeks and Romans made slaves of their captives, without regard to race. When these were ransomed or manumitted, they resumed their pristine rights and former place as freemen, and soon became blended with the rest of the population. Instead of being intentionally degraded below the intellectual level of their masters, they were taught accomplishments, and encouraged to distinguish themselves by the cultivation of their talents, of which Terence and Plautus are examples. Something of the same sort takes place in the East, where slaves have frequently risen to the highest places of authority. In the United States, on the contrary, the slaves are all negroes, and a negro, be his condition what it may, is regarded as an inferior animal, condemned by nature and predestined for oppression and contempt. The smallest infusion of negro blood in a family is a taint which nothing can erase or compensate. Emancipate the whole of the blacks to-morrow, and a new difficulty would consequently arise, namely, how to deal with them, for they would still remain a distinct and subjugated caste. They would be watched with never-ceasing jealousy, and most probably be forbidden either to meet and remonstrate, or to bear arms. How long could such an anomaly endure? Would they succeed in vindicating their equality, or rise at intervals to provoke and justify renewed acts of injustice, or be gradually exterminated by the wearing and tearing tyranny of centuries? The possibility of their getting the upper hand has been constantly present to the minds of the proprietary class; and to prevent such a catastrophe, these have accumulated law upon law to place and keep their slaves on a level with the brute creation. It is sufficient to name the law forbidding them to be taught to read or write, which has been judged a politic precaution in the South, where the numbers of the slave population are sufficient to excite alarm.

Shuddering humanity may be excused for occasionally giving utterance to a wish that the unhappy victims of this soul-destroying legislation could be rendered entirely dead to the finest feelings of our common nature; for Mrs. Stowe's vivid picture of their sufferings, when they are endowed with ordinary sensitiveness, and much more when it is quickened and refined by education, can hardly be overdrawn or exaggerated. It is painful to dwell upon the scenes which must be of almost daily

occurrence in a slave-breeding state, where sensitive beings are literally treated like every other description of domestic animals, endowed indeed with instincts and appetites, but utterly destitute of parental or filial affection, beyond the period when it is required for the continuation or preservation of the species. The exports in this sort of live stock from Virginia, from 1840 to 1850, have been computed to exceed ten thousand head a year. How many cherished ties were ruthlessly severed, must be left to the imagination. Assuredly when philanthropists were struggling to abolish and stigmatize the African slave trade, with its middle passage horrors, they little thought that one direct result of their successful exertions would be to create or encourage a commerce which, in some respects, is even more heartless and demoralizing than that which they imperfectly suppressed. It is not unusual for slave-owners to turn their own sensuality and profligacy to account by sending their own children to market; and this brings us to what ought to touch all clear-headed and long-sighted Americans, namely, the irresistible and hourly increasing influence of slavery not only upon the morals but upon the material prosperity of the whites.

We agree with M. de Tocqueville, that the comparison of Kentucky with Ohio, is quite decisive upon this point. These states are only divided by the river Ohio, and are on a par as regards natural advantages. On the right bank (in Ohio) may be seen all the outward and unerring signs of industry and enterprise; whilst everything on the left (Kentucky) betokens neglect and indolence. The slave-holding state is outdone and outshone by its free neighbour in population, in buildings, in cultivation, in capital,—in short, in everything that indicates progress and prosperity. The reason is obvious. Labour is honoured in the one, and regarded as a badge of inferiority in the other; and the effects extend beyond the personal habits of the class of masters, who compose a kind of indolent, pleasure-loving, partially refined, and extremely self-satisfied aristocracy. The emigrant will avoid settling in a country where he cannot earn his bread by the sweat of his brow without personal ignominy; and the free labourers who chance to be settled there, partake of the general deterioration and degradation. Although “the poor whites of the South,” as they are called, outnumber their slave-holding fellow-citizens in the proportion of three to one, their wishes and interests are almost uniformly despised and trampled upon.

Here, then, is an institution which drops moral poison on all beneath its shade,—which curses both him who tortures and him who suffers through its instrumentality,—which contains within it the germ of a terrible retribution, which is the direct

negation of the grand principle that pervades and underlies the whole system of republicanism, and which hourly threatens the dissolution of the Union. Yet, instead of losing, it has been gradually gaining ground; slowly and surely it has won its way forwards: those who have been bred up in it or under it, far from dropping to leeward, take the lead; and although, according to all the rules of sound reasoning, they ought to have been worsted in the contest, there they are, and there they have been, for more than half a century, the real rulers of the Federation.

If we look to the present, we see them in possession of both the incoming and the outgoing head of the executive, and commanding a majority in each branch of the collective legislature. If we turn to the past, we find that, starting from the very commencement of American independence, they have supplied or obtained more than two-thirds of the main objects of American ambition. Of the sixteen Presidents of the United States, eleven have been actual slaveholders, and three others wedded to their policy. They have also named 61 out of 77 presidents of the Senate; 21 out of 33 speakers of the House of Representatives; 15 out of 20 attorneys-general; 17 out of 28 judges of the supreme court; and other high officials in proportion. The slaveholders of the United States cannot, on the most liberal estimate, be more than 350,000; and of this number only the adult males can exercise political privileges. The total number of voters in the Union exceeds 3,000,000; and the North is pre-eminently the fountain of enterprise, the seat of intellectual activity, and the swarming hive of industry. What, then, is the solution of the problem thus presented? It is to be found in a complication of causes; and amongst the most prominent may be ranked the unity of purpose, clearness of view, and tenacity of will with which the dominant minority has seen and pursued its ends. According to Byron—

“ There never yet was human power
That could escape, if, unforgiven,
The patience and endurance long
Of him that treasures up a wrong.”

The maxim is as true of ambition as of vindictiveness. We have had in this country, and may have again, ample experience of what may be effected by an unscrupulous section against the convictions and interests of a better educated and more enlightened majority. O'Connell's well-disciplined band made him virtual ruler of Ireland for a period. Could Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli keep their diminished and disheartened troops together, they might again force themselves into the temporary possession of power, despite of their proved deficiencies as statesmen, and the ludicrous incapacity of their subordinates,

The American slaveholders have been playing for a more important stake than the English Protectionists. Their lives and property are at stake; at all events they think so; and minor differences are never permitted to distract their attention from their paramount aim. They care not what price they pay for indispensable support; and they will vote for or against anything or everybody upon condition that their own unrighteous cause shall be upheld. Let it be observed, moreover, that their interests and prejudices agree in some essential particulars with those of a large portion of the Northern voters, who, like them, are jealous of the interference of Congress in the internal affairs of the confederated states, and, like them also, have an inveterate contempt for blacks. Recent events, however, have brought on a crisis which promises to be unfavourable to the tactics of the slaveholders, by unmasking them. From the moment they exchanged "soft sawder" for bludgeons, and attempted to bully the North, their chances lessened apace; and unless they make a temperate and conciliating use of their electioneering triumph, it will be their last. At the same time, their position is a very embarrassing one; for if they do not go forward, they will speedily be stripped of all the advantages they have won. Unless they can secure a permanent working majority in Congress, they will have no alternative but to submit to see that body rapidly reverting to the doctrines of its founders, or to execute their oft-repeated threat of breaking up the Union.

Hitherto their strength has gone on increasing at a constantly accelerated ratio. It was vainly thought that what is called the Missouri compromise had placed a definite limit to their usurpations. This was an agreement by which Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave State, upon an understanding that slavery should be excluded from all the then (1818) federal territory west and north of the new State. This compromise was effected between the two conflicting parties, one of which (the pro-slavery party) had a majority in the Senate, and the other in the House of Representatives. Of course, it had no binding force even on those who framed it, much less on any succeeding legislators. It was quite sure to be evaded or nullified by the side which subsequently got the upperhand, and charges of bad faith are powerless when levelled against corporate or collective bodies lying under no individual pledge or responsibility. In fact, no practical politician can view such a transaction in any other light than as an expedient for getting rid of a temporary dead lock. We shall presently see how little account was made of it.

The annexation of Texas led to the war with Mexico, which gave the United States an enormous acquisition of territory.

The question necessarily arose in which category the newly acquired territory was to be placed, California being the first battle-ground. On the 24th December 1849, the subject was introduced in the annual message of the President, which led to a prolonged and animated discussion. Mr. Clay, the framer of the Missouri compromise, again came forward in the character of an impartial mediator, and proposed a series of resolutions which pleased neither party. The purport of the most essential was, that California (and when the time arrived, the rest of the Mexican territory) should be admitted without any condition or regulation touching slavery, which was to be strictly regarded as a matter of local or provincial arrangement; and that more effectual provision ought to be made by law for the restitution or delivery of persons bound to service or labour in any State, who may escape into any other State or territory in the Union. He also moved, that it was expedient to prohibit the trade in imported slaves within the district of Columbia, accompanied with a resolution that Congress has no power to prohibit or obstruct the trade in slaves between the slaveholding States. A bill embodying these resolutions, called the Omnibus Bill, was rejected after a prolonged discussion, but the enactments comprised in it passed eventually, and the most momentous consequences have resulted from one of them, the one for adding to the severity and effectiveness of the fugitive slave-law. Fortunately it simultaneously called attention to the detestable character of that law, and to its incurable incompatibility with civil liberty, or with the personal security of any class.

The original constitution of the United States had provided that "No person held to labour or service in one State under the laws thereof escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labour is due." A law of 1793 provides means for the enforcement of this provision, but these were found insufficient, insomuch as they required reasonable evidence of the claimant's title, and left the decision in the hands of the local authorities, who, in the free states, were commonly disinclined to act. By the bill of 1850, the enforcement is entrusted to commissioners appointed by the circuit courts of the Union, who are to be paid ten dollars when a certificate is granted, and five when it is refused. They are to decide summarily; and the testimony of the alleged fugitive is declared inadmissible. The whole executive power, backed by the *posse comitatus*, may be set in motion to assist and escort the slave-taker if required. There is no statute of limitations or period of prescription to operate as a bar; so that any one with a drop of negro blood

in his veins, or a tinge of the African complexion on his cheek, may be suddenly caught up and hurried off by due form of law into a slaveholding state, where it would be as much as his friends' or his family's lives were worth to look for him.

There is therefore no cause for wonder at the indignant protests which this law has called forth, nor at the determination with which it has been perseveringly denounced and occasionally resisted. All honour to the people of Boston, where public feeling produced so memorable a demonstration against this law, that cannon were obliged to be planted in the streets through which the reclaimed fugitive was to pass with his captors. But what were the enlightened North dreaming about, when they sanctioned such a measure, thereby permitting themselves to be deluded a second time by one of Mr. Clay's most mistaken, if well-intended, compromises? One good effect certainly followed. They became fully aware of the real character of the institution which they had helped to domesticate in the vain hope of modifying or neutralizing its most revolting tendencies; and they hardly needed the additional lesson which has been afforded by the "Crime against Kansas," with its characteristic concomitants.

Five years ago, the territory which, under the name of Kansas, has acquired European celebrity, was an unsettled and uncultivated tract. "Very little, if any, of it," says Mr. Greeley, "was legally open to settlement by whites; and, with the exception of the few and small military and trading posts thinly scattered over its surface, it is probable that scarcely 200 white families were located in the spacious wilderness bounded by Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota on the east, the British Possessions on the north, the crest of the Rocky Mountains on the west, and the settled portion of New Mexico and the line of $36^{\circ} 30'$ on the south, at the time when Mr. Douglas first (at the session 1852-53) submitted a bill organizing the territories of Nebraska, by which title the region above bounded, (comprising both Kansas and what is now called Nebraska) had come to be vaguely indicated." This region was undeniably within the scope of the Missouri compromise, which excluded slavery north of $36^{\circ} 30'$; nor was it ever intimated in the course of the discussion of the compromise measures of 1850, that they involved or implied a repeal of the antecedent compact. As soon, however, as the territory was opened to emigrants, those from the slaveholding states insisted on bringing their slaves with them, and demanded the protection of the law for their human chattels, as for any other description of property. They contended that, whether the Missouri compromise had been superseded or not, Congress had no right to interfere with the internal government of the terri-

tory, which, so soon as it became a state, would be at full liberty to legalize or prohibit slavery as it thought fit. This exciting question being once fairly raised, each party naturally exerted itself to outnumber and outvote the other at the meetings and elections which were to decide the future character of the district. In the bill for its organization, it was provided that none should vote but actual *bona fide* settlers; but amidst such a crowd of newcomers, it was obviously no easy matter to distinguish between *bona fide* settlers and the intruders who came to usurp or trample upon their privileges. The President, in his message, and the Committee of the Senate, in their report, threw the blame of the first irregularity on the anti-slavery party, and assumed that their adversaries only took to swamping for fear of being swamped. The Committee of the House of Representatives, after taking evidence on the spot, came to an opposite conclusion. The fact is, that the President (Pierce) was the avowed partisan of the Southern faction; and as for the Committees, their reports, like those of our own election committees in the olden time, depend on the political leaning of the majority. The Committee of the Senate (with one dissenting voice) report, that

“Those who were opposed to allowing the people of the territory, preparatory to their admission into the Union as a state, to decide the slavery question for themselves, failing to accomplish their purpose in the halls of Congress, and under the authority of the Constitution, immediately resorted, in their respective states, to unusual and extraordinary means to control the political destinies and shape the domestic institutions of Kansas, in defiance of the wishes and regardless of the rights of the people of that territory, as guaranteed by their organic law. Combinations, in one section of the Union, to stimulate an unnatural and false system of emigration, with the view of controlling the elections, and forcing the domestic institutions of the territory to assimilate to those of the non-slaveholding states, were followed, as might have been foreseen, by the use of similar means in the slaveholding states, to produce directly the opposite result. To these causes, *and to these alone*, in the opinion of your Committee, may be traced the origin and progress of all the controversies and disturbances with which Kansas is now convulsed.” •

President Pierce took the same view of the origin of the contest, but added the saving clause, that the designs and acts of the anti-slavery emigrants were far from justifying the illegal and reprehensible counter-movements which ensued. On the other hand, the majority (two to one) of the Committee of the House of Representatives report, that although emigration might have been encouraged by anti-slavery societies or companies, the emigrants despatched or assisted in this manner were *bona fide* settlers, in the peaceful exercise of an acknowledged right. The

absence of what lawyers call the *animus revertendi* was what essentially distinguished them from the Missouri invaders, by whom the elections were carried. The Committee, therefore, resolve :—

“*First*,—That each election in the territory, held under the organic or alleged territorial law, has been carried by organized invasions from the State of Missouri, by which the people of the territory have been prevented from exercising the rights secured to them by the organic law.

“*Second*,—That the alleged Territorial Legislature was an illegally constituted body, and had no power to pass valid laws, and their enactments are therefore null and void.

“*Third*,—That these alleged laws have not, as a general thing, been used to protect persons and property and to punish wrong, but for unlawful purposes.”

Although thus far the weight of authority would seem to be in favour of the Missouri men, who have the President and the Committee of the Senate on their side, the probabilities, as well as the direct evidence, are decidedly against them. The Committee of the Senate destroy their own case when they describe the Emigrant Aid Company of Massachusetts as “a vast moneyed corporation, created for the purpose of controlling the domestic institutions of a distinct political community, 1500 miles distant;” and the Missouri movement as “the spontaneous action of the people living in the immediate vicinity of the theatre of operations, excited by a sense of common danger to the necessity of protecting their own firesides from the apprehended horrors of servile insurrection and civil war.” Which of the parties thus contrasted was most likely to be composed of *bona fide* settlers or to offer the first provocation?—Those who had travelled 1500 miles, and had no hope of immediate support, or those who had only to cross the border, and who could rely on any amount of reinforcement at the shortest warning? Nor, unless we suppose the Committee of the House of Representatives to be under a still more extraordinary hallucination than that of Mr. Arrowsmith when he indited his well-known narrative of railway duelling in Georgia, can we refuse credit to what they state they themselves saw as well as heard during the progress of their inquiry. The evidence collected by them fills nearly 1200 large and closely printed pages; and the following are a few of the curious incidents to which attention is especially directed in their Report. They take district after district, and show how each election was carried. The “judges” are the returning officers, nominated for the occasion :—

“The company of persons who marched into this (the first) district, collected in Ray, Howard, Carroll, Boone, La Fayette, Ran-

dolph, Saline, and Cass Counties, in the state of Missouri. Their expenses were paid, those who could not come contributing provisions, waggons, &c. Provisions were deposited for those who were expected to come to Lawrence, in the house of William Lykins, and were distributed among the Missourians after they arrived there. The evening before and the morning of the day of election, about 1000 men from the above counties arrived at Lawrence, and encamped in a ravine a short distance from town, near the place of voting. They came in waggons, of which there were over one hundred, and on horseback, under the command of Colonel Samuel Young, of Boone County, Missouri, and Clayborne F. Jackson, of Missouri. They were armed with guns, rifles, pistols, and bowie-knives, and had tents, music, and flags with them. They brought with them two pieces of artillery, loaded with musket-balls. On their way to Lawrence some of them met Mr. N. B. Blanton, who had been appointed one of the judges of election by Governor Reeder; and after learning from him that he considered it his duty to demand an oath from them as to their place of residence, first attempted to bribe, and then threatened him with hanging, in order to induce him to dispense with that oath. In consequence of these threats, he did not appear at the polls the next morning to act as judge.

"Before the voting had commenced, the Missourians said, if the judges appointed by the Governor did not receive their votes, they would choose other judges. Some of them voted several times, changing their hats or coats, and coming up to the window again. They said they intended to vote first, and after they had got through, then the others could vote. Some of them claimed a right to vote under the Organic Act, from the fact that their mere presence in the territory constituted them residents, though they were from Wisconsin, and had homes in Missouri. Others said they had a right to vote, because Kansas belonged to Missouri, and people from the east had no right to settle in the territory and vote there. They said they came to the territory to elect a legislature to suit themselves, as the people of the territory and persons from the east and north wanted to elect a legislature that would not suit them. They said they had a right to make Kansas a Slave State, because the people of the North had sent persons out to make it a Free State. Some claimed that they had heard that the Emigrant Aid Society had sent men out to be at the election, and they came to offset their votes; but the most of them made no such claim. Colonel Young said he wanted the citizens to vote in order, to give the election some show of fairness. The Missourians said there would be no difficulty if the citizens did not interfere with their voting; but they were determined to vote,—peaceably if they could, but vote anyhow. *They said each one of them was prepared for eight rounds without loading, and would go the ninth round with the butcher knife.*"

In the second district the proceedings of the Missourians were equally summary:—

"They threatened to kill the judges if they did not receive their

votes without swearing them, or else resign. They said no man should vote who would submit to be sworn ; that they would kill any one who would offer to do so ; ‘shoot him,’ ‘cut his guts out,’ &c. They said no man should vote this day unless he voted an open ticket, and was ‘all right on the goose ;’ and that if they could not vote by fair means, they would by foul means. They said they had as much right to vote, if they had been in the territory two minutes, as if they had been there for two years, and they would vote. Some of the citizens who were about the window, but had not voted when the crowd of Missourians marched up there, upon attempting to vote were driven back by the mob, or driven off. One of them, Mr. J. M. Macey, was asked if he would take the oath, and upon his replying that he would if the judges required it, he was dragged through the crowd away from the polls, amid cries of ‘Kill the d—d nigger thief,’ ‘Cut his throat,’ ‘Tear his heart out,’ &c. After they got him to the outside of the crowd, they stood around him with cocked revolvers and drawn bowie-knives, one man putting a knife to his heart, so that it touched him, another holding a cocked pistol to his ear, while another struck at him with a club. The Missourians said they had a right to vote if they had been in the territory but five minutes. Some said they had been hired to come there and vote, and get a dollar a day, and, by G—d, they would vote or die there.”

In a third district, the qualified voters were completely driven from the field :—

“Previous to the day of election, several hundreds of Missourians from Platte, Clay, Boone, Clinton, and Howard Counties, came into the district in waggons and on horseback, and camped there. They were armed with guns, revolvers, and bowie-knives, *and had badges of hemp in their button-holes and elsewhere about their persons.* They claimed to have a right to vote, from the fact that they were there on the ground, and had, or intended to make, claims in the territory, although their families were in Missouri.

“The judges appointed by the Governor opened the polls, and some persons offered to vote ; and when their votes were rejected on the ground that they were not residents of the district, the crowd threatened to tear the house down if the judges did not leave. The judges then withdrew, taking the poll books with them. The crowd then proceeded to select other persons to act as judges, and the election went on. Those persons voting who were sworn, were asked if they considered themselves residents of the district, and if they said they did, they were allowed to vote. But few of the residents were present and voted ; and the Free-State men, as a general thing, did not vote. After the Missourians got through voting, they returned home. A formal return was made by the judges of election, setting out the facts, but it was not verified. The number of legal voters in this district was 96, of whom a majority were Free-State men. Of these — voted. The total number of votes cast was 296.”

The badges of hemp were a well-understood intimation that

they intended to hang any judge or adversary who should prove troublesome. The offence of the professional gentleman mentioned in the next extract was neither more nor less than a protest against the legality of the election proceedings in question :—

“On the 17th day of May, William Phillips, a lawyer of Leavenworth, was first notified to leave, and upon his refusal, was forcibly seized, taken across the river, and carried several miles into Missouri, and then tarred and feathered, and one side of his head shaved, and other gross indignities put upon his person.

“Subsequently, on the 25th of May, A.D. 1855, a public meeting was held, at which R. R. Rees, a member-elect of the Council, presided. The following resolution, offered by Judge Payne, a member-elect of the House, was unanimously adopted.

“*Resolved*, That we heartily indorse the action of the committee of citizens that shaved, tarred, and feathered, rode on a rail, and had sold by a negro, Wm. Phillips, the moral perjurer.”

Another gentleman, who had given similar offence, was tarred and *cottoned*,—a pleasing variety of this truly American infliction, by which the victim is invested with a garment as adhesive and almost as disagreeable as the shirt of Nessus. Startling scenes have not unfrequently occurred at English, Scotch, and Irish elections. Qualified voters have been kept away by intimidation or force; disqualified voters have turned the scale; returning officers have been threatened; candidates have been struck senseless with stones or bludgeons; and the military have been called out. But the effervescence has been temporary; the regular tribunals, raised far above the hubbub, held the scales equal; and even the juries of the excited districts continued to uphold the sacred principles of justice and order. The distinguishing mark of the condition of society which prevails in the outlying American communities, is, that the very forms of law are converted into instruments of oppression. The minority are first robbed of their rights, and subjected to personal outrage, and then persecuted for making any show of defence, or so much as uttering a protest against the violence put upon them. The popular grand juries find bills; the popular petty juries supply verdicts; and the popular judges deliver judgments, which the popular sheriffs or marshals forthwith proceed to execute. There is no tyranny imaginable equal to that exercised by the majority over the minority in a democracy like that of the United States at one of those epochs when men's minds are inflamed by anger or excited by fear. The fate of the town of Lawrence strikingly illustrates the defects of a form of government where there is no legal or practical check on the sovereign will of the people. This place, although the head-quarters of the anti-slavery in-

terest of Kansas, appears to have kept strictly within the letter of the law ; yet the entire force of the executive has been used for its spoliation, and the inhabitants have been treated as banded conspirators against the public peace, for simply standing on the defensive, and adopting measures for self-protection. The Committee thus describe what occurred in their own immediate vicinity, or fell under their own observation, during their official inquiry on the spot :—

“While we remained in the territory, repeated acts of outrage were committed upon the quiet, unoffending citizens, of which we received authentic intelligence. Men were attacked on the highway, robbed, and subsequently imprisoned. Men were seized and searched, and their weapons of defence taken from them without compensation. Horses were frequently taken and appropriated. Oxen were taken from the yoke while ploughing, and butchered in the presence of their owners. One young man was seized in the streets of the town of Atchison, and under circumstances of gross barbarity was tarred and cottoned, and in that condition was sent to his family. All the provisions of the constitution of the United States, securing persons and property, are utterly disregarded. The officers of the law, instead of protecting the people, were in some instances engaged in these outrages, and in no instance did we learn that any man was arrested, indicted, or punished for any of these crimes. While such offences were committed with impunity, the laws were used as a means of indicting men for holding elections, preliminary to framing a constitution and applying for admission into the Union as the State of Kansas. Charges of high treason were made against prominent citizens upon grounds which seem to your Committee absurd and ridiculous, and under these charges they are now held in custody and are refused the privilege of bail. In several cases men were arrested in the State of Missouri while passing on their lawful business through that State, and detained until indictments could be found in the territory.”

We request particular attention to the next paragraph :—

“These proceedings were followed by an offence of still greater magnitude. Under colour of legal process, a company of about 700 armed men, the great body of whom your Committee are satisfied were not citizens of the territory, marched into the town of Lawrence, under Marshal Donaldson and S. J. Jones, officers claiming to act under the law, and bombarded and then burned to the ground a valuable hotel and one private house ; destroyed two printing-presses and material ; and then, being released by the officers, whose posse they claim to be, proceeded to sack, pillage, and rob houses, stores, trunks, &c., even to the clothing of women and children.”

“Legal process” may now be brought to bear against almost any member of the anti-slavery party, and it is difficult to un-

derstand how any one of them can venture to remain in the territory ; for, according to the formally declared law of the land, not only is death to be inflicted on every person who shall advise, persuade, or induce any slave to rebel, or who shall knowingly aid or assist in bringing in or circulating any book or paper for the purpose of exciting insurrection, but it is declared a felony, punishable by imprisonment with hard labour for two years, to assert or maintain, or to introduce or circulate any writing or book asserting or maintaining, that persons have no right to hold slaves within the territory. It is further provided, that "no person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any of the sections of this Act."

Such are a few of the enactments of what has been printed under the befitting description of "*The Border Ruffian Code in Kansas*," passed by the "bogus" legislature. These are the laws which President Pierce eagerly enforced at the head of the Federal Executive, after publicly recognising their binding force, and treating as enemies to order all who ventured to impugn the motives of the framers.

We can make ample allowance for almost any strength of language within conventional bounds that might have been employed in denouncing so startling a series of outrages. But a really strong case is weakened by exaggeration, and we can neither allow nor account for the style of oratory with which Mr. Sumner introduced the subject, in the memorable speech that provoked the no less memorable brutality of Mr. Brooks. When Mr. Sumner visited England, some twenty years since, his society was courted in the most cultivated circles, as that of a man of quiet manners, unassuming deportment, solid acquirements, liberal opinions, and sound plain understanding. We are not aware that his mind and character, as manifested amongst his friends, have undergone any material transformation in these respects. Yet this is the man who, in the maturity of his judgment, instead of detailing the circumstances of "*the crime against Kansas*," in unadorned language, and leaving them to tell their own convincing story, racks his imagination, or his memory, for tropes and figures which the youngest pupil of what used to be called the Irish school of eloquence would hardly have hazarded in a debating club. We will give a few samples:—

"Take down your map, sir, and you will find that the territory of Kansas, more than any other region, occupies the middle spot of North America, equally distant from the Atlantic on the east, and the Pacific on the west ; from the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay on the north, and the tepid gulf stream on the south, constituting the

precise territorial centre of the whole vast continent. To such advantage of situation, on the very highway between two oceans, are added a soil of unsurpassed richness, and a fascinating, undulating beauty of surface, with a health-giving climate, calculated to nurture a powerful and generous people, worthy to be a central pivot of American institutions.

"A few short months only have passed since this spacious mediterranean country was open only to the savage, who ran wild in its woods and prairies; and now it has already drawn to its bosom a population of freemen larger than Athens crowded within her historic gates, when her sons, under Miltiades, won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon; more than Sparta contained when she ruled Greece, and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to return with their shields or on them; more than Rome gathered on her seven hills, when, under her kings, she commenced that sovereign sway, which afterwards embraced the whole earth; more than London held, when, on the fields of Crœy and Agincourt, the English banner was carried victoriously over the chivalrous hosts of France."

Then after dwelling on the prosecution of Verres, he proceeds:—

"Sir, speaking in an age of light, and in a land of constitutional liberty, where the safeguards of elections are justly placed among the highest triumphs of civilisation, I fearlessly assert that the wrongs of much-abused Sicily, thus memorable in history, were small by the side of the wrongs of Kansas, where the very shrines of popular institutions, more sacred than any heathen altar, have been desecrated; where the ballot-box, more precious than any work, in ivory or marble, from the cunning hand of art, has been plundered; and where the cry, 'I am an American citizen,' has been interposed in vain against outrage of every kind, even upon life itself. Are you against sacrilege? I present it for your execration. Are you against robbery? I hold it up to your scorn. Are you for the protection of American citizens? I show you how their dearest rights have been cloven down, while a tyrannical usurpation has sought to install itself on their very necks!

"But the wickedness which I now begin to expose is immeasurably aggravated by the motive which prompted it. Not in any common lust for power did this uncommon tragedy have its origin. *It is the rape of a virgin territory, compelling it to the hateful embrace of slavery*; and it may be clearly traced to a depraved longing for a new slave State, the hideous offspring of such a crime, in the hope of adding to the power of slavery in the national government."

The all-pervading influence of the slave States is thus illustrated and brought home to senatorial comprehension:—

"There, sir, stands the criminal—all unmasked before you—heartless, grasping, and tyrannical—with an audacity beyond that of Ver-

res, a subtlety beyond that of Macchiavel, a meanness beyond that of Bacon, and an ability beyond that of Hastings. Justice to Kansas can be secured only by the prostration of this influence; for this is the power behind—greater than any President—which succours and sustains the crime. Nay, the proceedings I now arraign derive their fearful consequence only from this connection.

"In now opening this great matter, I am not insensible to the austere demands of the occasion; but the dependence of the crime against Kansas upon the slave power is so peculiar and important, that I trust to be pardoned while I impress it by an illustration, which to some may seem trivial. It is related in Northern mythology, that the god of Force, visiting an enchanted region, was challenged by his royal entertainer to what seemed a humble feat of strength, merely, sir, to lift a cat from the ground. The god smiled at the challenge, and, calmly placing his hand under the belly of the animal, with superhuman strength, strove, while the back of the feline monster arched far upwards, even beyond reach, and one paw actually forsook the earth, until at last the discomfited divinity desisted; but he was little surprised at his defeat, when he learned that this creature, which seemed to be a cat and nothing more, was not merely a cat, but that it belonged to and was a part of the great Terrestrial Serpent which, in its innumerable folds, encircled the whole globe. Even so the creature whose paws are now fastened upon Kansas, whatever it may seem to be, constitutes in reality a part of the slave power, which, with loathsome folds, is now coiled about the whole land. . . .

"Such is the crime, and such the criminal, which it is my duty in this debate to expose, and, by the blessing of God, this duty shall be done completely to the end. But this will not be enough. The apologies which, with strange hardihood, have been offered for the crime, must be brushed away, so that it shall stand forth, without a single rag, or fig-leaf, to cover its vileness."

The "individual instances" relied upon in the following passages are positively brought into doubt, instead of being more deeply impressed, by historic allusions and superfluous epithets:—

"But our souls are wrung by individual instances. In vain do we condemn the cruelties of another age—the refinements of torture to which men have been doomed—the rack and thumb-screw of the Inquisition, the last agonies of the regicide Ravallac—'Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel'—for kindred outrages have disgraced these borders. Murder has stalked—assassination has skulked in the tall grass of the prairie, and the vindictiveness of man has assumed unwonted forms. A preacher of the Gospel of the Saviour has been ridden on a rail, and then thrown into the Missouri, fastened to a log, and left to drift down its muddy, tortuous current. And lately we have had the tidings of that enormity without precedence—a deed without a name—where a candidate of the Legislature was most brutally gashed with knives and hatchets, and then, after weltering in

blood on the snow-clad earth, was trundled along with gaping wounds, to fall dead in the face of his wife. It is common to drop a tear of sympathy over the trembling solitudes of our early fathers, exposed to the stealthy assault of the savage foe ; and an eminent American artist has pictured this scene in a marble group of rare beauty, on the front of the National Capitol, where the uplifted tomahawk is arrested by the strong arm and generous countenance of the pioneer, while his wife and children find shelter at his feet ; but now the tear must be dropped over the trembling solitudes of fellow-citizens, seeking to build a new state in Kansas, and exposed to the perpetual assault of murderous robbers from Missouri. Hirelings, picked from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilisation—in the form of men—

‘ Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
As hounds and grey-hounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Sloughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are called
All by the name of dogs ;’

leashed together by secret signs and lodges, have renewed the incredible atrocities of the Assassins and of the Thugs ; showing the blind submission of the Assassins to the Old Man of the Mountain, in robbing Christians on the road to Jerusalem, and showing the heartlessness of the Thugs, who, avowing that murder was their religion, way-laid travellers on the great road from Agra to Delhi ; with the more deadly bowie-knife for the dagger of the Assassin, and the more deadly revolver for the noose of the ‘Thug.’

Most readers will suppose that the orator had reached by this time the very acmé of exaltation, but he has reserved an illustration for the climax, as the Irish postilion reserved a trot for the avenue :—

“I would go further, if language could further go. It is the *crime of crimes*—surpassing far the old *crimen majestatis*, pursued with vengeance by the laws of Rome, and containing all the crimes, as the greater contains the less. I do not go too far, when I call it the *crime against nature*, from which the soul recoils, and which language refuses to describe.”

There is an old story about a gentleman, who, whilst listening to a popular preacher, took the liberty of audibly ejaculating, as they occurred to him, the names of the divines from whom the most ambitious passages had been borrowed—“that’s Jeremy Taylor”—“that’s Barrow”—“that’s South”—and at length when the exasperated preacher turned round and rebuked him for his irreverence—“that’s his own.” With equal facility could any one tolerably well read in ancient and modern oratory, assign much of Mr. Sumner’s highly coloured and grandiloquent sentences to their original owners—“that’s Burke”—“that’s Grattan”—“that’s Erskine”—“that’s Curran ;” and on coming to the plain, appropriate, and really effective passages—“that’s his own.” This oration was addressed to the Senate, a

grave unexcitable body, who may be seen seated at their desks, writing or reading, and only lifting their heads to listen at intervals; and it occupied two consecutive sittings in the delivery. The ornate and emphatic parts, therefore, must have been deliberate compositions, written out and committed to memory, not sudden bursts elicited by the enthusiastic applause of a sympathizing audience; and Mr. Sumner's friends justify them on the ground that the speech was meant for general circulation and popular effect. If so, the exordium and peroration would constitute the strongest implied satire on the taste of his countrymen. But this would be unmerited and uncalled for, as may be inferred from the effect produced by the speech of Governor Seward on the same side; a speech which, though not unadorned by flights of fancy, hardly ever deviates from the severest canons of good taste. At the same time it is right to add that the main argument is clearly stated and powerfully enforced by Mr. Sumner, and that, if he occasionally invites the critic's rod, his transgressions are never of a kind to be repressed or retaliated by the bludgeon or the bowie-knife. He had a clear right to designate the series of outrages, advisedly and with malice aforethought perpetrated against the *bona fide* settlers in Kansas, as a "crime;" and if his language was unparliamentary (or uncongressional) he might have been called to order at the time. Whether any strength of expression could be considered irregular or unprecedented in the United States, is a question. In the Journal which Sir James Mackintosh kept of his visit to Paris in 1814, he has set down,—“There is another Madame de —, who is said to be still more clever than her namesake. She is out of society. I should like to know what her offences could be.” We should like to know what could be the oratorical transgressions of an orator who should shock the feelings of a transatlantic assembly. At all events, Mr. Sumner's opponents paid him off so amply in the coin of abuse upon the spot, that they might surely have refrained from encouraging or sanctioning the knock-me-down arguments of their chivalrous champion, Mr. Brooks.

We have to thank Mr. Senior, (the author of “American Slavery”) for the only readable reprint of Mr. Sumner's speech, and also for an instructive “Notice of the Events which followed that Speech.” Here are two of the replies which it elicited in the Senate:—

“Is it,” said Mr. Douglas (*a candidate for the Presidency*), “the object of the senator to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement?”

“The senator, by his charge of crime, stultifies three-fourths of the

whole body, a majority of the North, nearly the whole South, a majority of Whigs, and a majority of Democrats here. He says they are infamous. If he so believed, who could suppose that he would ever show his face among such a body of men? How dare he approach one of those gentlemen to give him his hand after that act? If he felt the courtesies between men, he would not do it. He would deserve to have himself spit in the face for doing so.

"The attack of the senator from Massachusetts now is not on me alone. Even the courteous and the accomplished senator from South Carolina [Mr. Buller] could not be passed in his absence."

Mr. Mason.—"Advantage was taken of it."

Mr. Douglas.—"It is suggested that advantage is taken of his absence. I think that is a mistake. I think the speech was written and practised, and the gestures fixed; and if that part had been struck out, the senator would not have known how to repeat the speech. All that tirade of abuse must be brought down on the head of the venerable, the courteous, and the distinguished senator from South Carolina. I shall not defend that gentleman here. He will be here in due time to speak for himself, and to act for himself too. I know what will happen. The senator from Massachusetts will go to him, whisper a secret apology in his ear, and ask him to accept that as satisfaction for a public outrage on his character! I know how the senator from Massachusetts is in the habit of doing those things. I have some experience of his skill in that respect."

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said:—

"Mr. President, the necessities of our political position bring us into relations and associations upon this floor, which, in obedience to a common government, we are forced to admit. They bring us into relations and associations which, beyond the walls of this chamber, we are enabled to avoid—*associations here whose presence elsewhere is dishonour, and the touch of whose hand would be a disgrace.*

"The necessity of political position alone brings me into relations with men upon this floor whom elsewhere I cannot acknowledge as possessing manhood in any form. *I am constrained to hear here depravity, vice in its most odious form uncoiled in this presence,* exhibiting its loathsome deformities in accusation and vilification against the quarter of the country from which I come; and I must listen to it because it is a necessity of my position, under a common government, to recognise as an equal, politically, one whom to see elsewhere is to shun and despise. I did not intend to be betrayed into this debate; but I submit to the necessity of my position. I am here now, united with an honoured band of patriots, from the North equally with the South, to try if we can preserve and perpetuate those institutions which others are prepared to betray, and are seeking to destroy; and I will submit to the necessity of that position at least until the work is accomplished."

These specimens prove that the senators of the South can hold their own in vituperation; and the wonder is that they did not

rest satisfied without resorting to an outrage, which could hardly fail to throw lasting discredit on their cause. We are assured that the assault on Mr. Sumner was preceded by a consultation as to the safest mode of perpetrating it. The notion of encountering him on equal terms in one of the public walks was speedily dismissed, upon the ground that, he being a stout man of acknowledged spirit, his assailant might get worsted in the struggle. A proposition to make a rush at him from the higher ground as he was ascending the steps of the Senate House was abandoned for similar reasons, and it was at length determined to strike him when he was off his guard, or in a defenceless position, and to strike in such a manner as to disable him at once. This plan was executed. He was seated at his desk, with his head bent upon it. The first blow stunned him, and it was followed up by a succession of blows till the weapon broke, by which time the victim was in a state of stupor. Mr. Brooks, a tall strong man, was accompanied by a brother legislator, Mr. Keith, armed also with a cane, and obviously prepared to give his friend the advantage of odds in case of resistance. There had been no antecedent demand of explanation or satisfaction, and the alleged provocation did not individually or directly affect Mr. Brooks.

Yet, instead of being repudiated by his party, who claim to represent the refinement of the United States, Mr. Brooks is applauded by them; congratulatory and approving addresses are voted to him at public meetings: gold-headed canes, inscribed "At him again," have been presented to him; and his example has been vehemently recommended to "other gentlemen." The "Richmond Inquirer" of June 12, remarks:—

"In the main, the press of the South applaud the conduct of Mr. Brooks, without condition or limitation. Our approbation, at least, is entire and unreserved. We consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence. The vulgar Abolitionists in the Senate are getting above themselves. They have been humoured until they forget their position. They have grown saucy, and dare to be impudent to gentlemen! Now, they are a low, mean, scurvy set, with some little book learning, but as utterly devoid of spirit or honour as a pack of curs. Intrenched behind 'privilege,' they fancy they can slander the South, and insult its representatives with impunity. The truth is, they have been suffered to run too long without collars. They must be lashed into submission. Sumner, in particular, ought to have nine-and-thirty early every morning. He is a great strapping fellow, and could stand the cowhide beautifully. Brooks frightened him, and at the first blow of the cane he bellowed like a bull-calf. There is the blackguard Wilson, an ignorant Natick cobbler, swaggering in excess of muscle, and absolutely dying for a beating. Will not somebody take him in hand?"

Hale is another huge, red-faced, sweating scoundrel, whom some gentleman should kick and cuff until he abates something of his impudent talk. . . . In the absence of an adequate law, Southern gentlemen must protect their own honour and feelings. *It is an idle mockery to challenge one of these scullions. It is equally useless to attempt to disgrace them.* They are insensible to shame, and can be brought to reason only by an application of cowhide or gutta serena. Let them once understand that for every vile word spoken against the South, they will suffer so many stripes, and they will soon learn to behave themselves like decent dogs—they can never be gentlemen. Mr. Brooks has initiated this salutary discipline, and he deserves applause for the bold, judicious manner in which he chastised the scamp Sumner. It was a proper act, done at the proper time, and in the proper place.

"Of all places on earth, the Senate Chamber, the theatre of his vituperative exploits, was the very spot where Sumner should have been made to suffer for his violation of the decencies of decorous debate, and for his brutal denunciation of a venerable statesman. It was literally and entirely proper that he should be stricken down and beaten just beside the desk against which he leaned as he fulminated his filthy utterances through the Capitol. It is idle to talk of the sanctity of the Senate Chamber, since it is polluted by the presence of such fellows as Wilson, and Sumner, and Wade. They have desecrated it, and cannot now fly to it as to a sanctuary from the lash of vengeance.

"We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, that so a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and audacity of Abolition speakers. If need be, let us have a caning or cowhiding every day. If the worst come to the worst, so much the sooner, so much the better."

That the Senate Chamber was "of all places on earth" the fittest for the perpetration of such an act, may sound paradoxical on this side of the Atlantic, but our American descendants have notions of their own touching the fitness of things and places. The "South Side Democrat" entirely agrees with the "Richmond Inquirer."

"The telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to our feelings than the *classical* crying which this outrageous Abolitionist received, on Thursday, at the hands of the chivalrous Brooks, of South Carolina. It is enough for gentlemen to bear to be compelled to associate with such a character as Sumner, and to be bored with the stupid and arrogant dogmas with which his harangues invariably abound; but when, in gross violation of Senatorial courtesy, and in defiance of public opinion, the unscrupulous Abolitionist undertakes to heap upon the head of a venerable Senator a vulgar tirade of abuse and calumny, no punishment is adequate to a proper restraint of his insolence but a deliberate, cool, dignified, and *classical* caning."

Colonel Brooks, adds the "South Carolina Times," "has done

nothing that South Carolinians ought to be ashamed of. He has boldly stepped forward at the risk of his life, love, and social relation, in defence of the chivalrous Butler, and we know that there will be found but one sentiment among the people of South Carolina, which is, ‘*Well done, thou good and faithful servant.*’”

The only punishment inflicted on Mr. Brooks was a fine of 300 dollars. “This,” says Mr. Senior, “is the value at Washington on freedom of debate. Any ruffian willing to pay £60 may waylay and disable an opponent.” The nearest parallel in the social or parliamentary history of England is afforded by the circumstances which led to the passing of the Coventry Act (22 & 23 Car. II.) In the course of a discussion on the Court Theatre, the expense of which was defended on the ground that it was for the King’s pleasure, Sir John Coventry inquired whether his Majesty’s pleasure was derived from the acting or the actresses. To revenge this indiscreet allusion, some of the court bullies set upon him in the dark, slit his nose, and cut off his lips. The offenders were not discovered, although no pains were spared for their detection, but the Statute declared that any such act in future should be a capital felony. We know of no instance out of America in which virtual impunity has been openly awarded to an armed offender against the honour and dignity of the Supreme Legislature, as well as against all the rules and decencies of civilized life.

We dwell upon this remarkable incident, with its curious details, because we regard it as the turning point of the cardinal question, and the conclusive test of the relative strength, spirit, and confidence of the slaveholders and the Abolitionists. The free and enlightened population of the North are insulted in the person of one of their most distinguished advocates. They are practically told that they are an inferior caste, not even entitled to the privileges of the so-called law of honour. They are addressed in pretty nearly the same terms which Roderick Dhu addresses to a supposed spy:—

“Though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck’d how, where, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped and slain?”

It is ridiculous in the representatives of the United States to dwell upon the sarcastic, or, if they choose, insulting terms in which Mr. Sumner denounced their plans, or answered their arguments; for, as we have shown, they habitually indulge in a still wider license of exasperating expression. He was notori-

ously singled out as the boldest and most persevering opponent of the pro-slavery party, when he was struck down. The boasted equality of the Free States was prostrated along with him, and they should have risen as one man to vindicate it.

The tameness with which this national outrage has been endured by one side is little less dishonourable to the people of the United States than the effrontery with which it has been lauded and vaunted by the other. How happens it that the high-minded and thoughtful, yet vehement and impassioned, appeals of Emerson and Dana have struck no universally responsive chord ; at all events, have been followed by no becoming or adequate result ? Mr. Dana (the author of "Two Years before the Mast,") fully expressed the degrading and precarious position in which the people of the Free States are now placed. After dwelling on the aggravated details of the assault, he continued :—

"All this may seem bad, wrong, grievous, intolerable. But I have not begun to name the great evil yet. There are ninety representatives from the Slave States. Every one present at the vote, voted against inquiry. There were several senators from the Slave States present at the assault. Blow after blow fell on his defenceless head. No one knew that the next blow might not be the fatal blow ; yet no one interfered ; no word, no cry, no motion. [Yes, Mr. Crittenden did.] Perhaps he did, at the close, a little, but for that little he was threatened with chastisement on the spot. Not one press south of the Potomac has condemned the act. Not one public man, or public body, has condemned it. On the contrary, all have adopted and defended it. It is recognised as a policy—as a system—and commendation and honour are heaped upon the perpetrator, so that others may be stimulated to do the like. Already the leading southern journals are pointing out the next victim. A kind of Lynch law is to be instituted wherever the subject of slavery is involved.

"Now, fellow-citizens, I beg you to ask yourselves what all this indicates. Let us not be children, gazing at the painted scene ; let us lift the curtain and look at the movers and actors behind.

"Freedom of speech is at stake in Congress. Freedom in the choice of institutions is at stake in Kansas. Seven in every eight of the inhabitants of Kansas desire free institutions ; yet slavery is forced upon them. The people cannot select their institutions, nor can Congress prescribe them. Force governs—irregular, unlawful brute-force governs ; and governs by aid and countenance of the national authorities !"

Bold and eloquent words, pregnant with wise warning. Yet, since they were spoken, the South has obtained a fresh victory, with the aid of a large section of the North. Mr. Buchanan has been elected president ; and if he carries out his pledges as these were understood by his southern supporters, the whole

power of the Executive is again at their disposal for four years. The Committee of the House of Representatives appointed to inquire into the Kansas affair, reported "that Andrew H. Reeder received a greater number of votes of resident candidates than John W. Whitfield, for delegate;" and "that, in the present condition of the territory, a fair election cannot be had without a new census, a stringent and well-guarded election law, the selection of impartial judges, and the *presence of United States troops at every place of election.*" The out-going President Pierce declared in his parting message that the Executive had no right to intervene in the internal legislation of any state or territory; nor is it easy to point out how such intervention can be reconciled with the democratic principles of the Federal Constitution. How, then, is the Border Ruffian Code of the Bogus Legislature to be repealed? How, till it is repealed, can the authorities refuse to enforce its provisions? Or how, whilst it remains in force, can any one who disapproves of slavery live under it, without constant liability to personal outrage or to death?

It were a waste of time to speculate on a problem which is in a process of solution as we write; and although the new President's mode of dealing with Kansas will be the best criterion of his statesmanship and policy, there are other indications to be narrowly watched and carefully appreciated. Mr. Buchanan was the principal author of the famous Ostend Manifesto of 1854. He was then accredited Minister to Great Britain; Mr. Mason filled the corresponding position at Paris, and Mr. Soulé (the hero of the Madrid duel) at Madrid. These three gentlemen were commissioned by the Foreign Secretary of the United States to meet and report on the best means of getting possession of Cuba. They conferred accordingly, and reported, in effect, by paraphrasing a well-known axiom:—"Get Cuba—honestly, if you can; but, at all events, get Cuba." We extract a portion of this curious document:—

"Our past history forbids that we should acquire the island of Cuba without the consent of Spain, unless justified by the great law of self-preservation. We must, in any event, preserve our own conscious rectitude and our own self-respect.

"Whilst pursuing this course we can afford to disregard the censures of the world, to which we have been so often and so unjustly exposed.

"After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question,—Does Cuba, in the possession of Spain, seriously endanger our internal peace, and the existence of our cherished Union?

"Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then by every

law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain if we possess the power; and this upon the very same principle that would justify an individual in tearing down the burning house of his neighbour, if there were no other means of preventing the flames from destroying his own home.

"Under such circumstances, we ought neither to count the cost nor regard the odds which Spain might enlist against us. We forbear to enter into the question, whether the present condition of the island would justify such a measure. We should, however, be recreant to our duty, be unworthy of our gallant forefathers, and commit base treason against our posterity, should we permit Cuba to be Africanized and become a second St. Domingo, with all its attendant horrors to the white race, and suffer the flames to extend to our own neighbouring shores, seriously to endanger, or actually to consume the fair fabric of our Union.

"We fear that the course and current of events are rapidly tending towards such a catastrophe. We, however, hope for the best, though we ought, certainly, to be prepared for the worst."

If we remember rightly, the illustration of the burning house—the *proximo ardet Ucalegon*—was employed by a leading London journal to justify the intervention of Great Britain in the affairs of Naples. It would obviously serve equally well to justify the interposition of France to put down the free press of Belgium, or that of Austria to suppress (what she would call) such a hotbed of liberalism as Sardinia. Necessity is proverbially the tyrant's plea, and its occasional employment for a good purpose, or from a good motive, simply strengthens it, and facilitates its employment when it is used as an offensive weapon by the strong against the weak. In the majority of such instances, the fire is kindled, or some smouldering emblems are blown into a flame, by the intervening party looking about for a pretext; and, in almost all, the conflagration is too far off or too slight to excite well-founded alarm,—it simply causes temporary inconvenience: it does not threaten existence, which it should do, to bring the case fairly within the paramount law of self-preservation. "*Il faut vivre*," said the thief; "*Je n'en vais pas la nécessité*," replied the judge, and sentenced him to be hanged. The whole civilized world may make the same reply to the Fillibusters of the United States, when they say that their "cherished Union," or their no less cherished institution of slavery, requires to be upheld or extended by robbery and bloodshed.

That Mr. Buchanan will consider himself bound by his Ostend Manifesto is by no means probable. A candidate, or an opposition leader, will profess or encourage doctrines which he knows to be utterly incompatible with official responsibility.

Mr. Buchanan will thus, most probably, accommodate his

policy to his position. Yet the "Go-ahead" party seem by no means inclined to let him off. In the *New Orleans Delta* (the organ of Jefferson Davis) the new President is forewarned that his northern supporters will speedily fall off from him when he endeavours to introduce Kansas as a slave State; and that his only chance of retaining his majority lies in throwing himself heart and soul into the arms of the South, or rather into those of the fillibusters, if we read aright such passages as these:—

"But if Mr. Buchanan turn his back on those expedients, if he refuse to abdicate his mission as a President of the United States at this juncture, and direct the energies of the Government where the Ostend letter—the best document he ever signed—points, to wit, towards the tropics, towards Cuba, Nicaragua, and Mexico, he will succeed. He owes his election to the vote of the South, and to the defiant attitude of resistance which she was beginning to assume. He should bear that fact well in mind. He will be a traitor and insensible to every manly feeling of gratitude, if he forget it and disregard the obligations it implies. Then let him live up to the letter and spirit of the Ostend letter; let him look to our interests in Cuba, which, by right of geography and of political necessity, should be ours; let him fortify Walker in Nicaragua and forestall Spanish and French designs upon Mexico; let him place the great Tehuantepec route beyond the hazard of being lost to us by securing the grant of a strip of territory across that isthmus. Let him do these things, and we can laugh to scorn the subtle policy of Seward, the rhetorical raving of Sumner, and the blatant menaces of their followers. There would be a howl from the Abolitionists and free negroes, of course. But the great issues such a policy would bring up would confront us face to face with England and France. The Opposition would be borne down by that national spirit which always sways the national heart when confronted with other nations. *The acquisition of Cuba, in defiance of England and France, would not split the Union—it would strengthen it. The regeneration of Central America by Walker in alliance with the United States would lead to the gradual emancipation of the West Indies from the infamous free-negroism established by the enemies of American Republicanism.* The people from Maine to California are sick and tired of old issues. They want something new, bold, and expansive. They want a policy in keeping with steam, railroads, and telegraphs. They want new leaders, new homes, and new ideas."

The effect of a war with the great maritime powers of Europe on American commerce is sagaciously kept in the background, but it is constantly present to the apprehensions of the most influential people in the States, including the cotton planters; and we are not at all afraid that either President or Congress will advisedly provoke hostilities, although circumstances may occur

which may render a foreign war expedient to avert a civil war ; just as it is well understood that Napoleon the Third, with all his personal regard for England, would not hesitate to quarrel with or invade her to-morrow, if such a step were necessary to divert attention from his domestic embarrassments. The slave question may bring about such a crisis at any moment, and the settlement of the Kansas affair (which is still unsettled) will produce at best but a temporary lull. At present there are fifteen slave States and sixteen free States, each appointing two senators, without reference to population. The admission of Kansas as a slave State, therefore, would apparently equalize the parties. But in point of fact, the slave party has already a majority in the Senate, and so strong a minority in the House of Representatives that they uniformly obtain their main objects. Their success in this respect, combined with their extreme arrogance, seems to have roused at last the pride or jealousy of the free States ; and they are pressed with an argument which hardly admits of a logical or even plausible reply.

In apportioning the number of representatives according to population, five blacks are equivalent to three whites. If blacks are mere chattels, why should they confer political rights any more than other chattels ? or why should a slave State, by virtue of its live stock, claim to out-vote a free State, which could buy it up twenty times over ? If, even in theory, they contemplated or would admit the remotest possibility of the black taking his place in the social system as a thinking being and independent member, the contradiction would be less glaring, but this is precisely what they never will recognise ; whilst, what complicates the problem, and clouds the future, the more enlightened people of the North shrink from social contact with the negro race, and stigmatize any mixture of black blood, with every external sign of more inveterate prejudice than the slaveholder. The explanation is simple ; and a phenomenon of the same sort may be observed in any European country where the aristocracy of birth or position is fenced round by a strict line of demarcation. The nobles will there constantly be found more affable to their inferiors, and less anxious to repel the familiarity of the plebeian, than in countries where the highest class blends gradually with the middle. Just so, the removal of the legal distinction between the black man and his white neighbour simply leads to the strengthening of the conventional barrier. The black may have rights and privileges, but it is as much as his life is worth to exercise them. If he entered a jury-box, he would be motioned out of it or left alone. If he attempted to vote at an election, he would be hooted and pelted from that pure emblem of uncon-

trolled liberty, the ballot-box. The very magistrate, could such a one be found, who should administer impartial justice on his requisition, would shrink from personal contact with him as instinctively as the feudal baron shrunk from the touch of the Jew from whom he sought to wring gold by torture.

Dr. Johnson used to relate exultingly how he had given Mrs. Macaulay, a professed republican, a practical lesson :—"Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, moreover, that I am in earnest, here is a sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." Let Mrs. Stowe try this experiment with some of the leading Abolitionists, and she will find the measure of the progress that has been made in the good work, and of the mountains of prejudice that yet remain to be levelled or cut through. Yet this is the only mode in which the desired object can be consummated; and we do not agree with those who condemn her or Mr. Sumner for infusing exasperation, irritability, or the phrenzied violence of fear into the discussion. Revolutions are not made with rose water. It was not by mild language or soothing epithets that Luther roused Europe to a sense of the abuses of the Church. The coarse and selfish must be frightened and startled into humanity. They must be compelled to look about them, and read their history in the eyes of the best and most honoured of their cotemporaries in every quarter of the globe. It is only by so doing, and by deeply meditating on what they see and learn, that they can save themselves and the glorious land which they inhabit from great calamities and great crimes.

Lord Carlisle has stated, as one result of what he had observed during his travels in the New World,—“I should not object to be a slave if I had a good master; but I should very much object to being a slaveholder anyhow.” Mr. Monckton Milnes, to whom we are indebted for this anecdote, pointed it by adding: “This is the true way of putting the question; for how sad must be the condition of that man who is afraid to educate and elevate those about him?” Most probably Lord Carlisle was also thinking of the sinfulness of such proprietorship, and of the inevitable tendency of irresponsible power to foster the worst passions, to destroy all self-command, to ruin the temper, and to harden the heart. Mrs. Stowe may not have been eminently successful in *Dred*, in which she aimed at depicting the social effects of slavery on the proprietary class. She may have proved wanting in that instinct of genius which enabled Balzac to paint Parisian men and women *comme il faut*, without knowing them; but no one who has studied the mind or heart of man can doubt

that the institution in question is irremediably destructive of the highest qualities of both.

Nor are its blighting, blinding, cramping, and corrupting influences confined to those who directly profit by it. These manifestly extend, more or less, to all who live within its sphere or partake of the modes of thinking engendered by it. Look at the rest of the population of the slave states, "the poor whites of the South," who outnumber the actual slaveholders with their families in the proportion of at least three to one. They are almost wholly destitute of education: they are wretchedly poor; and it is only necessary to compare their condition with that of the labouring class in the free States to see at a glance that their degradation is owing to slavery. Yet they are the willing tools of their proud and lordly neighbours, and are always ready to perpetrate any amount of violence at their bidding. It was they who invaded Kansas, intimidated the judges, and did the tarring and feathering business as it was wanted. It is they who, when they emigrate, retire to the outskirts of civilisation, where they lead a semi-savage life, owning no law but that which they themselves carry out under the familiar name of Lynch. Whilst slavery is upheld, there is confessedly no chance of supplying their place with a more industrious or better-conditioned race. "Slave labour and free labour," says Governor Reeder, "as all men admit, North and South, cannot exist together. Dedicate a State to slave labour, and northern emigration, guided by the sure hand of self-preservation, will shun it as it would the valley of the upas-tree. Having shut the gates of Kansas and the other future states against northern emigration by making them slave states, whither will you turn this immense empire-building human stream? Theory and experience both demonstrate that no temptation of natural advantages or low prices will induce it to enter a slave state."

The logical corollary to this indisputable truth is, that the internal increase of wealth and population must be in favour of the Abolitionists, and that all the future Chicagos will throw their weight into the scale against the hitherto triumphant and domineering policy of the South. The slave-holding interest can only maintain its position by the annexation of new states lying in southern latitudes; and for this reason their continued predominance will infallibly be found synonymous with an aggressive and grasping spirit on the part of the government of the United States. But little more can be attempted in the way of purchase or conquest, without provoking a general war; and in the natural course of events, therefore, their sadly abused sway will be wrested from them. In that case, will the hackneyed threat of breaking up the Union prevent the majority from

legislating in accordance with the fundamental principles of the Republic?

Mr. Seward made light of this threat.

"The Slave States," he says, "practically governed the Union directly for fifty years. They govern it now indirectly through the agency of Northern hands temporarily enlisted in their support. So much, owing to the decline of their power, they have already conceded to the Free States. The next step, if they persist in their present course, will be the resumption and exercise by the Free States of the power of the government, without such concessions as they have hitherto made to attain it. Throughout a period of nearly twenty years, the defenders of slavery screened it from discussion in the national councils. Now they practically confess to the necessity for defending it here, by initiating the discussion themselves. They have at once thrown away their most successful weapon, compromise, and waived that one which was next in effectiveness, threats of secession from the Union."

But no extent of idle flourishing can wear out or blunt a powerful and trenchant weapon, although, like the cry of *wolf* in the fable, it may have ceased to inspire fear; for separation touches the pockets as well as the natural pride of the Northern States. If they refuse to protect the slave interest, the Southern planters will refuse to protect manufactures; and the abandonment of slavery will be revenged by the proclamation of free-trade. At present one set of vicious and impolitic measures or regulations is kept up by way of compensation for another, and the paramount considerations of self-interest, well or ill understood, bid fair for some time to prolong both. That slavery should be actually voted illegal, without separation or civil war, is hardly to be anticipated; and much as we may regret or reprobate the tone assumed by the now dominant faction, we cease to wonder at it when we reflect that their lives and property are imperilled by every fresh appeal or demonstration of the Abolitionists. News arrives as we write that formidable conspiracies have been recently formed amongst the slaves of several districts, and that fresh laws have been passed for subduing them, and keeping them, in point of knowledge, as much as possible on the level of the brutes that perish. From all we read or hear, it seems clear that things have not changed for the better since Mr. Tocqueville thus spoke of the impending struggle between the races:—"The danger, more or less distant, but inevitable, of a struggle between the white and black population of the South of the Union, is unceasingly present, like a painful dream, to the imagination of the Americans. The inhabitants of the North converse daily about these perils, although directly they have nothing to fear. They seek in vain for the means of con-

juring away the evils they foresee. In the States of the South they are silent; the future is never mentioned to strangers; they shun coming to an explanation even with their friends; each hides it, so to speak, from himself. The silence of the South has something in it more appalling than the noisy fears of the North."

If the blacks were emancipated, what would they do, or what would become of them? This is a question which the Abolitionists have hitherto failed to answer satisfactorily; yet it is one to which every thoughtful moralist or philanthropist, as well as every prudent politician, will demand a reply, before impoverishing a full third of the leading families in the Union, and placing three millions of human beings in a condition of responsibility for which they have been advisedly disqualified from infancy.

The object of this Article, however, is not to suggest caution or to give advice to American statesmen, but to describe and explain, for British readers, the present state of feeling and opinion in the great federal Republic. With this view we have referred to speeches and writings, as well as to known deeds and supposed views, by way of affording the most striking illustration of the tone and manner in which measures and questions of paramount importance are decided and discussed amongst the most enlightened people of the New World. The estimate would be incomplete without comprising some account of the travelled or travelling Americans, who crowd the hotels of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and occupy a prominent position in the society of Paris. These differ widely from one another in breeding, fortune, habits, and modes of thinking. They have been inaccurately set down as a class; and what may be true of many of them, is commonly untrue of the majority. Their least prepossessing features and most unfavourable peculiarities are displayed when they get together and take to boasting; and as they rarely speak plainly any language besides their own, no travellers (except the French) derive less profit or instruction from what they see and hear amongst foreigners. Mrs. Stowe, with her mind full of her own subject, complains that their interested or prejudiced support of slavery at home has given them a perverted taste for oppression abroad. She denounces "young America" as the habitual partisan of the arch-enemy of French freedom, and exclaims, "Thus from the plague spot at her heart has America become the propagandist of despotism in Europe."

But, we say with Mr. Senior, our own experience does not enable us to confirm Mrs. Stowe. We may have heard "young America" express astonishment, mingled with something like contempt, at the blindness with which contending factions paved the way for the iron heel that was to trample down all of them, or the tameness with which Frenchmen submit to political non-

entities, or the complacency with which many of them hug themselves on their good fortune in having got a government of Foulds, Walewskis, Billaults, and Persignys to take care of them. But the *élite* of the Americans settled in Paris are content to look on, like other rational observers, whilst the country whose hospitality they accept is working out her destiny; and their aspirations for her eventual restoration to her proper place amongst free nations are as ardent, if not quite so loudly or so indiscreetly uttered, as Mrs. Stowe's.

What is far more difficult to excuse in their conduct is the fastidiousness which has led to their voluntary exile, their preference of the polished circles of a European metropolis to a sphere where—at some sacrifice of comfort, it is true—they might apply their wealth and their acquirements to beneficial and patriotic uses. But their influence, though greatly lessened by distance, is not altogether lost upon their countrymen, who are sensitively alive to European and (above all) to French and English opinion. No one has enjoyed better opportunities of ascertaining to what extent the United States would be lowered in the scale of nations by any of the irregular proceedings demanded of him by the ultras of his party than Mr. Buchanan, and he has obviously no inclination to be hurried into the open defiance of international law, justice, and propriety, which marked the turbulent close of his predecessor's rule. He knows that we have, and can have, no well-founded alarm for Canada, which is well able to protect itself; and that our desire to retain a voice in Central American arrangements has no imaginable connexion with projects of territorial aggrandizement. The renewal of diplomatic relations by the nomination of so distinguished and accomplished a representative as Lord Napier, is a decisive proof of the spirit in which American questions will be discussed on our part. Despite, then, of the Ostend Manifesto and electioneering pledges, there seems little reason to fear any aggressive movement which should practically interrupt the commercial and friendly intercourse between Great Britain and the United States; and it would be with peculiar reference to internal discussions and difficulties that our Transatlantic brethren, when they boast of their growing prosperity, might be addressed:—"Fortunate men, you have lived to see it. Fortunate, indeed, if you live to see nothing to vary the prospect and cloud the setting of your day!"

NOTE.

In our last Number (Art. VII., *Cockburn's Memorials*, pp. 257, 258), in the passage referring to Lord Jeffrey's change of feeling towards Christianity, the following sentence occurs : —“ *In Cockburn's hands the materials of explanation were placed, which he had no right to keep back.*” In that sentence we alluded to information regarding certain circumstances in Lord Jeffrey's history, which indicate that, in the closing years of his life, he was led to take a deep interest in Christianity. These circumstances were known to not a few before the “*Life of Jeffrey*” was published ; and we were led to suppose, that certain *positive* information regarding them was placed before his biographer. In this we now find that we have been mistaken ; there being no evidence that the materials we referred to were actually placed in his hands—at the same time, we must express our great regret, that facts of so much moment in their bearing on Lord Jeffrey's history, were either unknown to his biographer, or, if within his knowledge, were regarded as unworthy of notice.

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